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THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XXI.

AT nine o'clock I was waiting by the window, and even as a bugle sounded "lights out" in the barracks, and change of guard, I let the string down and put out my head. Mr. Stevens shot round the corner of the Château, just as the departing sentinel disappeared, and attached a bundle to the string, and I drew it up.

"Is all well?" I called softly down.

"All well," said Mr. Stevens, and, hugging the wall of the Château, he sped away. In another moment a new sentinel began pacing up and down, and I shut the window and untied my bundle. All that I had asked for was there. I hid the things away in the alcove and went to bed at once, for I knew that I should have no sleep on the following night.

I did not leave my bed till the morning was well advanced. Once or twice during the day I brought my guards in with fear on their faces, the large fat man more distorted than his fellow, by the lamentable sounds I made with my willow toys. They crossed themselves again and again, and I myself appeared devout and troubled. When we walked abroad during the afternoon, I chose to saunter by the river rather than walk, for I wished to conserve my strength, which was now vastly greater, though, to mislead my watchers and the authori-

ties, I assumed the delicacy of an invalid, and appeared unfit for any enterprise — no hard task, for I was still very thin and worn.

So I sat upon a favorite seat on the cliff, set against a solitary tree, fixed in the rocks, defiant of storm and soil. I gazed long on the river, and my guards, stoutly armed, stood near, watching me, and talking in low tones. Eager to hear their gossip, I made pretense of reverie, and finally put on the appearance of sleep. They came nearer, and, facing me, sat upon a large stone, and gossiped freely, and, as I had guessed and hoped, concerning the strange sounds heard in my room at the Château.

"See you, my Bamboir," said the lean to the fat soldier, "the British captain, he is to be carried off in burning flames by that La Jongleuse. We shall come in one morning and find a smell of sulphur only, and a circle of red on the floor where the imps danced before La Jongleuse said to them, 'Up with him, darlings, and away!'"

At this Bamboir shook his head, and answered, "To-morrow I'll tell the Governor, and tell him what is coming. My wife, she falls upon my neck this morning. 'Argose,' she says, 't will need the Bishop and his college to drive La Jongleuse out of the grand Château.'"

"No less," replied the other. "A deacon and sacred palm and sprinkle of

holy water would do for a cottage, or even for a little manor house, with twelve candles burning, and a hymn to the Virgin. But in a king's house" —

"'T is not the King's house."

"But yes, it is the King's house, even though his Most Christian Majesty lives in France. The Marquis de Vaudreuil stands for the King, and we are sentinels in a king's house. But, my faith, I would rather be sucking blood like leeches against Frederic, the Prussian boar, than watching this mad Englishman."

"And well said. But see you, my brother, that Englishman's a devil — he is no honest man. Else how has he not been hanged long ago? He has vile arts to blind all, or he would not be sitting there. It is well known that Monsieur Doltaire, even the King's son — his mother worked in the fields like your Nanette, Bamboir" —

"Or your Lablanche, my boy; hard hands has she, with warts, and red knuckles therefrom" —

"Or your Nanette, Bamboir, with nose that blisters in the summer, as she goes swingeing flax, and swelling feet that sweat in sabots, and chin thrust out from carrying pails upon her head" —

"Ay, like Nanette and like Lablanche, this peasant mother of Monsieur Doltaire, and maybe no such firm breasts like Nanette" —

"Nor such an eye as has Lablanche. Well, Monsieur Doltaire, who could override them all, he could not kill this barbarian. And Gabord — you know well how they fought, and the black horse and his rider came and carried him away. And the young Monsieur Duvarney had him on his knees and the blade at his throat, and a sword flashed out from the dark — they say it was the devil's — and took him in the ribs and well-nigh killed him."

"But what say you to Mademoiselle Duvarney coming to him that day, and again yesterday with Gabord?"

"Well, well, who knows, Bamboir? This morning I said to Nanette, 'Why is't, all in one moment, you send me to the devil, and pray to meet me in Abraham's bosom too?' And what think you she answered me? Why, this, my Bamboir: 'Why is't Adam loved his wife and swore her down before the Lord also, all in one moment?' Why Mademoiselle Duvarney does this or that is not for muddy brains like ours. It is some whimsy; they say that women are more curious about the devil than about St. Jean Baptiste. Perhaps she got of him a magic book."

"No, no! If he had the magic Petit Albert, he would have turned us into dogs long ago. But I do not like him. He is but thirty years, they say, and yet his hair is white as a pigeon's wing. It is not natural. Nor did he ever, says Gabord, do aught but laugh at everything they did to him. The chains they put would not stay, and when he was set against the wall to be shot, the watches stopped — the minute of his shooting passed. Then Monsieur Doltaire came, and said a man that could do a trick like that should live to do another. And he did it, for Monsieur Doltaire is gone to the Bastille. Yes, this Englishman is a damned heretic, and has the wicked arts."

"But see, Bamboir, do you think that he can cast spells?"

"What mean those sounds from his room?"

"So, so. But if he be a friend of the devil, La Jongleuse would not come for him, but" —

Startled and excited, they grasped each other's arms. "But for us — for us!"

"It would be a work of God to send him to the devil," said Bamboir in a loud whisper. "He has given us trouble enough. Who can tell what comes next? Those damned noises in his room, eh — eh?"

Then they whispered together, and presently I caught a fragment, by which

I understood that, as we walked near the edge of the cliff, I should be pushed over, and they would make it appear that I myself had done the deed.

They talked in low tones again, but soon got louder, and presently I knew that they were speaking of La Jongleuse; and Bamboir — the fat Bamboir, who the surgeon had said would some day die of apoplexy — was rash enough to say that he had seen her. He described her accurately, with the spirit of the born *raconteur*.

"Hair so black as the feather in the Governor's hat, and green eyes that flash fire, and a brown face with skin all scales. Oh, my saints of Heaven, when she pass I hide my head, and I go cold like stone. She is all covered with long reeds and lilies about her head and shoulders, and blue-red sparks fly up at every step. Flames go round her, and she burns not her robe — not at all. And as she go, I hear cries that make me sick, for it is, I said, some poor man in torture, and I think, perhaps it is Jacques Villon, perhaps Jean Rivas, perhaps Angèle Damgoche. But no, it is a young priest of St. Clair, for he is never seen again — never."

Then they whispered together, and I commended this fat Bamboir as an excellent story-teller, and thanked him for his true picture of La Jongleuse, whom, to my regret, I had never seen. I would not forget his stirring description, as he should see. I gave point to the tale by squeezing an inflated toy in my pocket, with my arm, while my hands remained folded in front of me; and it was most like a drama to see the faces of these soldiers, as they sprang to their feet, staring round in dismay. I myself seemed to wake with a start, and, rising to my feet, I asked what meant the noise and their amazement. We were in a spot where we could not easily be seen from any distance, and no one was in sight, nor were we to be remarked from the Château. They exchanged looks, as I

started back towards the Château, walking very near the edge of the cliff. A spirit of bravado, a wicked love of sport came on me, and I said musingly to them as we walked, —

"It would be easy to throw you both over the cliff, but I love you too well — much too well. I have proved that by making toys for your children."

It was as wine to me to watch their faces. They both drew away from the cliff, and grasped their firearms apprehensively.

"My God," said Bamboir, "these toys shall be burned to-night. Alphonse has the small-pox and Susanne the croup — damned devil!" he added furiously, stepping forward to me with gun raised, "I will" —

I believe he would have shot me, but that I said quickly, "If you did harm to me or let me come to harm, you'd come to the rope. The Governor would rather lose a hand than me."

I pushed his musket down. "Why should you fret? I am leaving the Château to-morrow for another prison. You fools, d'ye think I'd harm the children? I hope one day to have sweet upshoots of my own. I know as little of the devil or La Jongleuse as do you. We'll solve the witcheries of these sounds, you and I, to-night. If they come, we'll say the Lord's Prayer, and make the sacred gesture, and if it goes not, we will have one of your good priests to drive out this whining spirit."

This quieted them much, and I was glad of it, for they had looked most bloodthirsty, and though I had a pistol on me, there was little use in seeking fighting or flight till the auspicious moment. They were not, however, satisfied, and they watched me diligently, muttering much, as we came on to the Château.

I could not bear that they should be frightened about their children, so I said, —

"Make for me a sacred oath, and I

will swear by it that those toys will do your children no harm."

I drew out the little wooden cross that Mathilde had given me, and held it up. They looked at me astonished. What should I, a heretic and a Protestant, do with this sacred emblem? "This never leaves me," said I; "it was a pious gift."

I raised the cross to my lips, and kissed it.

"It is well done," said Bamboir to his comrade. "If otherwise, he should have been struck down by the Avenging Angel."

In this way I eased their minds, and we got back to the Château without more talk, and I was locked in, while my guards retired. As soon as they had gone I got to work, for time was short enough, and my great enterprise was at hand.

At ten o'clock I was ready for the venture which should carry me to safety, or end as badly as things can end for mortal man. When the critical moment came, I was so arrayed that my dearest friend would not have known me. My object was to come out upon my guards as La Jongleuse, and, in the fright and confusion which would follow, make my escape through the corridors and to the entrance doors, past the sentinels, and so on out to the free world. It may be seen now why I got the woman's garb, the sheet, the horsehair, the phosphorus, the reeds, and such things; why I secured the knife and pistol may be guessed likewise. Upon the lid of a small stove in the room I placed my saltpetre, and with phosphorus I rubbed the horsehair on my head, on my hands, and face, and feet, and also on many objects in the room. The knife and pistol were at my hand, and when the clock struck ten, and ceased, I made the toys to send wailing sounds through the room.

Then I knocked upon the door with solemn taps, hurried back to the stove, and waited for the door to open be-

fore I applied the match. I was sure it would be thrown wide, if the guards were frightened, so giving me an opportunity to move out upon them. If they made attempts to fire, then I would fight my way out, if possible. I heard a fumbling at the lock, then the door was thrown wide open. All was darkness in the hall without, save for a spluttering candle which Bamboir held over his head, as he and his fellow, deadly pale, stood peering forward. Suddenly they gave a cry, for I threw the sheet from my face and shoulders, and to their excited imagination La Jongleuse stood before them, all in flames. As I started down on them, the colored fire flew up, making the room all blue and scarlet for a moment, in which I must have looked devilish indeed, with staring eyes, and outstretched chalky hands, and wailing cries arising from my robe.

I moved swiftly, and Bamboir, without a cry, dropped like a log (poor fellow, he never rose again! the apoplexy which the surgeon promised had come), and his fellow gave a cry, and, losing power over his limbs, sank in a heap in a corner, mumbling a prayer, and making the sign of the cross, his face stark with terror.

I passed him, came along the corridor, and down one staircase, without seeing any one; then two soldiers appeared in the half-lighted hallway. Presently also a door opened behind me, and some one came out. Here the phosphorus light diminished, but still I was a villainous picture, for in one hand I held a small cup from which suddenly sprang red and blue fires. The men fell back, and I sailed past them, but I had not gone far down the lower staircase when a shot rang after me, and a bullet passed by my head. Now I came rapidly to the outer door, where two more sentinels stood. They shrank back, and suddenly one threw down his musket and ran; the other, terrified, stood stock-still. I passed him, opened the door, and came

out upon Bigot, who was just alighting from his carriage.

The horses sprang away, frightened at sight of me, and nearly threw the Intendant to the ground. I tossed the tin cup with its chemical fires full in his face, as he made a dash for me. He called out, and drew his sword. I wished not to fight, and I sprang aside; but he made a pass at me, and I drew my pistol and was about to fire, when another shot came from the hallway and struck him. He fell, almost at my feet, and I dashed away into the darkness. Fifty feet ahead I cast one glance back, and saw Monsieur Cournal standing in the doorway. I was sure that his second shot had not been meant for me, but for the Intendant, a wild attempt at a revenge, long delayed, for the worst of wrongs.

I ran on, and presently came full upon five soldiers, two of whom drew their pistols, fired, and missed. Their comrades ran away howling. They barred my path, and now I fired, too, and brought one down; then came a shot from behind them, and another fell. The last one took to his heels, and a moment later I had my hand in that of Mr. Stevens. It was he who had fired the opportune shot that rid me of one foe. We came quickly along the river-brink, and, skirting the citadel, got clear of it without discovery, though we could see soldiers hurrying past, roused by the firing at the Château.

In about twenty minutes of steady running — with a few bad stumbles and falls — we reached the old windmill above the Anse du Foulon at Sillery, and came plump upon our waiting comrades. I had stripped myself of my disguise, and rubbed the phosphorus from my person as we came along, but enough remained to make me an uncanny figure. It had been kept secret from these people that I was to go with them, and they sullenly kept their muskets raised and cocked. But when Mr. Stevens told them who I was, they were amazed, agreeably so, I am proud to say, for I had a reputation

among them for being bold (I knew not why, for I had done so little). I at once took command of the enterprise, saying firmly at the same time that I would shoot the first man who disobeyed my orders. I was sure that I could bring them to safety, but my will must be law. They took my terms like men, and swore to stand by me.

XXII.

We were five altogether, — Mr. Stevens, Clark, the two Boston soldiers, and myself; and presently we came down the steep passage in the cliff to where our craft lay, secured by my dear wife herself, — a large birch canoe, well laden with necessaries. Before we started, however, I buried under the tree beside the windmill a letter to Alixe, and one also, with a purse of money, for Voban. Our canoe was none too large for our party, but she must do; and safely in, we pushed out upon the current, which was in our favor, for the tide was going out. My object was to cross the river softly and skirt the Levis shore, past the Isle of Orleans, and so on down the river. There was excitement in the town, as we could tell from the lights flashing along the shore, and boats soon began to patrol the banks, going swiftly up and down, and extending a line round to the St. Charles River towards Beauport.

It was well for us the night was dark, else we had never passed the town. But we were lucky enough, by hard paddling, to get past the town on the Levis side. Never were better boatmen. The paddles dropped with agreeable precision, and no boatswain's rattle was needed to keep my fellows to their task. I, whose sight was long trained to darkness, could see a great distance round us, and so could prevent a trap, though once or twice we let our canoe drift with the tide, lest our paddles should be heard. I could not paddle long, I had so little strength. After the Island of Orleans was passed, I

drew a breath of relief, and merely played the part of captain and boatswain.

Yet when I looked back at the town on those strong heights, and saw the bonfires burn to warn the settlers of our escape, saw the lights sparkling in many homes, and even fancied I could make out the light shining in my dear wife's window, I had a strange feeling of loneliness. There in the shadow of my prison walls was the dearest thing on earth to me. Ought she not to be with me? She had begged to come, to share with me these dangers and hardships; but that I could not, would not grant. With her people she would be safe, and for us desperate men bent on escape, we must run the gauntlet of hourly peril which she must not endure.

"My place is with you, Robert," she had said to me. "I am your wife, and I must follow you." But I told her that I would come to fetch her in good time, and meanwhile she must feel and see that I was right, that she must remain in safety till this was over, or at least till I came back with our army to invest Quebec. I knew well that she would have trials to undergo, yet I could not guess they would be so great as afterwards they proved, or I think I should have brought her with me. But indeed it was a hard knitting to unravel, and I did what seemed wise at the time.

Thank God, there was work to do, and our dangers lifted me away from weak lamenting. Soon I was no longer looking back, but forward to fighting and conquest, and after that to peace. Hour after hour the swing and dip of the paddles went on. No one showed weariness, and when the dawn broke slow and soft over the eastern hills, I motioned my good boatmen towards the shore, and landed safely. We lifted our frigate up, and carried her into a thicket, there to rest with us till night, when we would sally forth again into the friendly darkness. We were in no distress all that day, for the weather was fine, and we had

enough to eat; and in such case were we for ten days and nights, though indeed some of the nights were dreary and very cold, for it was yet but the beginning of May.

It might thus seem that we were leaving danger well behind, after having traveled so many heavy leagues, but it was yet several hundred miles to Louisburg, my destination; and we had escaped only immediate danger. We passed Isle aux Coudres and the Isles of Kamaraska, and now we ventured by day to ramble the woods in search of game, which was most plentiful. In this good outdoor life my health came slowly back, and I would soon be able to bear equal tasks with any of my faithful comrades. Never man led better friends, though I have seen adventurous service near and far since that time. Even the genial ruffian Clark was amenable, and took sharp reprimand without revolt.

On the eleventh night after our escape, our first real trial came. We were keeping the middle of the great river, as safest from detection, and when the tide was with us we could thus move more rapidly. We had had a constant favoring wind, but now suddenly, though we were running with the tide, the wind turned easterly, and blew up the river against the ebb. The wind became a gale, to which was added snow and sleet, and a rough, choppy sea followed.

I saw it would be no easy task to fetch our craft to the land. The waves broke in upon us, and soon, while half of us were paddling with labored and desperate stroke, the other half were bailing. Lifted on a crest, our canoe, being heavily loaded, dropped at both ends; and again, sinking into the hollows between the short, brutal waves, her gunwales yielded outward, and her waist gaped in a dismal way. We looked to see her with a broken back at any moment. To add to our ill fortune, a violent current set in from the shore, and it was vain to try to reach land. Spirits and bodies

flagged, and it needed all my cheerfulness to keep my good fellows to their tasks.

At last, the ebb of tide being almost spent, the waves began to fall, the wind shifted a little to the northward, and a rough sea gave place to such a piercing cold as instantly froze our drenched clothes on our backs. But the shore was to reach, and with the current changed there was a good chance of doing so. As daylight came we passed into a little sheltered cove, and sank with exhaustion on the shore. Our frozen clothes rattled like tin, and we could scarce lift a leg. But a fire must be had, and with wood in plenty a fine heap was gathered, the flint and steel were brought out, and the tinder was sought; which, when found, was soaked with wet. Not a dry stitch or stick could we find anywhere, till at last, within a leather belt, Mr. Stevens found a handkerchief, which was, indeed, as he told me afterwards, the gift and pledge of a lady to him; and his returning to her without it nearly lost him another and better gift and pledge, for this went to light our fire. We had had enough danger and work in one night to give us relish for a couple of days' rest, and we piously took them.

The evening of the second day we set off again, and had a good night's run, and in the dawn, spying a snug little bay, we stood in, and went ashore. I sent my two Provincials foraging with their guns, and we who remained set about to fix our camp for the day and prepare breakfast. A few minutes only passed, and the two hunters came running back with rueful faces to say they had seen two Indians near, armed with muskets and knives. My plans were made at once. We needed their muskets, and the Indians must pay the price of their presence here, for our safety should be had at any cost.

I urged my men to utter no word at all, for none but Clark could speak French, and he but poorly. For myself, my ac-

cent would pass after these six years of practice. We came to a little river, beyond which we could observe the Indians standing on guard. We could only cross by wading, which we did; but one of my Provincials came down, wetting his musket and himself thoroughly. Reaching the shore, we marched together, I singing the refrain of an old French song as we went —

“ *En roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, ma boule* ” —

so attracting the attention of the Indians. The better to deceive, we all were now dressed in the costume of the French peasant, — I had taken pains to have Mr. Stevens secure these for us before starting, — a pair of homespun trousers, a coarse brown jacket, with thrums like waving tassels, a silk handkerchief about the neck, and a strong thick worsted wig on the head; no smart toupet, nor feathered top, nor buckle; nor combed, nor powdered; and all crowned by a dull black cap. I myself was, as became my purpose, most like a small captain of militia, doing wood service, and in the braver costume of the *coureur de bois*.

I signaled to the Indians, and, coming near, addressed them in French. They were deceived, and presently, abreast of them, in the midst of apparent ceremony, their firelocks were seized, and Stevens and Clark had them safe. I said we must be satisfied as to who they were, for English prisoners escaped from Quebec were abroad, and no man could go unchallenged. They must at once lead me to their camp. So they did, and at their bark wigwam they said they had seen no Englishman, and that they were guardians of the fire; that is, it was their duty to light a fire on the shore when a hostile fleet should appear; and from another point farther up, other guardians, seeing, would do the same, until beacons would be shining even to Quebec, three hundred leagues away.

While I was questioning them, Clark was rifling the wigwam; and presently,

the excitable fellow, finding some excellent stores of skins, tea, maple sugar, coffee, and other things, broke out into English expletives. Instantly the Indians saw they had been trapped, and he whom Stevens held made a great spring from him, caught up a gun, and gave a wild yell which echoed far and near. Stevens, with great rapidity, leveled his pistol and shot him in the heart, while I, in a close struggle with my captive, was glad — for I was not yet strong — that Clark finished my assailant: and so both lay there dead, two foes less of our good King.

Not far from where we stood was a pool of water, black and deep, and we sank the bodies there; but I did not know till long afterwards that Clark, with a barbarous and disgusting spirit, carried away their scalps to sell them in New York, where they would bring, as he confided to one of the Provincials, twelve pounds each. Before we left, we shot a poor howling dog that mourned for his masters, and sank him also in the dark pool.

We had but got back to our camp, when, looking out, we saw a well-manned four-oared boat making for the shore. My men were in dismay until I told them that, having begun the game of war, I would carry it on to the ripe end. This boat and all therein, I said, should be mine. Safely hidden, we watched the rowers draw in to shore, with brisk strokes, singing a quaint farewell song of the *voyageurs*, called *La Pauvre Mère*, of which the refrain is —

“And his mother says, ‘My dear,
For your absence I shall grieve,
Come you home within the year.’”

They had evidently come a long voyage, and by their toiling we could see their boat was deep loaded; but they drove on, like a horse that, at the close of day, sees ahead the inn where he is to bait and refresh, and, rousing to the spur, comes cheerily home. The figure of a reverend old man was in the stern,

and he sent them in to shore with brisk words. Bump came the big shallop on the beach, and at that moment I ordered my men to fire, but to aim wide, for I had another end in view than killing.

We were exactly matched as to numbers, so that a fight would be fair enough, but I hoped for peaceful conquest. As we fired I stepped out of the thicket, and behind me could be seen the shining barrels of our menacing muskets. The old gentleman stood up, while his men cried for quarter. He waved them down with an impatient gesture, and stepped out on the beach. Then I recognized him, the Chevalier la Darante, and I stepped towards him, my sword drawn.

“Monsieur the Chevalier la Darante, you are my prisoner,” said I.

He started, then recognized me. “Now, by the blood of man! now, by the blood of man!” he said, and paused, dumfounded.

“You forget me, monsieur?” said I.

“Forget you, monsieur?” said he. “As soon forget the devil at mass! But I thought you dead by now, and” —

“If you are disappointed,” said I, “there is a way;” and I waved towards his men, then to Mr. Stevens and my own ambushed fellows.

He smiled an acid smile, and took a pinch of snuff. “’T is not so fiery-edged as that,” he answered; “I can endure it.”

“You shall have time too for reverie,” answered I.

He looked puzzled. “What is ’t you wish?” he asked.

“Your surrender first,” said I, “and then your company at breakfast.”

“The latter has meaning and compliment,” he responded, “the former is beyond me. What would you do with me?”

“Detain you and your shallop for the services of my master, the King of England, soon to be the master of your master, if the signs are right.”

“All signs fail with the blind, monsieur.”

"I will give you good reading of those signs in due course," retorted I.

"Monsieur," he said, with great, almost too great dignity, "I am of the family of the Duc de Mirepoix, the whole Kamaraska Isles are mine, and the best gentlemen in this province do me vassalage, which I do not abuse. I do not move in warlike fashion, I have stepped aside from all affairs of state, I am a simple gentleman. I have been a great way down this river, at large expense and toil, to purchase wheat, for all the corn of this land above here goes to Quebec to store the King's magazine, the adored La Friponne. I know not what it is you wish or need, but I trust you will not push your advantage" — he waved towards our muskets — "against a private gentleman."

"You forget, Chevalier," said I, "that you gave verdict for my death."

"Upon the evidence," he replied. "And I have no doubt you deserve hanging a thousand times."

I almost loved him for his boldness. I remembered also that he had no wish to be one of my judges, and that he spoke for me in the presence of the Governor's guests, and had my sentence changed from hanging to shooting. But he was not the man to make a point of that.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said I, "by injustice and chicanery I have been foully used in yonder town; by the fortune of war you shall help me to compensation. We have come a long, hard journey; we are all much overworked; we need rest, a better boat, and good sailors. You and your men, Chevalier, shall row us to freedom and Louisburg. When we are attacked, you shall be in the van; when we are at peace, you shall industriously serve under King George's flag. Now will you give up your men, and join me at breakfast?"

For a moment the excellent gentleman was mute, and my heart almost fell before his venerable white hair and his

proud bearing; but something a little overdone in his pride, a little ludicrous in the situation, set me smiling, and there came back on me the remembrance of all I had suffered, and I let no sentiment stand between me and my purposes.

"I am the Chevalier la" — he began.

"If you were King Louis himself, and every man there in your boat a peer of his realm, you should row a British subject now," said I; "or, if you choose, you shall have death instead." I meant there should be nothing uncertain in my words.

"I surrender," said he; "and if you are bent on shaming me, let us have it over soon."

"You shall have better treatment than I had in Quebec," answered I.

A moment afterwards, his men were duly surrendered, disarmed, and guarded, and the Chevalier breakfasted with me, now and again asking me news of Quebec. He was much amazed to hear that Bigot had been shot, and distressed that I could not say whether fatally or no.

I fixed on a new plan. We would now proceed by day as well as by night, for the shallop could not leave the river, and, besides, I did not care to trust my prisoners on shore. I threw from the shallop into the stream enough wheat to lighten her, and now, well stored and trimmed, we pushed away upon our course, the Chevalier and his men rowing, while my men rested and tended the sail, which was now set. I was much loath to cut our good canoe adrift, but she stopped the shallop's way, and she was left behind.

After a time, our prisoners were in part relieved, and I made the Chevalier rest also, for he had taken his task in good part, and had ordered his men to submit cheerfully. In the late afternoon, after an excellent journey, we saw a high and shaggy point of land, far ahead, which shut off our view. I was anxious to see beyond it, for ships-of-war might appear at any moment. A good

breeze brought up this land, and when we were abreast of it a lofty frigate was disclosed to view, a convoy (so the Chevalier said) to a fleet of transports which that morning had gone up the river. I resolved instantly, since fight was useless, to make a run for it. Seating myself at the tiller, I declared solemnly that I would shoot the first man who dared to stop the shallop's way, to make sign, or speak a word. So as the frigate stood across the river, I had all sail set, roused the men at the oars, and we came running by her stern. Our prisoners were keen enough to get by in safety, for they were between two fires, and the excellent Chevalier was alert and laborious as the rest. They signaled us from the frigate by a shot to bring to, but we came on gallantly. Another shot whizzed by at a distance, but we changed not our course, and then balls came flying over our heads, dropping round us, cooling their hot protests in the river. But none struck us, and presently all fell short; and in happy time, after desperate pulling, we left our large persecutor far behind, though, if the wind had been favorable for her, she would most like have sent us to the bottom.

We durst not slacken pace that night, and by morning, much exhausted, we deemed ourselves safe, and rested for a while, making a hearty breakfast, though a sombre shadow had settled on the face of the good Chevalier. Once more he ventured to protest, but I told him my resolution was fixed, and that I would at all costs secure escape from my six years' misery. He must abide the fortune of this war. For several days we fared on, without more mishap, our prisoners at the oar, yet my good fellows toiling with them by turn. So excellent a journey had we that I could with cheerful mind admire the pretty islands so often falling behind us, and the shaggy-topped mountains brooding above us. At last, one morning, as we hugged the

shore, I saw a large boat lying on the beach. I had the shallop's nose run to the shore, found the boat of excellent size, and made for swift going, and presently Clark found the oars. Then I turned to the Chevalier, who was watching me curiously, yet hiding anxiety, for he had upheld his dignity with some accent since he had come into my service, and I said —

"Chevalier, you shall find me more humane than my persecutors at Quebec. We English, following the example of our King, love clemency, and I will use it even in our hard fortunes. I will not hinder your going, if you will engage on your honor — as would, for instance, the Duc de Mirepoix" — he bowed — "that neither by means direct or indirect will you, to any soul on earth, divulge what brought you back thus far, till you shall reach your Kamaraska Isles; and will you undertake the same for your fellows here?"

With a joy he could not hide he consented, and upon my soul, I admired the fine, vain old man, and lamented that I had to use him so.

"Then," said I, "this you may do: you may depart with your shallop. Your mast and sail, however, must be ours; and for these I will pay. I will also pay for the wheat which was thrown into the river, and you shall have a share of our provisions, got from the Indians, to bring you back."

"Monsieur," said he, "it will be my pride to remember that I have dealt with so fair a foe. I cannot regret the pleasure of your acquaintance, even at the price. And see, monsieur, I do not think you the criminal they have made you out, and so I will tell a lady" —

I raised my hand at him, for I saw that he had read Alixe's interest in me, and Mr. Stevens was near us at the time.

"Chevalier," said I, drawing him aside, "if, as you say, you think I have used you honorably, then, if trouble falls upon my wife before I see her again, I

beg you to stand her friend. In the sad fortunes of war and hate of me, she may need a friend—even against her own people, on her own hearthstone.”

I never saw a man so amazed; and to his rapid questionings I gave the one reply, that Alixe was my wife. His lip trembled.

“Poor child! poor child!” he said; “they will put her in a nunnery. You did wrong, monsieur.”

“Chevalier,” said I, “did you ever love a woman?”

He made a motion of the hand, as if I had given him a great hurt, and said, “So young, so young!”

“But you will stand by her,” I urged, “by the memory of some sweet soul you have known! And I charge you, as a man, answer to me as you would have had another answer to you”—

He put out his hand again with a chafing sort of motion. “There, there,” said he, “the poor child shall never want a friend. If I can help it, she shall not be made a victim of the Church or of the State, nor yet of family pride—God help her!”

So we parted here, exchanging compliments; stern parted from stern, and soon we lost our grateful foes in the distance. All night we jogged along with easy sail, but just at dawn, in a sudden opening of the land, we saw a sloop at anchor near a wooded point, her long pennant flying. We pushed along, unheeding its fiery signal to bring to; and declining, she let fly a swivel loaded with grape, and again another, riddling our sail; but we were traveling with wind and tide, and we soon left the indignant patrol behind. Towards evening came a freshening wind and a cobbling sea, and I thought it best to make for shore. So, easing the sail, we brought our shallop before the wind. It was very dark, and there was a heavy surf running; but we had to take our fortune as it came, and we let drive for the unknown shore, for it was all alike to us. Presently, as we

ran close in, our boat came hard upon a rock, which bulged her bows open. Taking what provisions we could, we left our poor craft upon the rocks, and fought our way to safety.

We had little joy that night in thinking of our shallop breaking on the reefs, and we discussed the chances of crossing overland to Louisburg; but we soon gave up that wild dream: this river was the only way. When daylight came, we found our boat, though badly wrecked, still held together. Now Clark rose to the great necessity, and said that he would patch her up to carry us on, or never lift a hammer more. With labor past reckoning we dragged her to shore, and got her on the stocks, and then set about to find materials to mend her misery. Tools were all too few—a hammer, a saw, and an adze were all we had. A piece of board or a nail were treasures then, and when the timbers of the craft were covered, pitch and oakum were beyond price. At last we had resort to the gum we could get from trees; and for caulking, one spared a handkerchief, another a stocking, and another a piece of shirt, till she was stuffed in all her cracks. In this labor we passed eight days, and then were ready for the launch again.

On the very afternoon fixed for starting, we saw two sails standing down the river, and edging towards our shore. It gave us little pleasure to see them let anchors go right off the place where our patched boat lay. We had prudently carried on our work behind rocks and trees, so that we could not be seen, unless some of the men from these crafts came ashore. Our case seemed desperate enough, but all at once there came upon me the ambition for a daring enterprise. We had no provisions, and little hope of having more by peaceable means, till we reached Louisburg. I knew well that danger would threaten us every hour with this mangled craft of ours, and though I had hidden my apprehensions from my comrades, I had not looked for-

ward with a cheerful heart to our further voyaging.

A plan came to me. The two vessels — convoys, I felt sure — had anchored at some distance from each other, and from their mean appearance I did not think that they would have a large freight of men and arms; for they seemed not ships from France, but vessels of the country. If I could divide the force of either vessel, and quietly, under cloud of night, steal on her by surprise, then I would trust our desperate courage, and open the war which soon General Wolfe and Admiral Saunders were to wage up and down this river, and against the great fortress of Quebec.

It was a plot of signal danger, but I had brave fellows with me, and if we got our will it would be a thing worth remembrance. So I disclosed my plan to Mr. Stevens and the others, and, as I looked for, they were wholly of my mind, and had a fine relish for the enterprise. I agreed upon a signal with them, bade them to lie close along the ground, picked out the nearest, which was the smallest, ship for my purpose, and at sunset, tying a white handkerchief to a stick, came marching out of the woods, upon the shore, firing a gun at the same time. Presently a boat was put out from the sloop, and two men and a boy came rowing towards me. Standing off a little distance from the shore, they asked what was wanted.

The King's errand, was my reply in French, and I must be carried down the river by them, for which I would pay generously, and the Governor would thank them. I had marched over from my post, word having been brought that two vessels had been seen coming down the river. I asked them to return and tell their captain my need. Then, with idle gesture, I said that if they wished some drink, there was a bottle of rum near my fire, above me, to which they were welcome; also some game, which they might take as a gift to their captain and his crew.

This drew them like a magnet, and, as I lit my pipe, their boat scraped the sand, and, getting out, they hauled her up and came towards me. I met them, and, pointing towards my fire, as it seemed, led them up behind the rocks, when, at a sign, my men sprang up, they were seized, and were bidden not to cry out on peril of their lives. Then with every sweet persuasion I bade them tell what hands, what arms, were left on board. I found that the sloop from which they came, and the schooner, its consort, were bound for Gaspé, to bring provisions for several hundred Indians assembled at Miramichi and Aristiguish, who were to go by these same vessels to reinforce the garrison of Quebec. Rich news indeed! We would see what we could do to keep these barbarians idle and hungry at Gaspé. The sloop, they said, had six guns and a crew of twenty men; but the schooner, which was much larger, had no arms save muskets, and a crew and guard of thirty men.

All opened to my will most comfortably, for in this country there is no twilight, and with sunset came instantly the dusk. Already silence and dark inclosed the sloop. I had the men bound to a tree, and, though I liked it not, gagged also, engaging to return and bring them away safe and unhurt when our task was over. I chose for pilot the boy, and presently, with great care, launching our patched shallop from the stocks, — for the ship-boat was too small to carry six safely, — we got quietly away. Rowing with silent stroke, we came alongside the sloop. No light burned save that in the binnacle, and all hands, except the watch, were below at supper and at cards, as I found afterwards.

I could see the watch forward as we dropped silently alongside the stern. My object was to catch this fellow as he came by, and end him without noise. This I would trust to no one but myself; for now, grown stronger, I had the old spring in my blood, and I had also

a good wish that my plans should not go wrong through the bungling of others. I motioned my men to sit silent, and then, when the fellow's back was toward me, coming softly up the side, I slid over quietly, and drew into the shadow of a boat that hung near.

He came on lazily, and when just past me, I suddenly threw my arms about him, clapping my hand upon his mouth. He was stoutly built, and he began at once to struggle. I whispered that I would kill him if he cried out. But he was no coward, and feeling for his knife, he drew it, and would have had it in me but that I was quicker, and, with a desperate wrench, my hand still over his mouth, half swung him round, and drove mine home.

He sank in my arms with a heaving sigh, and I laid him down, still and dead, upon the deck. Then I leaned over the side and whispered up my comrades, the boy leading. As the last man came over, his pistol, stuck in his belt, caught the ratlins of the shrouds, and it dropped upon the deck. This gave the alarm, but I was at the companion-door on the instant, as the first master came bounding up, with sword showing, calling to his men, who swarmed after him. I fired; the bullet traveled the master's spine, and he fell back stunned.

A dozen others came on, and some reached the deck, and in spite of shots grappled with my men. I never shall forget with what fiendish joy Clark fought that night — those five terrible minutes. He was like some mad devil, and by his imprecations I knew that he was avenging the brutal death of his infant daughter some years before. He was armed with a long knife, and I saw four men fall beneath it, while he himself had a wicked cut in the cheek. Of the Provincials, one fell wounded, and the other brought down his man. Mr. Stevens and myself held the companion-way, driving the crew back, not without hurt, for my wrist was slashed by a cutlass, and Mr.

Stevens had a bullet in his thigh. But presently we had the joy of having those below cry quarter.

We were masters of the sloop. Quickly battening down the prisoners, I had the sails spread, the windlass going, and the anchor apeak quickly, and we soon were moving down upon the schooner, which was now all confusion, commands ringing out on the quiet air. But when, laying alongside, we gave her a dose, and then another, from all our swivels at once, sweeping her decks, the timid fellows cried quarter, and we boarded her. With my men's muskets cocked, I ordered the crew and soldiers below, till they were all, save two lusty youths, stowed away. Then I had everything of value brought from the sloop, together with the swivels, which we fastened to the schooner's side; and when all was done, we set fire to the sloop, and I stood and watched her burn with a proud — too proud — spirit.

This was my second repayment for all I had suffered these past six years in the fortress of Quebec. With the last glow of the flames came the good rich dawn, and having brought our prisoners from the shore, we placed them with the rest.

Then I called a council with Mr. Stevens and the others, — our one hurt man was not left out, — and we all agreed that some of the prisoners should be sent off in the long boat, and a portion of the rest be used to work the ship. So we had half the fellows up, and giving them fishing-lines, rum, and provisions, with a couple of muskets and ammunition, we sent them off, and, raising anchor, got on our way down the broad river, in perfect weather, with cheerful spirit, and with an agreeable wind.

The days that followed are most like a good dream to me, for we came on all the way without challenge and with no adventure, even round Gaspé, to Louisburg, thirty-eight days after my escape from the fortress.

XXIII.

I pass by the good greeting we had at Louisburg, the praises and extravagance of sentiment, for many fables had traveled to them of my doings at Quebec, making me the very chief of adventurers, the doer of deeds beyond my thought and power. But, indeed, I was grateful, too, for I had been so long among enemies and insulters that kindness was as cordial to me; I could bear it and still keep my head. There were matters more important. Admiral Saunders and General Wolfe were gone to Quebec. They had passed us as we came down, for we had sailed inside some islands of the coast, getting shelter and better passage, and the fleet had, no doubt, passed outside. This was a blow to me, for I had hoped to be in time to join General Wolfe and proceed with him to Quebec, where my knowledge of the place should be of service to him. It was, however, no time for lament, and I set about to find my way back again. Our prisoners I handed over to the authorities. The two Provincials decided to remain and take service under General Amherst, Mr. Stevens would join his own Rangers at once, but Clark would go back with me to have his hour with his hated foes; and never did I see a man who hated more sincerely, nor one who fought with more savage lust. As they had done by him he would do by them, and more.

I paid Mr. Stevens and the two Provincials for their shares in the schooner, and Clark and I manned her afresh, and prepared to return instantly to Quebec. From General Amherst I received correspondence to carry to General Wolfe and Admiral Saunders. Before I started back, I sent letters to Governor Dinwiddie, George Washington, and my partner, but I had no sooner done so than I received others from them through General Amherst. They had been sent to him to convey to General Wolfe at Que-

bec, who was, in turn, to hand them to me, when, as was hoped, I should be released from captivity, if not already beyond the power of men to free me.

The letters from these friends almost atoned for my past sufferings, and I was ashamed that ever I had thought my countrymen forgot me in my worst misery; for this was the first matter I saw when I opened the Governor's letter: —

By the House of Burgesses.

Resolved — That the sum of three hundred pounds be paid to Captain Robert Stobo, in consideration of his services to the country, and his singular sufferings in his confinement, as a hostage, in Quebec.

And this, I learned, was one of three such resolutions, which were but preface to what came when the great war was done.

But there were other matters in his letter which much amazed me. An attempt, he said, had been made one dark night upon his strong-room, which would have succeeded but for the great bravery and loyalty of an old retainer. Two men were engaged in the attempt, one of whom was a Frenchman. Both men were masked, and, when set upon, fought with consummate bravery, and got away. It was found the next day that the safe of my partner had also been rifled and all my papers stolen. There was no doubt in my mind what this meant. Doltaire, with some renegade Virginian who knew Williamsburg and myself, had made essay to get my papers. But they had failed in their designs, for all my valuable documents — and those desired by Doltaire among them — remained safe in the Governor's strong-room. That Doltaire had been foiled was as wine to me, and I wished that he might be in Quebec when we took the city.

Bearing letters from General Amherst to General Wolfe and Admiral Saunders, I got away again for Quebec five days after reaching Louisburg. We came along

with good winds, having no check, though twice we sighted French sloops, which, however, seemed most concerned to leave us alone and edge away; and I cannot say how glad I was when, with colors flying on our craft, we sighted Kamaskia Isles, which I saluted, remembering the Chevalier la Darante; then Isle aux Coudres, below which we poor fugitives came so near disaster. Here we all felt new fervor, for the British flag flew from a staff on a lofty point, tents were pitched thereon in a pretty cluster, and, rounding a point, we came plump upon Admiral Durell's little fleet, which was here to bar advance of French ships and to waylay stragglers.

When it was seen who we were, we were let pass, and I got an impulse to my vanity by hearing a shout from one ship, and then from others, coupled with my name. Some French prisoner had recognized me, and pointed me out, and my history and trials being now well known, and my adventure grown absurdly notorious, I was thus saluted.

On a blithe summer day we sighted, far off, the Island of Orleans and the tall masts of two patrol ships-of-war, which in due time we passed, saluting, and ran abreast of the island in the North Channel. Coming up this passage, I could see on an eminence, far distant, the tower of the Château Alixe, from which my wife had written me that noble letter while she was not yet my wife.

Presently there opened on our sight the great bluff at the Falls of Montmorenci, and, crowning it, tents and batteries, the camp of General Wolfe himself, with the good ship Centurion standing off like a sentinel at a point where the Basin, the River Montmorenci, and the North Channel seem to meet. To our left, across the shoals, was Major Hardy's post, on the extreme eastern point of Isle Orleans; and again beyond that, in a straight line, Point Levis on the south shore, where Brigadier-General Monckton's camp was pitched, and his batteries

farther on, from which shell and shot were poured into the town. How all had changed since I left over two months before! Around the Seigneur Duvarney's manor, in the sweet village of Beauport, was encamped the French army, and redoubts and batteries were ranged where Alixe and I and her brother Juste had many a time walked in a sylvan quiet. Here, as it were, round the bent and broken sides of a bowl, war raged, and the centre was like some caldron out of which imps sprang and sailed to hand up fires of hell to the battalions on the ledges. Here swung Admiral Saunders's and Admiral Holmes's divisions, out of reach of the French batteries, yet able to menace and destroy, and to feed the British camps with men and munitions. There was no French ship in sight — only two old hulks with guns in the mouth of the St. Charles River, to protect the road to the palace gate — that is, at the Intendance.

It was all there before me, the investment of Quebec, for which I had prayed and waited seven long years.

But all at once, on a lull in the fighting which had lasted twenty-four hours, the volleys of musketry from the heights of Montmorenci and the heavy batteries from the Levis shore opened upon the town, emptying therein the fatal fuel. Mixed feelings possessed me. I had at first listened to Clark's delighted imprecations and devilish praises with a feeling of brag almost akin to his own, — that was the soldier and the Briton in me. But all at once the man, the lover, and the husband spoke: my wife was in that beleaguered town. She had said that she would never leave it till I came to fetch her. I knew her father too well to suppose that he would seek safety in the country, but would rather stay — true patriot that he was — with his family, and stand or fall where all his hopes and loves lay. It seemed beyond doubt that my wife was there under that monstrous shower. Yet how

knew I that she was there — that she was not dead — or, if living, immured in a convent? For I knew well that our marriage must become known after I had escaped; that she would not, for her own good pride and womanhood, keep it secret then; that it would be proclaimed while yet Gabord and the excellent chaplain were alive to attest all. Yet I would not, and could not, think that she was dead, — some convictions are deep in us as life itself, as true and absolute. If she had gone, some warning shiver would have run through me, some sign and knowledge that the spring of life, hope, and love was broken.

Summoned by the Centurion, we were passed on beyond the eastern point of Isle Orleans to the Admiral's ship, which lay in the Channel off the point, with battleships in front and rear, and a line of frigates curving towards the rocky Peninsula of Quebec. Then came a line of buoys beyond these, with manned boats moored alongside to protect the fleet from fire rafts, which once already the enemy had unavailingly sent down to ruin and burn our fleet.

Admiral Saunders received me with great cordiality, thanked me for the dispatches, heard with applause of my adventures with the convoy, and at once, with dry humor, said he would be glad, if General Wolfe consented, to make my captured schooner one of his fleet. Later, when her history and doings became known in the fleet, she was at once called the Terror of France; for, as will be seen, she did a wild thing or two before Quebec fell, though from first to last she had but her six swivel guns, which I had taken from the burnt sloop. Clark had command of her until she saw our fleet at last sail away to England, saluting her as they passed down the river.

From Admiral Saunders I learned that Bigot had recovered from his hurt, which had not been severe, and of the death of Monsieur Cournai, who had ridden his horse over the cliff in the dark. From

the Admiral I came to General Wolfe at Montmorenci.

I shall never forget my first look at my hero, my General, that flaming, exhaustless spirit, in a body so *gauche* and so unshapely. When I was brought to him, he was standing on a knoll alone, looking through a glass towards the batteries of Levis. The first thing that struck me, as he lowered the glass and leaned against a gun, was the melancholy in the lines of his figure. That I never forget, for it came to me that whatever glory there was for British arms ahead, there was tragedy for him. Yet as he turned at the sound of our footsteps, I almost laughed; for his straight red hair, his face defying all regularity, with the nose thrust out like a wedge and the chin falling back from an affectionate sort of mouth, his tall straggling frame and far from athletic shoulders, challenged contrast with the compact, handsome, graciously-shaped Montcalm. In Montcalm was all manner of things to charm — all save that which presently filled me with awe, and showed me wherein this sallow-featured, pain-racked Briton was greater than his rival beyond measure: in that searching, burning eye, which carried all the distinction and greatness denied him elsewhere. There resolution, courage, endurance, deep design, clear vision, dogged will, heroism, lived: a bright furnace of daring resolves and hopes, which gave England her sound desire.

An officer of his staff presented me. He looked at me with piercing intelligence, and then, presently, his long hand made a swift motion of knowledge and greeting, and he said, —

"Yes, yes, and you are welcome, Captain Stobo. I have heard of you, of much to your credit. You were for years in durance there."

He pointed towards the town, where we could see the dome of the cathedral shine, and the leaping smoke and flame of the roaring batteries.

"Near six years, your Excellency," said I.

"Papers of yours fell into General Braddock's hands, and they tried you for a spy — a curious case — a curious case! Wherein were they wrong and you justified, and why was all exchange refused?"

I told him the main, the bare facts, and how, to force certain papers from me, I had been hounded to the edge of the grave. He nodded, and seemed lost in study of the mud-flats at the Beauport shore, and presently took to beating his foot upon the ground. After a minute, as if he had come back from a distance, he said: "Yes, yes, broken articles. Few women have a sense of national honor; such as La Pompadour none. An interesting matter."

Then, after a moment: "You shall talk with our Chief Engineer — you know the town — you should be useful to me, Captain Stobo. What do you suggest concerning this siege of ours?"

"Has any attack been made from above the town, your Excellency?"

He lifted his eyebrows. "Is it vulnerable from there? From Cap Rouge, you mean?"

"They have you at advantage everywhere, sir," I said. "A thousand men could keep the town, so long as this river, those mud-flats, and those high cliffs are there."

"But above the town" —

"Above the citadel there is a way — the only way: a feint from the basin here, a sham menace and attack, and the real action at the other door of the town."

"They will, of course, throw fresh strength and vigilance above, if our fleet run their batteries and attack there — the river at Cap Rouge is like this one here for defense." He shook his head. "There is no way, I fear."

"General," said I, "if you will take me into your service, and then give me leave to handle my little schooner in this basin and in the river above, I will prove

that you may take your army into Quebec by entering it myself, and returning with something as precious to me as the taking of Quebec to you."

He looked at me piercingly for a minute, then a sour sort of smile played at his lips. "A woman!" he said. "Well, it were not the first time the love of a wench opened the gates to a nation's victory."

"Love of a wife, sir, should carry a man farther," said I.

He turned on me a commanding look. "Speak plainly," said he. "If we are to use you, let us know you in all."

He waved farther back the officers with him.

"I have no other wish," I answered him. Then I told him briefly of the Seigneur Duvarney, Alixe, and Doltaire.

"Duvarney! Duvarney!" he said, and a light came into his look. Then he called an officer. "Was it not one Seigneur Duvarney who this morning prayed protection for his Château on the Island of Orleans?" he asked.

"Even so, your Excellency," was the reply; "and he said that if Captain Stobo was with us, he would surely speak for the humanity and kindness he and his household had shown to British prisoners."

"You speak, then, for this gentleman?" he asked, with a dry sort of smile.

"With all my heart," I answered. "But why asks he protection at this late day?"

"New orders are issued to lay waste the country — hitherto all property was safe," was the General's reply. "See that the Seigneur Duvarney's suit is granted," he added to his officer, "and say it is by Captain Stobo's intervention. There is another matter of this kind to be arranged this noon," he continued: "a matter of exchange of prisoners, among whom are some ladies of birth and breeding, captured but two days ago, and a gentleman comes from General Montcalm

directly upon the point. You might be useful herein," he added, "if you will come to my tent in an hour." He turned to go.

"And my ship, and permission to enter the town, your Excellency?" I asked.

"What do you call your — ship?" he asked a little grimly.

I told him how the sailors had already christened her. He smiled. "Then let her prove her title to Terror of France," he said, "by being pilot to the rest of our fleet, up the river, — some few have already crept up, — and you, Captain Stobo, be guide to a footing on those heights" — he pointed to the town. "Then this army and its General, and all England, please God, will thank you. Your craft shall have commission as a rover — but if she gets into trouble?"

"She will do as her owner has done these six years, your Excellency. She will fight her way out alone."

He gazed long at the town and at the Levis shore. "From above, then, there is a way?" he asked.

"For proof, if I come back alive" —

"For proof that you have been" — he answered meaningly, with an amused flash of his eyes, though at the very moment a spasm of pain crossed his face, for he was suffering from incurable disease, and went about his great task in daily misery, yet cheerful and inspiring.

"For proof, my wife, sir," said I.

He nodded, but his thoughts were diverted instantly, and he went from me at once abstracted. But again he came back. "If you return," said he, "you shall serve upon my staff. You will care to view our operations," he added, motioning towards the intrenchments at the river. Then he stepped quickly away, and I was taken by an officer to the river, and though my heart warmed within me to hear that an attack was presently to be made from the shore not far distant from the falls, I felt that the attempt could not succeed.

At the close of an hour I went to the

General's tent. It was luncheon-time, and they were about to sit as I was announced. The General motioned me to a seat, and then again, as if on second thought, made as though to introduce me to some one who stood beside him. My amazement was unbounded when I saw, smiling cynically at me, Monsieur Doltaire.

He was the envoy from Quebec. I looked him in the eyes steadily for a moment, into malicious, unswerving eyes, as maliciously and unswervingly myself, and then we both bowed.

"Captain Stobo and I have sat at meat together before," he said, with mannered coolness. "We have played host and guest also: but that was ere he won our hearts by bold, romantic feats. Still, I dared scarcely hope to meet him at this table."

"Which is sacred to the best of manners," said I meaningly and coolly, for my anger and surprise were too deep for excitement.

I saw the General look at both of us keenly, then his marvelous eyes flashed intelligence, and an acid smile played at his lips a moment. After a little general conversation Doltaire addressed me.

"We are not yet so overwhelmed with war but your being here again will give a fillip to our gossip. It must seem sad to you — you were so long with us — you have broken bread with so many of us — to see us pelted so. Sometimes a dinner-table is disordered by a riotous shell."

He was trying to torture me. And it was not hard to do it, for how knew I what had happened? How came he back so soon from the Bastille? It was incredible. Perhaps he had never gone, in spite of all. After luncheon, the matter of exchange of prisoners was gone into, and one by one the names of the French prisoners in our hands — ladies and gentlemen apprehended at the Château — were ticked off, and I knew

them all save two. The General deferred to me several times as to the persons and positions of the captives, and asked my suggestions. Immediately I proposed Mr. Wainfleet, the chaplain, in exchange for a prisoner, though his name was not on the list, but Doltaire shook his head in a blank sort of way.

"Mr. Wainfleet! Mr. Wainfleet! There was no such prisoner in the town," he said.

I insisted, and I eyed him keenly, but he stared at me inscrutably, and said that he had no record of the man. Then I spoke most forcibly to the General, and said that Mr. Wainfleet should be produced, or an account of him be given by the French Governor. Doltaire then said: "I am only responsible for these names recorded. Our General trusts to your honor, and you to ours, Monsieur le Général."

There was nothing more to say, and presently the exchanges were arranged, and, after compliments, Doltaire took his leave. I left the Governor also, and followed Doltaire. It was what he expected, for he turned to meet me.

"Captain Stobo and I," he said to the officers near, "are old — enemies, and there is a sad sweetness in meetings like these. May I" —

The officers drew away at a little distance at once before the suggestion was made, and we were left alone. I was in a white heat, but yet in fair control.

"You are surprised to see me here," he said. "Did you think the Bastille was for me? Tut! we had not cleared the St. Lawrence when we met a packet bearing fresh commands. La Pompadour forgave me, and in the King's name bade me return to New France, and in her own she bade me get your papers, or hang you straight. And — you will think it singular — if need be, I was to relieve the Governor and Bigot also, and work to save New France with the excellent Montcalm." He laughed. "You can see how absurd that is. I have held

my peace, and I keep my commission in my pocket."

I looked at him amazed that he should tell me this. He saw my surprise, and said, —

"Yes, you are my confidant in this. I do not fear you. Your enemy is bound in honor, your friend may seek to serve himself." Again he laughed. "As if I, Tinoir Doltaire, — note the agreeable combination of peasant and gentleman in my name, — who held his hand from ambition for large things in France, should stake a lifetime on this foolish hazard! When I play, Captain Stobo, it is for things large and vital. Else I remain the idler, the courtier — the son of the King."

"Yet you lend your vast talent, the genius of those unknown possibilities, to this, Monsieur — this little business of exchange of prisoners," I retorted ironically.

"That is my whim — a social courtesy."

"You said you knew nothing of the chaplain," I broke out.

"Not so. I said he was on no record given me. Officially — and in all public ways of honor — I know nothing of him."

"Come," said I, "you know well how I am concerned for him. You quibble; you lied to our General."

A wicked light shone in his eyes. "I choose to pass that by, for the moment," he said. "I am sorry you forget yourself; it were better for you and me to be courteous till our hour of reckoning, which is not yet. Shall we not meet some day?" he said, with a sweet hatred in his tone.

"With all my heart."

"But where?"

"In yonder town," said I, pointing.

He laughed provokingly. "You are melodramatic," he rejoined. "I could hold that town with one thousand men against all your army and five times your fleet."

"You have ever talked and nothing done," said I. "Will you tell me the truth of the chaplain?"

"Ay, in private the truth you shall hear," he said. "The man is dead."

"If you speak true, he was murdered," I broke out. "You know well why."

"No, no," he answered. "He was put in prison, escaped, made for the river, was pursued, fought, and was killed. So much for serving you."

"Will you answer me one question?" said I. "Is my wife well? Is she safe? She is there set among villainies."

"Your wife?" he answered, sneering. "If you mean Mademoiselle Duvarney, she is not there." Then he added solemnly and slowly: "She is in no fear of your batteries now — she is beyond them. When she was there, she was not child enough to think that foolish game with the vanished chaplain was a marriage. Did you think to gull a lady so beyond the minute's wildness? She is not there," he added again in a low voice.

"She is dead?" I gasped. "My wife is dead?"

"Enough of that," he answered angrily. "The lady saw the folly of it all, before she had done with the world. You — you, monsieur! It was but the pity of her gentle heart, of a romantic nature. You — you blundering alien, spy, and seducer!"

With a gasp of anger I struck him in the face, and whipped out my sword. But the officers near came instantly between us, and I could see that they thought me gross, ill-mannered, and wild, to do this thing before the General's tent, and to an envoy and truce-bearer.

Doltaire stood still a moment. Then presently wiped a little blood from his mouth, and said, —

"Messieurs, Captain Stobo was justified in his anger, and for the blow he will justify that in some happier time — for me. He said that I had lied, and I proved him wrong. I called him a spy

and a seducer, — he sought to shame, he covered with sorrow, one of the noblest families of New France, — and he has yet to prove me wrong. As envoy I may not fight him now, but I may tell you that I have every cue to send him to hell one day. He will do me the credit to say that it is not cowardice that stays me."

"If no coward in the way of fighting, coward in all other things," I retorted instantly.

"Well, well, as you may think." And he turned to go. "We will meet there, then?" he said, pointing to the town. "And when?"

"To-morrow," said I.

He shrugged his shoulder as to a boyish petulance, for he thought it an idle boast. "To-morrow? Then come and pray with me in the cathedral, and after that we will cast up accounts — to-morrow," he said, with a poignant and exultant malice. A moment afterwards he was gone, and I was left alone.

Presently I saw a boat shoot out from the shore below, and he was in it. Seeing me, he waved a hand in an ironical way. I paced up and down, sick and distracted, for half an hour or more. I knew not whether he lied concerning Alixe, but my heart was wrung with misery, for indeed he spoke with an air of truth.

Dead! dead! dead! "In no fear of your batteries now," he had said. "Done with the world!" he had said. What else could it mean? Yet the more I thought there came a feeling that somehow I had been tricked. "Done with the world!" Ay, a nunnery — was that it? But then, "In no fear of your batteries now" — that, what did that mean but death?

At this distressful moment a message came from the General, and I went to his tent, trying to calm myself, but overcome with apprehension. I was kept another half hour waiting, and then, coming in to him, he questioned me closely for

a little about Doltaire, and I told him the whole story briefly. Presently his secretary brought me the commission for my appointment to special service on the General's own staff.

"Your first duty," he said, "will be to — reconnoitre; and if you come back safe, we will talk further."

While he was speaking I kept looking at the list of prisoners which still lay upon his table. It ran thus: —

Monsieur and Madame Joubert.
Monsieur and Madame Carçanal.
Madame Rousillon.
Madame Roubert.
Monsieur Pipon.
Mademoiselle La Rose.
L'Abbé Durand.
Monsieur Halboir.
La Sœur Angélique.
La Sœur Séraphine.

I know not why it was, but the last three names held my eyes. Each of the other names I knew, and the people also. When I looked close, I saw that where La Sœur Angélique now was another name had been written and then erased. I saw also that the writing was recent. Again, where "Halboir" was written there had been another name, and the same process of erasure and substitution had been made. It was not so with La Sœur Séraphine. I said to the General at once, "Your excellency, it is possible you have been tricked." Then I pointed out what I had discovered. He nodded.

"Will you let me go, sir?" said I.
"Will you let me see this exchange?"

"I fear you will be too late," he answered. "It is not a vital matter, I fancy."

"Perhaps to me most vital," said I, and I explained my fears.

"Then go, go," he said kindly. He quickly gave directions to have me carried to Admiral Saunders' ship, where the exchange was to be effected, and at the same time a general passport.

In a few moments we were hard on our way. Now the batteries were silent. By the General's orders, the bombard-

ment ceased while the exchange was being effected, and the French batteries also were still. A sudden quietness seemed to settle on land and sea, and there was only heard, now and then, the note of a bugle from a ship of war. The water in the basin was very still, and the air was balmy and quiet. My own agitation, this heraldry of war, was all unnatural in the golden weather and sweet-smelling land.

I urged the rowers to their task, and we flew on, for I think from my set face, and my unwavering look towards the Admiral's ship, they caught at some strange happening. Patches of my history were now gone abroad among the army, and I was looked to for sensation of some sort. My mind was in a turmoil, but I remember that we passed another boat loaded with men, singing boisterously a disorderly sort of song, called Hot Stuff, set to the air Lilies of France, which now disturbed me, it was so out of touch with the general quiet: —

When the gay Forty-Seventh is dashing ashore,
While bullets are whistling and cannons do roar,
Says Montcalm: "Those are Shirleys — I know
the lapels."

"You lie," says Ned Botwood, "we swipe for
Lascelles!

Tho' our clothing is changed, and we scout
powder-puff;

Here 's at you, ye swabs, here 's give you Hot
Stuff!"

While yet we were about two miles away, I saw a boat put out from the Admiral's ship, then, at the same moment, one from the Lower Town, and they drew towards each other. I urged my men to their task, and as we were passing some of Admiral Saunders' ships, their sailors cheered us. Then came a silence, and it seemed to me that all our army and fleet, and that at Beauport, and the garrison of Quebec, were watching us, for the ramparts and shore were crowded. We drove on at an angle, to intercept the boat that left the Admiral's ship before it reached the town.

War leaned upon its arms and watched

a strange duel. There was no authority in any one's hands to stop the boat, save my own, and both armies must avoid firing, for the people of both nations were here in this space between — ladies and gentlemen in the French boat going to the town, Englishmen and a poor woman or two coming to our own fleet. My men strained every muscle, but the pace was impossible — it could not last; and the rowers in the French boat hung over their oars also with eager force. With the glass of the officer near me, — Kingdon of Anstruther's Regiment, — I could now see Doltaire standing erect in the boat, urging the boatmen on. Sitting by him was a figure I seemed to recognize, yet which eluded me. All round that basin, on shore and cliff and mountains, thousands of veteran fighters — Fraser's, Otway's, Townsend's, Murray's; and on the other side the splendid soldiers of La Sarre, Languedoc, Béarn, and Guienne — watched in silence. And well they might, for in this *entr'acte* was the little weapon forged which opened the door of New France to England's glory and the immortal fame of the hero whose officer I now was; so may the little talent or opportunity make possible the genius of the great.

The pain of this suspense grew so, that I longed for some sound to break the stillness; but there was nothing for minute after minute. Then, at last, on the halcyon air of that summer day floated the Angelus from the cathedral tower. Only a moment, in which one could feel, and see too, the French army praying, then came from the ramparts the sharp inspiring roll of a kettle-drum, and presently all was still again. Nearer and nearer the boat of prisoners approached the stone steps of the landing, and we were several hundred yards behind.

I motioned to Doltaire to stop, but he made no sign. I saw the figures of the nuns near him, and I strained my eyes, but I could not note their faces. My

men worked on ardently, and now we gained. We were coming up on them gallantly. But I saw that it was impossible to reach them before they set foot on shore. Now their boat came to the steps, and one by one they hastily got out. Then I called twice to Doltaire to stop. The air was still, and my voice carried distinctly. Suddenly one of the cloaked figures sprang towards the steps with arms outstretched, calling aloud, "Robert! Robert!" "Robert, my husband!" rang out again, and then a young officer and the other nun took her by the arm, as if to force her away. At the sharp instigation of Doltaire, instantly some companies of marines filed in upon the place where they had stood, leveled their muskets on us, and hid my beloved wife from my view. I recognized the young officer who had put a hand upon Alixe. It was her brother Juste.

"Alixe! Alixe!" I called, as my boat still came on.

"Save me, Robert!" came the anguished reply, a faint but searching sound, and then no more.

Misery and mystery were in my heart all at once. Doltaire had tricked me. "Those batteries cannot harm her now!" Yes, yes, they could not while she was a prisoner in our camp. "Done with the world!" Truly, when wearing the garb of the Sister Angélique. But why that garb? was she indeed a nun? I knew not what to think. I would not think that possible, with her cry, "Robert, my husband!" ringing in my ears. I swore that I would be within that town by the morrow, that I would fetch my wife into safety, out from the damnable arts and devices of Doltaire, chief craftsman of the devil.

The captain of the marines called to us that another boat's length would fetch upon us the fire of his men. There was nothing to do, but to turn back, while from the shore I was reviled by soldiers and by the rabble. My marriage with Alixe, I could see, had been made a na-

tional thing — of race and religion. So, as my men rowed back towards our fleet, I faced my enemies, and looked towards them without moving. I was grim enough that moment, God knows; I felt turned to stone. I did not stir when — ineffaceable brutality — the batteries on the heights began to play upon us, the shot falling round us, and passing over our heads, while musket-firing followed.

“Damned villains! Faithless brutes!”

cried Kingdon beside me. I did not speak a word, but stood there defiant, as when we first had turned back. Now, sharply, angrily, from all our batteries, there came reply to the French, and as we came on with only one man wounded and one oar broken, towards our ships, the whole fleet cheered us. I steered straight for the Terror of France, and there Clark and I, he swearing violently, laid plans.

Gilbert Parker.

AFTER THE WAR.

I.

Hyōgo, May 5, 1895.

Hyōgo, this morning, lies bathed in a limpid magnificence of light indescribable, — spring light, which is vapory, and lends a sort of apparitional charm to far things seen through it. Forms remain sharply outlined, but are almost idealized by faint colors not belonging to them; and the great hills behind the town aspire into a cloudless splendor of tint that seems the ghost of azure rather than azure itself.

Over the blue-gray slope of tiled roofs there is a vast quivering and fluttering of extraordinary shapes, — a spectacle not indeed new to me, but always delicious. Everywhere are floating — tied to very tall bamboo poles — immense brightly colored paper fish, which look and move as if alive. The greater number vary from five to fifteen feet in length; but here and there I see a baby scarcely a foot long, hooked to the tail of a larger one. Some poles have four or five fish attached to them at heights proportioned to the dimensions of the fish, the largest always at the top. So cunningly shaped and colored these things are that the first sight of them is always startling to a stranger. The

lines holding them are fastened within the head; and the wind, entering the open mouth, not only inflates the body to perfect form, but keeps it undulating, — rising and descending, turning and twisting, precisely like a real fish, while the tail plays and the fins wave irreproachably. In the garden of my next-door neighbor there are two very fine specimens. One has an orange belly and a bluish-gray back; the other is all a silvery tint; and both have big weird eyes. The rustling of their motion as they swim against the sky is like the sound of wind in a cane-field. A little farther off I see another very big fish, with a little red boy clinging to its back. That red boy represents Kintoki, strongest of all children ever born in Japan, who, while still a baby, wrestled with bears and set traps for goblin-birds.

Everybody knows that these paper carp, or *koi*, are hoisted only during the period of the great birth festival of boys, in the fifth month; that their presence above a house signifies the birth of a son; and that they symbolize the hope of the parents that their lad will be able to win his way through the world against all obstacles, — even as the real *koi*, the great Japanese carp, ascends swift rivers against the stream. In many parts of

southern and western Japan, you rarely see these koi. You see instead very long narrow flags of cotton cloth, called *nobori*, which are fastened perpendicularly, like sails, with little spars and rings to poles of bamboo, and bear designs in various colors of the koi in an eddy, or of Shōki, conqueror of demons, or of pines, or of tortoises, or other fortunate symbols.

II.

But in this radiant spring of the Japanese year 2555, the koi might be taken to symbolize something larger than parental hope, — the great trust of a nation regenerated through war. The military revival of the Empire — the real birthday of New Japan — began with the conquest of China. The war is ended; the future, though clouded, seems big with promise; and, however grim the obstacles to loftier and more enduring achievements, Japan has neither fears nor doubts.

Perhaps the future danger is just in this immense self-confidence. It is not a new feeling created by victory. It is a race feeling, which repeated triumphs have served only to strengthen. From the instant of the declaration of war there was never the least doubt of ultimate victory. There was universal and profound enthusiasm, but no outward signs of emotional excitement. Men at once set to work writing histories of the triumphs of Japan, and these histories — sold by subscription in weekly or monthly parts, and illustrated with photo-lithographs or drawings on wood — were selling all over the country long before any foreign observers could have ventured to predict the final results of the campaign. From first to last the nation felt sure of its own strength, and of the impotence of China. The toy-makers put suddenly into the market legions

of ingenious mechanisms, representing Chinese soldiers in flight, or being cut down by Japanese troopers, or tied together as prisoners by their queues, or *kowtowing* for mercy to illustrious generals. The old-fashioned military playthings, representing samurai in armor, were superseded by figures — in clay, wood, paper, or silk — of Japanese cavalry, infantry, and artillery, by models of forts and batteries and models of men of war. The storming of the defenses of Port Arthur by the Kumamoto Brigade was the subject of one ingenious mechanical toy; another, equally clever, repeated the fight of the Matsushima Kan with the Chinese ironclads. There were sold likewise myriads of toy-guns discharging corks by compressed air with a loud pop, and myriads of toy-swords, and countless tiny bugles, the constant blowing of which recalled to me the tin-horn tumult of a certain New Year's Eve in New Orleans. The announcement of each victory resulted in an enormous manufacture and sale of colored prints, rudely and cheaply executed, and mostly depicting the fancy of the artist only, but well fitted to stimulate the popular love of glory. Wonderful sets of chessmen also appeared, each piece representing a Chinese or Japanese officer or soldier.

Meanwhile, the theatres were celebrating the war after a much more complete fashion. It is no exaggeration to say that almost every episode of the campaign was repeated upon the stage. Actors even visited the battlefields to study scenes and backgrounds, and fit themselves to portray realistically, with the aid of artificial snowstorms, the hardships of the army in Manchuria. Every gallant deed was dramatized almost as soon as reported. The death of the bugler Shirakami Genjirō;¹ the noble but fatal courage of

¹ At the battle of Sōng-Hwan, a Japanese bugler named Shirakami Genjirō was ordered to sound the charge (*suzumé*). He had sounded it once when a bullet passed through his lungs, throwing him down. His comrades tried

to take the bugle away, seeing the wound was fatal. He wrested it from them, lifted it again to his lips, sounded the charge once more with all his strength, and fell back dead.

Harada Jiukichi, who scaled a rampart and opened a fortress gate to his comrades; the heroism of the fourteen troopers who held their own against three hundred infantry; the successful charge of unarmed coolies upon a Chinese battalion, — all these and many other incidents were reproduced in a thousand theatres. Immense illuminations of paper lanterns lettered with phrases of loyalty or patriotic cheer celebrated the success of the imperial arms, or gladdened the eyes of soldiers going by train to the field. In Kobe, — constantly traversed by troop-trains, — such illuminations continued night after night for weeks together, and the residents of each street further subscribed for flags and triumphal arches.

But the glories of the war were celebrated also in ways more durable by the various great industries of the country. Victories and incidents of sacrificial heroism were commemorated in porcelain, in metal-work, and in costly textures, not less than in new designs for envelopes and note-paper. They were portrayed on the silk linings of *haori*,¹ on women's kerchiefs of *chirimen*,² in the embroidery of girdles, in the designs of silk shirts and of children's holiday robes, not to speak of cheaper printed goods, such as calicoes and toweling. They were represented in lacquer-ware of many kinds, on the sides and covers of carven boxes, on tobacco-pouches, on sleeve-buttons, in designs for hairpins, on women's combs, even on chopsticks. Bundles of toothpicks in tiny cases were offered for sale, each toothpick having engraved upon it, in microscopic text, a different poem about the war. And up to the time of peace, or at least up

to the time of the insane attempt by a *soshi*³ to kill the Chinese plenipotentiary during negotiations, all things happened as the people had wished and expected.

But as soon as the terms of peace had been announced, Russia interfered, securing the help of France and Germany to bully Japan. The combination met with no opposition; the government played *jinjutsu*, and foiled expectations by unlooked-for yielding. Japan had long ceased to feel uneasy about her own military power. Her reserve strength is probably much greater than has ever been acknowledged, and her educational system, with its twenty-six thousand schools, is an enormous drilling-machine. On her own soil she could face any foreign power. Her navy was her weak point, and of this she was fully aware. It was a splendid fleet of small, light cruisers, and admirably handled. Its admiral, without the loss of a single vessel, had annihilated the Chinese fleet in two engagements, but it was not yet sufficiently heavy to face the combined navies of three European powers, and the flower of the Japanese army was beyond the sea. The most opportune moment for interference had been cunningly chosen, and probably more than interference was intended. The heavy Russian battle-ships were stripped for fighting, and these alone could possibly have overpowered the Japanese fleet, though the victory would have been a costly one. But Russian action was suddenly checked by the sinister declaration of English sympathy for Japan. Within a few weeks England could bring into Asiatic waters a fleet capable of crushing, in one short battle, all the ironclads assembled by the

the *soshi* of opponents, or as bullies in election time. Private persons sometimes employ them as defenders. They have figured in most of the election rows which have taken place of late years in Japan, also in a number of assaults made on distinguished personages. The causes which produced nihilism in Russia have several points of resemblance with the causes which produced the *soshi* class in Japan.

¹ *Haori*, a sort of upper dress, worn by men as well as women. The linings are often of designs beautiful beyond praise.

² *Chirimen* is a crape-silk, of which there are many qualities; some very costly and durable.

³ *Soshi* form one of the modern curses of Japan. They are mostly ex-students who earn a living by hiring themselves out as rowdy terrorists. Politicians employ them either against

combination. And a single shot from a Russian cruiser might have plunged the whole world into war.

But in the Japanese navy there was a furious desire to battle with the three hostile powers at once. It would have been a great fight, for no Japanese commander would have dreamed of yielding, no Japanese ship would have struck her colors. The army was equally desirous of war. It needed all the firmness of the government to hold the nation back. Free speech was gagged; the press was severely silenced; and by the return to China of the Liao-Tung peninsula, in exchange for a compensatory increase of the war indemnity previously exacted, peace was secured. The government really acted with faultless wisdom. At this period of Japanese development a costly war with Russia could not fail to have consequences the most disastrous to industry, commerce, and finance. But the national pride has been deeply wounded, and the country can still scarcely forgive its rulers.

III.

Hxōgo, May 15.

The Matsushima Kan, returned from China, is anchored before the Garden of the Pleasure of Peace. She is not a colossus, though she has done grand things; but she certainly looks quite formidable as she lies there in the clear light, — a stone-gray fortress of steel rising out of the smooth blue. Permission to visit her has been given to the delighted people, who don their best for the occasion, as for a temple festival; and I am suffered to accompany some of them. All the boats in the port would seem to have been hired for the visitors, so huge is the shoal hovering about the ironclad as we arrive. It is not possible for so great a crowd of sightseers to go on board at once; and we have to wait while hundreds are being alternately admitted and dismissed. But the waiting in the cool sea air is not unpleasant; and the spectacle of the popular joy is worth watching. What eager

rushing when the turn comes! what swarming and squeezing and clinging! Two women fall into the sea, and are pulled out by blue-jackets, and say they are not sorry to have fallen in, because they can now boast of owing their lives to the men of the Matsushima Kan! As a matter of fact, they could not very well have been drowned; there were legions of common boatmen to look after them.

But something of larger importance to the nation than the lives of two young women is really owing to the men of the Matsushima Kan; and the people are rightly trying to pay them back with love, — for presents, such as thousands would like to make, are prohibited by disciplinary rule. Officers and crew must be weary; but all the crowding and the questioning is borne with charming amiability. Everything is shown and explained in detail: the huge thirty-centimetre gun, with its loading apparatus and directing machinery; the quick-firing batteries; the torpedoes, with their impulse-tubes; the electric lantern, with its searching-mechanism. I myself, though a foreigner, and therefore requiring a special permit, am guided all about, both below and above, and am even suffered to take a peep at the portraits of their Imperial Majesties, in the admiral's cabin; and I am told the stirring story of the great fight off the Yalu. Meanwhile, the old bald men and the women and the babies of the port hold for one golden day command of the Matsushima. Officers, cadets, blue-jackets, spare no effort to please. Some talk to the grandfathers; others let the children play with the hilts of their swords, or teach them how to throw up their little hands and shout "*Teikoku Banzai!*" And for tired mothers, matting has been spread, where they can squat down in the shade between decks.

Those decks, only a few months ago, were covered with the blood of brave men. Here and there dark stains, which

still resist holystoning, are visible ; and the people look at them with tender reverence. The flagship had been twice struck by enormous shells, and her vulnerable parts pierced by a storm of small projectiles. She had borne the brunt of the engagement, losing nearly half her crew. Her tonnage is only 4280 tons ; and her immediate antagonists were two Chinese ironclads of 7400 tons each. Outside, her cuirass shows no deep scars ; but my guide points proudly to the numerous patchings of the decks, the steel masting supporting the fighting-tops, the smoke-stack, and to certain terrible dents, with small cracks radiating from them, in the foot-thick steel of the barbette. He traces for us, below, the course of the thirty-a-half centimetre shell that entered the ship. "When it came," he tells us, "the shock threw men into the air that high" (holding his hand some two feet above the deck). "At the same moment all became dark : you could not see your hand. Then we found that one of the starboard forward guns had been smashed, and the crew all killed. We had forty men killed instantly, and many more wounded ; no man escaped in that part of the ship. The deck was on fire, because a lot of ammunition brought up for the guns had exploded ; so we had to fight and to work to put out the fire at the same time. Even badly wounded men, with the skin blown from their hands and faces, worked as if they felt no pain, and dying men helped to pass water. But we silenced the Ting-yuen with one more shot from our big gun. The Chinese had European gunners helping them. If we had not had to fight against Western gunners, *our victory would have been too easy.*"

He gives the true note. Nothing, on this splendid spring day, could so delight

the men of the Matsushima Kan as a command to clear for action, and attack the great belted Russian cruisers lying off the coast.

IV.

Kobe, June 9.

Last year, while traveling from Shimonoseki to the capital, I saw many regiments on their way to the seat of war, all uniformed in white ; for the hot season was not yet over. Those soldiers looked so much like students whom I had taught (thousands, indeed, were really fresh from school) that I could not help feeling it was cruel to send such youths to battle. The boyish faces were so frank, so cheerful, so seemingly innocent of the greater sorrows of life ! "Don't fear for them," said an English fellow-traveler, a man who had passed his life in camps ; "they will give a splendid account of themselves." "I know it," was my answer ; "but I am thinking of fever and frost and Manchurian winter : these are more to be feared than Chinese rifles."¹

The calling of the bugles, gathering the men together after dark, or signaling the hour of rest, had for years been one of the pleasures of my summer evenings in a Japanese garrison town. But during the months of war, those long, plaintive notes of the lost call touched me in another way. I do not know that the melody is peculiar, but it was sometimes played, I used to think, with peculiar feeling ; and when uttered to the starlight by all the bugles of a division at once, the multitudinously blending tones had a melancholy sweetness never to be forgotten. And I would dream of phantom buglers, summoning the youth and strength of hosts to the shadowy silence of perpetual rest.

Well, to-day I went to see some of the regiments return. Arches of greenery

¹ The total number of Japanese actually killed in battle, from the fight at A-san to the capture of the Pescadores, was only 739. But the deaths resulting from other causes, up to as late a date as the 8th of June, during the

occupation of Formosa, were 3148. Of these, 1602 were due to cholera alone. These, at least, were the official figures as published in the Kobe Chronicle.

had been erected over the street they were to pass through, leading from Kobe station to Nanko-San, the great temple dedicated to the hero-spirit of Kusunoki Masashigé. The citizens had subscribed six thousand yen for the honor of serving the soldiers with the first meal after their return; and many battalions had already received such kindly welcome. The sheds under which they ate in the court of the temple had been decorated with flags and festoons; and there were gifts for all the troops, — sweetmeats, and packages of cigarettes, and little towels printed with poems in praise of valor. Before the gate of the temple a really handsome triumphal arch had been erected, bearing on each of its façades a phrase of welcome in Chinese text in gold, and on its summit a terrestrial globe surmounted by a hawk with outspread pinions.¹

I waited first, with Manyemon, before the station, which is very near the temple. The train arrived; a military sentry ordered all spectators to quit the platform, and outside, in the street, police kept back the crowd, and stopped all traffic. After a few minutes, the battalions came, marching in regular column through the brick archway, — headed by a gray officer, who limped slightly as he walked, smoking a cigarette. The crowd thickened about us; but there was no cheering, not even speaking, — a hush broken only by the measured tramp of the passing troops. I could scarcely believe those were the same men I had seen going to the war; only the numbers on the shoulder-straps assured me of the fact. Sunburnt and grim the faces were; many had heavy beards. The dark blue winter uniforms were frayed and torn, the shoes worn into shapelessness; but the

strong, swinging stride was the stride of the hardened soldier, lads no longer, but toughened men, able to face any troops in the world; men who had slaughtered and stormed; men who had also suffered many things which never will be written. The features showed neither joy nor pride; the quick-searching eyes hardly glanced at the welcoming flags, the decorations, the arch with its globe-shadowing hawk of battle, — perhaps because those eyes had seen too often the things which make men serious. (Only one man smiled as he passed; and I thought of a smile seen on the face of a Zouave when I was a boy, watching the return of a regiment from Africa, — a mocking smile, that stabbed.) Some Japanese women in the crowd were visibly affected, feeling the reason of the change. But, for all that, the soldiers were better soldiers now; and they were going to find welcome, and comforts, and gifts, and the great love of the people, — and repose thereafter, in their old familiar camps.

I said to Manyemon: "This evening they will be in Osaka and Nagoya. They will hear the bugles calling; and they will think of comrades who never can return."

The old man answered, with simple earnestness: "Perhaps by Western people it is thought that the dead never return. But we cannot so think. There are no Japanese dead who do not return. There are none who do not know the way. From China and from Chōsen, and out of the bitter sea, all our dead have come back, — *all!* They are with us now. At dusk they gather to hear the bugles that called them home. And they will hear them also in that hour when the armies of the Son of Heaven shall be summoned against Russia."

Lafcadio Hearn.

¹ At the close of the great naval engagement of the 17th September, 1894, a hawk alighted on the fighting-mast of the Japanese cruiser Takachiho, and suffered itself to be taken and fed. After much petting, this bird

of good omen was presented to the Emperor. Falconry was a great fœdal sport in Japan, and hawks were finely trained. The hawk is now likely to become, more than ever before in Japan, a symbol of victory.

IN NOVEMBER.

FAR to the northward are the frozen lakes ;
 Ye shipmen, draw to anchor, and furl sail !
 Soon will the cold drift hither, and the gale
 Shrill in our hemlock groves and bending brakes.
 Ye wild birds, to the shores ! before the flakes
 Swarm in the forests, and the Polar bees
 Sting our sweet singers to the milder seas.
 I too would fly, my spirit so forsakes
 Me since the hand of Time upon my brow
 Advanced his standard. Once, when I was young,
 I stretched a hand to Time, and, for mere pleasure,
 Danced to the tempest's wild and wintry measure,
 Though the white swarms in all the hemlocks swung.
 "When I was young," — that I must say that now !

James Herbert Morse.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

FIFTH PAPER.

By the kindness of a correspondent, who has read the first of my Talks, I am able to give Dr. Johnson's famous letter to Macpherson in the very words in which it was written. It differs somewhat from the copy which the brave old man dictated from memory to Boswell. That Macpherson should have preserved the original seems strange, but he was a man little troubled by shame. It was, to be sure, mainly by this letter that he was to gain such immortality as afterward fell to his lot ; but this his vanity would not have led him to suspect. Johnson wrote as follows : —

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON, — I received your foolish and impudent note. Whatever insult is offered me I will do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself the law will do for me. I will not desist from detecting what I think a cheat from any fear of the menaces of a Ruffian.

You want me to retract. What shall I retract ? I thought your book an imposture from the begining, I think it upon yet surer reasons an imposture still. For this opinion I give the publick my reasons which I here dare you to refute.

But however I may despise you, I reverence truth, and if you can prove the genuineness of the work I will confess it. Your rage I defy, your abilities since your Homer are not so formidable and what I have heard of your morals disposes me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but what you can prove.

You may print this if you will.

SAM JOHNSON.

Jan. 20, 1775.

To MR. JAMES MACPHERSON.

Gray, Hume, even for a short time Horace Walpole, had all believed in Macpherson and his Ossian. Burke, I have little doubt, was the reviewer, in

the *Annual Register*, who so finely, but so ignorantly, wrote of him, "The editor has recovered from the obscurity of barbarism, the rust of fifteen hundred years, and the last breath of a dying language, these inestimable relics of the genuine spirit of poetry." Gibbon, more than a full year after Johnson's exposure of the imposture, in his *Decline and Fall*, paid Macpherson one of his stately compliments.

Powerful as was Johnson's frame, age and sickness had told on him. He was older than the "ruffian" whom he thus defied by almost thirty years. Macpherson was a strong man, too, "of a large size, with very thick legs, to hide which he generally wore boots, though not then the fashion." His temper was not good. "I have scarce ever known," wrote Hume, "a man more perverse and unamiable." Against his threatened assault Johnson armed himself with an oaken cudgel, more than six feet long, but he never had to use it. The two men lie close together in Westminster Abbey. It was not on any public demand, but merely in compliance with a direction in his own will, that Macpherson found his grave there. So long as the fees for interment were paid, there was, it seems, no one to whom the dean and chapter, in those days, would have refused admittance. In Colonel Chester's Westminster Abbey Registers, in the long list of interments, next to Johnson's, separated from it by only two days, comes that of "Mrs. Elizabeth Broughton, wife of John Broughton, the celebrated pugilist." She, it is true, was not buried in Poets' Corner, but in the west cloisters. Her famous husband received in due course the same honor. Thirty years before this prize-fighter's death, when Robertson's *History of Scotland* and the second part of Hume's *History of England* were on the point of appearing, Hume wrote to his brother historian: "Next week I am published, and then I expect a constant comparison will be made be-

tween Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume. I shall tell you in a few weeks which of these Heroes is likely to prevail. Meanwhile I can inform both of them, for their comforts, that their combat is not likely to make half as much noise as that between Broughton and the one-eyed coachman." On prize-fighting the great lexicographer and moralist looked with favor. One of his uncles had kept the ring in Smithfield for a whole year. He was himself "very conversant in the art of boxing, and would descant upon it much to the admiration of those who had no expectation of his skill in such matters." Under less happy circumstances, he might himself have practiced the noble art. John Bright, so the story runs, coming out of the House of Commons after a hot debate on the game-laws, met in the lobby a great sportsman, Grantley Berkeley by name, who that night had been the champion of the country squires. "Mr. Berkeley," said Bright, "if you had not been born a gentleman, you would have been a poacher." "Mr. Bright," replied Berkeley, "if you had not been born a Quaker, you would have been a prize-fighter." So, in like manner, if Dr. Johnson had not been born, or at least bred, a scholar, there was that within him that might possibly have "exuberated" into a second Broughton.

The original of his famous letter to Macpherson once formed part of Mr. Lewis Pocock's great Johnsonian collection, which was scattered to the four quarters of heaven twenty years ago. I have heard an old dealer in autographs say that, a few days before the sale, it might have been bought as a whole for five or six hundred pounds, though, as it turned out, it fetched nearly thrice as much at the auction. Unbroken, it would have conferred distinction even on the noblest library; but dispersed, it diffuses more pride and pleasure. I never look at the sale catalogue without sighing over an editor's wasted opportunity. With what

annotations might all these treasures have been set forth! How the circumstances in which each letter was written might have been explained, the allusions traced, and every difficulty cleared up! Many unpublished letters of Johnson have passed singly through my hands; for I have let the dealers know that, if they would allow me to see them, I would in each case, as a return, furnish elucidations. But what are letters which come dribbling in one by one compared with this noble collection? In these days, when autographs obtain such high, such extravagant prices, the preparation of the auctioneer's catalogue should surely be entrusted to a scholar, and not be left to the ignorant industry of a clerk. The poor man, no doubt, makes the best use he can of his Biographical Dictionary and his Lowndes's Bibliographical Manual, but far too often he confounds the persons and confuses the substance. In a catalogue that lies open before me I see entered a letter of Sir Arthur Wellesley's. His name, I suppose, could not be found in the auctioneer's Biographical Dictionary; at all events, it is clear that the good man did not discover that he was selling an autograph of the Duke of Wellington. I remember my father telling me that at the beginning of the Peninsular War he heard a great deal of Sir Arthur Wellesley, but that after a little while that commander's name was no longer mentioned, while everybody began to speak of Lord Wellington. Troubled at this sudden disappearance of his hero, he asked a schoolfellow what had become of the famous general. The lad, who was equally ignorant, replied that he believed he had gone to America, and that Lord Wellington had taken his place.

It sometimes happens that the ignorance of the auctioneer tells against the buyer. A letter described, in the catalogue just referred to, as written by James Boswell to his daughter Euphemia was sold, a few years ago, for five guineas. The date, January, 1808, by which time

poor Boszy had been nearly thirteen years in his grave, shows that it was written by James Boswell, junior, to his sister. It is interesting to observe that so late as 1884, in the eyes of one of the leading literary auctioneers of London, Tupper, with his likeness thrown in, held a higher place than Browning. The two poets are thus brought together in one lot: "Tupper (Martin). Autograph letter signed, *portrait*; and others of Lord Houghton, Bernard Barton, R. Browning, &c." In the same catalogue, Blackstone is described, no doubt correctly so far as it goes, as "Blackstone (Sir William), distinguished Lawyer," while "our good Prince Eugene" of Southey's poem appears in two consecutive lots as "Eugène de Savoy, distinguished General," and as "Eugène (Prince de Savoie), distinguished Military Commander."

In my first Talk I mentioned the forged Byron letters which are in extensive circulation. My friend Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, informs me that, some years ago, one of these was sold to him. In this case the forger had not been so careful as usual; probably he had exhausted his stock of old paper. At all events, it was by the water-mark that the imposture was, before long, detected. The letter was returned to the dealer from whom it came, who, if he had been an honest man, would have nailed it to his counter, like a false piece of money. It was a second time put into circulation, and later on came once more to Mr. Adam through a different channel. The date, to be sure, was no longer at variance with the water-mark, but it was at a considerable sacrifice that this congruity had been obtained. As it now stood, the letter had been written a year or two after the writer's death. "An odd thought strikes me," said the dying Johnson: "we shall receive no letters in the grave." Most certainly, if none are received, none are written there. It is not down below that the Dead Letter

Office is to be found. In these days of psychical research, it may, for all I know, be maintained that it would be rash to conclude hastily, without serious and careful investigation, that a letter is a forgery, merely from the trifling circumstance that at the time it was written its alleged author had been for some while dead. Collectors of autographs, however, as a general rule, prefer that in every case the date should fall within the period of the writer's life.

In my second Talk, in quoting one of Matthew Arnold's letters, I said that "my readers must not infer from the address of this letter that Matthew Arnold, who was never weary of scoffing at the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion, lived in the Wesleyan Training College." This passage, which was quoted in the *London Daily News*, elicited the following pleasant anecdote: "For more than twenty years Matthew Arnold spent a week, each December, in the examination of the students. It was his custom to occupy the same examination room; he would on no account change the old lecture hall for the newer and more commodious structure. His first request, after starting the examination, was invariably the loan of a Bible and a candle. During the dark days of December he would write continuously, only now and then leaving his stool (he would not use the comfortable armchair occupied by other inspectors) to walk round the room, surveying the ceiling rather than the students. On one occasion, whilst busily engaged in writing, and whilst half turned from view of his charge, a visit was made to him by the chief of the Education Department. Playfully remarking that he was placing great trust in the students, Arnold replied, 'These students are Wesleyans; they never copy.' This reply of the inspector is a choice treasure of both students and tutors at Westminster. How tenaciously he clung to old associations is shown by the fact that,

after he had retired from the inspectorate, he came as usual to the college the same week in December, just to renew, as he said, the old feeling, and see the old faces."

The following letter was written by Leigh Hunt to my uncle, the barrister, whom I have mentioned in a previous Talk:—

KENSINGTON, 12 min. to 5,
Sunday [April 9, 1848].

MY DEAR HILL,— With great vexation I sit down nearly at the time at which I ought to have been with you, to say that I am unable to come after all. I have done all I could to do otherwise; but perhaps the very steps I have taken went counter to it. Perhaps, in the present state of my health, the mere irregularity of my having been forced to go to town yesterday on business, and walking somewhat after dinner, have disordered me, but so it is. It is no ordinary case of inability, believe me; much less of delay, etc. I finished dressing on purpose upwards of two hours ago. I ought not, you see, to have promised to come, for fear of subjecting myself to this chance of disconcerting you; but I did all I could to do as well as hope the best, and I could not resist such a combination of gentle invitations,—ladies and all conspiring. Therefore you must do your best for me in turn, and think the very sincerest (for they deserve it) of the intentions and regrets of

Yours most faithfully,

LEIGH HUNT.

P. S. I have had a carriage waiting for me at the door this hour, and could have found it in my heart to send this letter by it;—but—

I shall think of you all half the evening, and hope you are not devoting me to the infernal Gods.

Perhaps at this very dinner-party the knives were used with which my uncle, who was a man of great humor, had had his table furnished by a stratagem. For

some while, so the story runs, he had tried to convince his wife that their old set was well-nigh worn out. She, however, a "careful soul," like Mrs. Gilpin, thought they might serve a little longer. He gave up the contention, and planned a large picnic party on the Thames. After lunch, when the baskets were being repacked, not a single knife could be found. He had dropped them over the side of the boat into the river. It was for this end, and this end alone, that the picnic had been planned.

Leigh Hunt was not a guest who could be easily spared at a dinner-party. He was for some years Carlyle's near neighbor in Chelsea. "He was here [in my house]," Carlyle writes, "almost nightly, three or four times a week, I should reckon; he came always neatly dressed, was thoroughly courteous, friendly of spirit, and talked like a singing-bird. Good insight, plenty of a kind of humor too; I remember little warbles in the tones of his fine manly voice which were full of fun and charm. . . . He had a fine, chivalrous, gentlemanly carriage, polite, affectionate, respectful (especially to her [Mrs. Carlyle]), and yet so free and natural." Nevertheless, with that miserable habit of depreciation which led Carlyle to pass the harshest judgments on the weaknesses of the men he met, however lenient he was towards the vices of those long dead, he wrote: "It is next to an impossibility that a London-born man should not be a stunted one. Most of them, as Hunt, are dwarfed and dislocated into the merest imbecilities."

Charles Sumner saw Hunt in his home, "a humble house in Chelsea, with uncarpeted entry and stairs. He lives more simply, I think, than any person I have visited in England; but he possesses a palace of a mind. He is truly brilliant in conversation." George Ticknor also visited him on an evening when the Saturday Night Club met at his house. The young American scholar describes how "Lamb's gentle humor, Hunt's passion,

and Curran's volubility, Hazlitt's sharpness and point, and Godwin's great head full of cold brains, all coming into contact and conflict, and agreeing in nothing but their common hatred of everything that has been more successful than their own works, made one of the most curious and amusing *olla-podrida* I ever met with."

Leigh Hunt, if he was the Harold Skimpole of Dickens's story, nevertheless, in his neediness, had the simplicity of a child. From the borrower's artifices he seems to have been entirely free. How pleasantly does this guilelessness appear in the following extract from a letter written by Macaulay soon after the publication of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*: "As to poor Leigh Hunt, I wish that I could say, with you, that I heard nothing from him. I have a letter from him on my table asking me to lend him money, and lamenting that my verses want the true poetical aroma which breathes from Spenser's Faery Queen. I am much pleased with him for having the spirit to tell me, in a begging letter, how little he likes my poetry. If he had praised me, knowing his poetical creed as I do, I should have felt certain that his praises were insincere."

It was on April 9, 1848, that the dinner took place at which Leigh Hunt should have been one of the guests. Not many parties, I think, were given in London on that night. Half the town went to bed full of alarm for the morrow. On the Continent, that spring, "thrones had been bowled down like ninepins." On April 10, the Chartists in a great host were to march to Westminster, bearing a huge petition to the House of Commons. No one knew what would happen. There was a dread among the more timid that London might rise, as Paris and Berlin had risen, and overturn government and constitution. The public buildings were fortified. How great was the alarm is shown by the following entries in Sir Rowland Hill's journal:—

"April 6. Went to the Mansion House

to be sworn in a special constable with all the other officials. Serious apprehensions are entertained of an attack from the Chartists on Monday next. Arms are being provided for the Post Office.

"*April 8.* Iron bars are being put to the lower windows. The buildings which command the entrances to the Post Office will be occupied with our people.

"*April 10.* The lower windows and doors of the office are defended by bars of iron and planks. Upwards of thirteen hundred of our people, a large portion of whom are well-armed, are divided into small parties, each with its officer."

Special constables were sworn in by tens of thousands. That day, as I well remember, we had a holiday at school; for most of the masters had been enrolled, and had gone off each armed with a stout staff. Among the properties of our school-theatre there were a few blunt cutlasses, such as the two young Crumleses used in the terrific fight in the inn-parlor witnessed by Nicholas Nickleby. These were sharpened on the grindstone. Part of the morning I spent in a workshop talking to an old carpenter and a blacksmith. We should not have been surprised had we heard the sound of firing from London, some few miles away. Our great trust was in "the old Duke," who, to the last day of his long life, was thought to be a match, and more than a match, for all the mobs, kings, and emperors in the world. How absurd the alarm seemed on the morrow, when we learnt that, so far from a throne coming tumbling down, nothing more serious had happened than a scuffle on one of the bridges, in which a policeman had been wounded! He belonged to the village in which I lived. We all felt proud that it was our policeman, and not, this time, the old Duke, who was the hero of the day.

From the London 10th of April, with its one champion of order wounded, and its tens of thousands of staves in the hands of citizens by which scarcely a single head was broken, it is a wide step

to Paris and the rising of the Commune. In a previous Talk I have spoken of one of the Communards. I have now before me two letters written by another of that wild crew. I have rarely met a man who interested me more. When I came to know his full story, I used to look on him with an aversion which sometimes amounted to a feeling of horror, that was tempered at the same time by a certain respect. He threw a light on the Reign of Terror. At last I was willing to believe that even in a Robespierre and a St. Just some virtue might have existed. This young Frenchman had lately passed through the *École Normale Supérieure* with high distinction, and was fairly on the road to advancement in the career of a university professor, when he joined in the mad uprising of the Commune. What part he played in it I do not know; certainly it was not equal to his ambition, for he did not succeed in becoming notorious. He escaped the pitiless massacre by the troops, a massacre in which the innocent and the guilty were alike shot down, and by the help of a friend found shelter, far from Paris, as tutor in the family of a colonel in the French army. Had the part he had so lately played been discovered by his employer, he would at once have been sent before a court-martial. He lived with this officer for several months, bearing in silence the exultation of the whole family over the punishment and the miseries of his friends, renewed each day when the newspaper came in. When the storm had blown over he made his way to England, where he supported himself by teaching. A more conscientious teacher could not easily have been found. He did his duty with the utmost strictness. He had brought over with him his aged mother, a widow, and towards her he was always the tenderest and most devoted of sons. In startling contrast with this tenderness there would sometimes blaze up in him the wildest ferocity. One

day he was talking to me of the success of his principles and his party, which could not, he felt sure, be long delayed. "What do you mean to do," I asked, "when you have the upper hand?" With the fiercest glare in his eyes, clenching his right hand, he replied, "Il faut égorger toute la bourgeoisie!" "Comment! toute!" I cried out with horror. "Oui, toute, toute, toute!" he answered, stamping on the ground. It was then I felt that at last I knew how such men as Robespierre and St. Just had looked. From England he went to America, where he spent some years. It was shortly after his return to Europe that I received from him the following letters. In 1881, as a newspaper correspondent, he accompanied the French expedition to Tunis. He had scarcely set foot on the coast of Africa when a wild Mahometan fanatic rushed upon him and struck him to the ground with a dagger, in the belief that he was killing a Christian. To be killed as a Christian would have been the greatest of all humiliations in the eyes of this poor Communard. Whether he learnt of the fatal blunder I do not know. I was told that he supported the sufferings of the few hours of life which were left to him with the greatest fortitude.

8 Juillet, 1879 [LONDRES].

MONSIEUR, — J'espérais vous voir, en retournant à Paris. Je savais que vous aviez quitté —, mais j'ignorais votre adresse. C'est pourquoi je ne vous ai point écrit pour vous faire part du malheur qui m'a frappé l'année dernière :

1 July 8, 1879 [LONDON].

SIR, — I had hoped to see you on my way back to Paris. I was aware you had left —, but I did not know your address; or else I should have written to inform you of the heavy blow which struck me last year: my mother died on August 16, 1878. She sleeps in the land of exile, and I am alone, all alone, in the world. After all, perhaps it is better thus, for from our affections spring more sorrows than joys. To see the sufferings of those we love is

ma mère est morte le 16 Août, 1878. Elle dort maintenant sur la terre d'exil et je suis seul, tout seul au monde. Après tout cela vaut peut-être mieux, car toute affection est la source de plus de douleurs que de joies. Rien n'est plus dur que de voir souffrir ceux qu'on aime. *Nil amare* est encore meilleur que *nil admirari*.

Je partirai la semaine prochaine pour la France. La République y est solidement établie, toutes les places sont à prendre, tout est à la portée des hommes de cœur et d'intelligence. Pour peu que la chance me favorise, vous entendrez parler de moi dans quelques années. En Amérique j'ai appris une bonne chose, c'est : *go ahead*.

Believe me, sir, yours truly,

— — —¹

59 RUE DES FEUILLANTINES [PARIS],
4 — 7^{bre}, 1879.

DEAR SIR, — Me voilà installé. Dès mon arrivée j'ai appris que j'étais amnistié. Je l'ignorais, et j'étais parti à tout hasard, j'en avais assez de l'exil.

J'en ai assez aussi de l'instruction, et je veux vivre de ma plume. Déjà quelques articles ont été acceptés et vont paraître incessamment. Je me suis arrangé avec l'éditeur d'un journal, qui m'a demandé de lui traduire quelques petites nouvelles de l'Anglais. . . . Mais ce que j'aimerais surtout à traduire ce serait un grand et bel ouvrage scientifique ou historique. . . .

Et vous, quand viendrez-vous à Paris? J'ai trouvé la grande ville bien belle.

the hardest lot of all. *Nil amare* is even better than *nil admirari*.

I shall leave next week for France. The Republic is firmly established; every post is open to him who can seize it; everything is within the grasp of men of courage and understanding. If fortune gives me but a small share of her favors, before many years have passed my name shall be known. One good thing I learnt in America — to go ahead.

Believe me, sir, yours truly,

— — —

C'est là que la vie est, je ne dis pas bonne — elle ne l'est nulle part — mais supportable. Elle passe si vite qu'on a presque pas le temps de souffrir.

Mais vous êtes, vous, un optimiste qui, j'en suis sûr, ne goûtez pas les charmes de l'anéantissement final. Et puis vous avez à faire sur la terre, tant d'affections vous y rattachent. J'ai vu Miss L—— et N——, j'ai retrouvé une jeune fille et un jeune homme où j'avais laissé des enfants. C'est à cela qu'on voit que l'on a vieilli. Miss M—— doit être une femme et E—— déjà un gaillard. Tout ce petit monde en grandissant semble nous pousser vers la tombe. La place est restreinte à l'airée de la vie.

Croyez moi Yours truly
 ————. ¹

My gloomy correspondent made one or two additions to my collection of autographs. The following letter was written to him in English by one of his comrades, who had, he told me, held the post of "intendant" during the Commune. It shows how these exiles had their purses in common.

Monday morning.

DEAR ———: When you come at London next Wednesday bring me please 2 or 3 pounds, because I have no more money. Your in Friendship
 ————.

¹ 59 RUE DES FEUILLANTINES [PARIS],
 September 4, 1879.

DEAR SIR, — Here I am settled down. On my arrival I learnt that I had been included in the amnesty. In ignorance of this I had set out ready to run every risk, for I had had enough of exile.

I have had enough of teaching, too, and I mean to live by my pen. Some of my articles have already been accepted, and are to appear at once. I have come to an understanding with the publisher of a journal, who has asked me to translate for him some short stories from the English. But what I should like above all to translate is some important work on science or history.

But when are you coming to Paris? I have found the great city beautiful indeed. There, if anywhere, life is — I will not say good, for it

Another letter which he gave me is a strange piece of patchwork, for no two words in it — and there are more than twenty — are in the same language. It was written by Napoléon La Cecilia, a man who spoke eight languages fluently, and read twenty-five easily. Through how many more he could have groped his way with the help of a dictionary and grammar I do not know. It was not only languages that he knew; for some years he had taught mathematics at Jena. Frenchman though he was by birth and education, nevertheless he joined the army with which Garibaldi invaded Sicily, and rapidly rose to the rank of colonel. For his skill and gallantry he was publicly thanked by Victor Emmanuel. He would not, however, serve under a king, and resigned his commission. He was in Paris when the war with Germany broke out, and he at once offered his services to the imperial government. So sturdy a republican was as much distrusted as a German by Napoleon's ministers, and his offer was declined. He enlisted in the Franc-tireurs, and once more was made a colonel. When the republic was established, he was transferred, with the same rank, to the regular army, in which he distinguished himself by his defense of Châteaudun-on-the-Loire. Unhappily, he was swept away by the mad frenzy of

is good nowhere, but endurable. It passes by so swiftly that time is scarcely left for suffering.

But as for you, you are an optimist, with not the least taste, I am sure, for the charms of that annihilation which ends everything. And then you have your work to do on this earth; you are bound to it by so many ties of affection. I have seen Miss L—— and N——; I have found on my return a young girl and a young man where I had left children. It is changes such as these which show us that we have ourselves grown old. Miss M—— is, no doubt, a woman, and E—— must be by this time a fine young fellow. All this little world, in growing big, seems to thrust us towards the grave. On this threshing-floor of the world there is only room for the sheaves of a single harvest.

Believe me Yours truly,
 ————.

the Commune. By the insurgents he was promoted to the rank of general. How he escaped to England I do not know. To disguise himself would have been almost impossible, so peculiar were his large goggle eyes. For five years he taught French in the Royal Naval School at New Cross. His health, which had suffered greatly from exposure in the Franco-German War, began to fail, and he left England for the milder climate of Egypt. "Here," as I learn from one who knew him well, "he never spoke of the Commune, never uttered a single Communistic opinion. Though his convictions remained the same, he effaced the past in his talk, and seemed to find content in earning a meagre livelihood by teaching French and Italian in a few English families. His erudition and keen intellect were, however, much valued by a small circle of friends; and it is pleasant to think that almost his last words were, 'France is at last in the right way. I go content.'" The following brief note, written by him to a brother exile, gives some insight into the straightforward character of the man:

22 juillet, '72.

MON CHER —: Dispensez-vous, je vous en prie, de m'amener le jeune F—, et avant de recommander les gens connaissez-les mieux.

Je vous serre la main.

Votre dévoué N. LA CECILIA.¹

I have some interesting letters written at the time of the Franco-German War. The first five are from two young Frenchmen, whose father, a brave and honest patriot, had fled to England in 1851. When the war broke out, my correspondents were living near Paris.

¹ July 22, 1872.

MY DEAR —: I must beg you not to bring young F— with you; before giving a recommendation know your man better.

With every friendly feeling,

Yours sincerely, N. LA CECILIA.

July 13, 1870.

DEAR MR. HILL, — I think that we are on the eve of a terrible war with Prussia. The papers of this evening affirm that if Bismarck does not give satisfactory explanations to the French Cabinet before to-morrow evening, hostilities will begin immediately. What a horrible thing, to be sure! To see two nations murder each other to satisfy the personal ambition of those monsters who call themselves Kings and Emperors. I assure you that the majority of the French are far from desiring to fight the Prussians, and if an appeal were made to the nation the peace of Europe would not be troubled. No, this war has been plotted since a long time by Napoleon and his ministers; they made the Plébiscite to give new life to the faltering dynasty of the Bonapartes, so as to engage in this war with more safety. An excellent proof of this is that the navy had been fitted out before the news of the Hohenzollern affair were supposed to have reached the ears of the imperial cabinet. The offer of the crown of Spain to the German prince is therefore a mere pretext to come to hands.

Very truly yours,

— — —.

PARIS, le 10 Août, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. HILL, — I was at — when your letter came. Albert the eldest is probably on his way to the frontier. The younger was called yesterday. My brother and myself expect to be called in a couple of days, but we refuse to march unless the great murderer be put out of the way. We have my brother C— in the south, although being only eighteen he cannot be called. They won't give us arms to defend our homes; they want to send us to be butchered on the frontier under the orders of their rascally and stupid Generals. We have had treason; the money for the troops has been stolen by N.'s creatures, who have divided the spoil. All these men must

be arrested and tried. Our only safety is in the republic; if it be not proclaimed in two days France is lost. We have nought but ruin and sorrow before us. Thank God that my poor father is not here to witness it.

We expect to be charged by the cavalry this afternoon at the Corps législatif, where we are going to ask for arms. If they won't give them we must take them.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully, ———.

August 19, 1870.

DEAR SIR, — . . . All the democratic journals have been suppressed, and the language of most of the government papers is so atrociously ferocious that it touches on idiocy. Here they only busy themselves in looking for spies and tearing them to pieces. The papers invent wonderful doings of spies disguised as admirals, nuns, shepherds. The next carnard will be that Bismarck having grown an imperial has tried to pass himself off as Napoleon. However, there is a kind of terror, and one scarcely dares to express an opinion as regards the war. I maintain that the French nation is composed of Republicans, idiots and rogues, the two last classes making together a happy mixture. You think his [Napoleon's] downfall is near. I hope so, but fear it is not so, and that he will die at the Tuileries (if we are victorious) blessed by a happy people!! I expect everything now from the French, brutified by 20 years corruption and despotism, and if this comes to pass I shall make myself an English or American citizen.

A splendid opportunity of proclaiming the Republic has been lost. It might have been done on the opening of the French Chambers after the great defeat of Wissemburg. 10000 men were ready if only one *député* made a sign. Had this been done not one Prussian soldier would be this side the Rhine by this time. I am more than ever certain they will come to Paris, which town they can-

not take, however. Well! let us hope for the best.

Faithfully yours, ———.

P. S. The unfortunate men who attempting to take arms in a barracks killed a policeman are left to the tender mercies of a court martial. Their fate is certain. The government try to make believe these men are paid by Bismarck. They are simply victims of the coup d'état and of 1849 who have neither forgotten nor forgiven their wrongs.

The next letter I received on December 9. It is written on a small sheet of thin paper, on the outside of which is printed "Par Ballon Monté." It had been dispatched from Paris in a balloon. Where it first touched ground there is no postmark to show. The two stamps it bears are both of the republic. It runs as follows:—

1st December, 1870.

DEAR MR. HILL, — To-morrow morning at three we start with 100000 men to take part in the great battle. Perhaps the anniversary of the coup d'état will see the Republic victorious. All are resolved to fight to the last and all are confident of success, but how many brave men will not return!

Yours faithfully,

———,

1^{re} Compagnie Éclaireurs volontaires
13^{me} Bataillon.

If by chance you should communicate with my brother who is with my mother near Bordeaux, *pray do not mention this letter, as I have left him in utter ignorance of my brother and myself being in the army.*

Both the brothers came off unwounded from the battle. One of them told me that at the beginning of the fight he was almost overcome by a feeling of horror at the thought of killing his fellow-creatures. Every time he raised his rifle to his shoulder he hoped that he should miss his mark. He had not been

many minutes under fire when one of his friends, who stood next to him, fell dead. Then there came upon him a longing for vengeance, and now he hoped that every shot would strike down a man.

It was not till towards the end of the following February that I had any further news from my correspondent. On the surrender of Paris, when the posts once more began to run, I received the following letter : —

PARIS, 23 *Fév.* 1871.

CHER MONSIEUR HILL, — Des avant-postes où je me trouvais avec mon frère je vous ai adressé quelques mots la veille d'une sortie ; je doute que vous ayez reçu ma lettre.

Sommes-nous tombés assez bas ? Et cependant chacun a fait son devoir à Paris, l'impéritie de nos chefs a seule pu nous livrer. Nous avons souvent eu la victoire entre nos mains ; le 19 Janvier nous avons pris d'assaut des murs impenables, et nous avons refoulé l'ennemi si loin de Paris que je m'attendais à aller coucher le soir même dans ma maison.

Si la guerre continue nous irons sans doute dans quelque forteresse prussienne, mais si la majorité rurale arrive à bûcher quelque chose qu'on sera convenu d'appeler *la paix*, il faut que nous essayions de bâtir sur les ruines. La situation est difficile, mais après les obus, les balles,

¹ PARIS, *February* 23, 1871.

DEAR MR. HILL, — From the outposts where I was stationed with my brother I sent you a few lines on the eve of a sally. I have my doubts whether the letter reached you.

Are we fallen low enough ? Nevertheless, in Paris every one has done his duty ; nothing but the unskillfulness of our leaders could have delivered us up to the enemy. We have often had victory in our hands ; on January 19 we carried impregnable walls by storm, and we thrust back the enemy to such a distance from Paris that I looked to sleep that very night in my own house.

If the war lasts we shall doubtless be sent to some Prussian fortress ; but if the country people who form the majority succeed in hewing out something which by common agreement shall be called peace, we must do our best to

le froid et la faim rien ne peut m'effrayer.

Je crains bien que l'Angleterre n'ait à se repentir bientôt de son système de non intervention. Ce ne sont certes pas les sympathies du peuple qui nous ont manqué, nous en avons la preuve aujourd'hui. [This refers, no doubt, to the food sent from England to Paris as soon as the gates were opened.] La Prusse, dans son arrogance ne va-t-elle pas se jeter sur le Luxembourg, la Belgique et la Hollande ?

Avant 8 ans la France attaquera la Prusse, j'en suis convaincu, à moins que les peuples ne s'unissent contre les rois pour former entre eux une seule et même famille. Mais que Bismarck et son roi nous arrachent les griffes, qu'ils nous rognent les ongles, pendant qu'ils le peuvent, car ils ont allumé dans le cœur de tout bon français une bien terrible haine.

Votre tout dévoué — — —.¹

The French are indeed a strange people. They had fallen on Germany with cries of "À Berlin !" in the hopes of robbing it of all the country on the western side of the Rhine ; and then, when the Germans proved the stronger, they bitterly reproached England for not coming to their rescue. A robber who had tried to run off with his neighbor's spoons, and had been seized by the owner, might just

build on the ruins. The state of affairs is hard indeed ; but after bombshells and bullets, cold and hunger, nothing can scare me.

England, I fear, will soon have reason to repent of her system of non-intervention. Most certainly it was not the sympathy of the people which failed us ; of that we have proof this very day. Will not Prussia in her arrogance fall on Luxemburg, Belgium, and Holland ?

Eight years, I feel certain, will not have gone by before France attacks Prussia, unless the peoples league themselves against the kings and form one single family. But let Bismarck and his king clip our claws and pare our nails whilst they can, for in the heart of every good Frenchman they have kindled the flame of dreadful hatred.

Yours very sincerely, — — —.

as well reproach the constable for not coming to his aid. As Mr. Lowell says, "they are fearfully and wonderfully made in some respects." They are, perhaps, the most logical people in the world; they are certainly the most unreasonable.

I have lately read the last letter to one of my friends, a Prussian colonel, who was at the siege of Paris. There was, he said, some fierce fighting on this 19th of January, though near St. Cloud, where his regiment was posted, the French were soon beaten back. Nowhere for a single moment were they within reach of victory. The German outposts were driven in, as outposts always are driven in, by the sudden attack of a large force. The *murs imprenables* were garden-walls which had been loopholed. These were carried at the first onset, but as soon as the reserves were brought up, and a battery of more than forty guns opened fire, the French were driven back with great loss. Close to where my friend was posted, ten or twelve of their officers, who with a strong body of men had occupied a large house, were cut off from retreat by this hasty flight. An officer of the German staff summoned them to surrender, as resistance and escape were alike hopeless. They had no help for it, and laid down their arms.

The next two letters are from an Alsatian, one of those brave and eager spirits who in times of danger always hurry to the front. He was about five-and-thirty years old when the war broke out, but as soon as the news reached him of disasters to his beloved France, at a moment's warning he threw up a good post which he had in England, and went to serve as a private soldier. He came to see me on his release from a Prussian fortress, full of bitterness towards his countrymen. By his fellow-soldiers, on his first arrival in France, he had been received, he said, with scorn. "Why had he been such a fool as to thrust himself into this mess, when he was safe and well off in England?" Had there been,

he said, his face lighting up with fire as he spoke, one hundred thousand men like himself, the Germans would have been driven out of France. In his foreign prison he had done what little he could for his country by secretly making a plan of the fortress.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, August 11th 1870.

DEAR SIR, — As soon as we heard of the bad news that the Prussians had invaded France, my friends and I we hastened to go to our Ambassador to get our passeport, and went directly to Boulogne, amidst a tremendous enthusiasm. If we succeed in our enterprise, I shall come back to London; but should we experience some other defeats, we are determined to be killed. Four of my friends are enlisted among the Cuirassiers, and I and an other we are enlisted among the sharpshooters, or Chasseurs à Pied.

My address is: Mr. —, 8^{me} Compagnie du 20^{me} Bataillon des Chasseurs à Pied.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours most devotedly, — — —.

GRAUDENZ, January 17th 1871.

MY DEAR SIR, — I don't know if you have received the letter I sent to you from Sedan. You know that I was incorporated in the Chasseurs à pied, 20th Bataillon, directed from Boulogne to the Camp of Chalons, and from there to Sedan, where I was made prisoner of war. When I shall come back to London, I shall tell you all the particulars I have been able to witness during my short and fruitless campaign.

I have been brought to Graudenz, the most formidable fortress that is in Prussia. That town is situated on the Vistule. The citadelle dominates all the country; you may perceive from there the enemy, if he was at a distance of ten miles. It is very cold here, the thermometer shows 10° Fahr. below 0° in the middle of the winter.

Amidst the miseries of my captivity

I find a great relief in recalling to my memory the happy time I have spent in the company of my dear pupils. I have all their names in my pocket-book, and I fancy sometimes to live with them. But that sweet dream fades away, I am awaked by the noise made by the Prussian patrollers, when they are going out of their guard-room.

You are better able than I to know what they are doing now in France; however I should like to know it also, I prefer you to be silent about it, if you favour me with a letter.

I pray only the heaven to grant an honourable peace to my country, in order that I may come back to London and pay you a visit.

My friendly salutations to my pupils. If one of them would procure me a great pleasure, he ought to give some news about what is passing with them.

I remain yours most respectfully,

Chasseur à pied au 20^{me} bataillon, prisonnier de guerre 1^{re} Compagnie à Graudenz, Prusse.

The letter which this brave man sent to me from Sedan, unfortunately, never reached me.

The following brief note I received from a young Frenchman who had been studying in England under my charge. I have never heard from him since, and I fear that he fell in the war.

15th Aug. '70.

DEAR SIR, — I am obliged to go back to France, to serve my country. I am sure I would rather stay at home than go and be killed, but I am not free to act as I would.

Assuredly we have been misled by our ministers; it is shameful to see such a state of things. But we can only say with Fénelon, "*Avant que de se jeter [sic] dans le péril, il faut le prévoir; mais quand on y est il ne reste plus qu'à le mépriser.*"

I beg now to thank you once more for your kindness towards me and remain your's friend and obliged

From another former pupil of mine I received the following card, bearing the postmarks of Paris, October 17, 1870, and of London, October 20. It had been sent, no doubt, by the balloon-post. It bears two stamps, one marked "*Empire Français,*" and the other "*Répub. Franc.*"

DEAR SIR, — I am in good health. Expecting the Prussians every day. I did not fight yet. I am in the artillerie. My father and mother are in Normandie. I have no news from them. My brother is in the 99^e de ligne at Aix in Provence — near Marseilles. I do not know what is become of him.

My kindest remembrances to you and your family.

On the surrender of Paris he sent me the following letter, dated February 20, 1871: —

DEAR SIR, — You will very likely believe that I am death! Thanks to God I am yet alive! For the two first months I was a soldier, the batterie in which I was stopped in the Mont Valérien. It was very dull indeed to be confined there for two whole months without going out but now and then.

On the 15th of September we came in Paris where we are still now. Since that time untill the armistice we were not happy at all, I can assure you. We had to sleep on the ground, wet [wet] most of the time; the feeding was so miserable than very often we could not eat it. I caught rheumatism, and was sent to the ambulance. For two months I kept the bed for the whole time; now I feel better and better, and I hope to go to a village near Périgueux, where my father is.

What do you think of our poor

France; how unhappy we were without stupid war! What will become of Alsace and Lorraine? I read in the papers with a great pleasure that English people were quite sympathetic to us.

My brother who is in the 99^e de ligne is in good health; he did not leave Aix in Provence, what I am glad of. I must tell you something rather curious. I am in the ambulance of Mr. De —; that gentleman, about forty-eight years old, was brought up under the cares of your father. He does not remind [remember] neither you nor your brothers. I am afraid you will not be able to make out my poor English. It is so long since I could speak a single word, having no opportunity of practising.

I am, Sir, yours very respectfully
— — —

The last of these letters of the great war is from a young Spaniard, who had sought shelter in England when the Germans threatened Paris, and who had returned to his old quarters in that town. Under date of March 3, 1871, he writes: "We started from Calais at seven in the morning, and after a very tiresome journey of twelve hours we got into Paris. . . . Paris was very gloomy last Tuesday evening, for there was no gas in the streets, but to-day the weather is most beautiful, and everything is almost as gay as before the siege; the Parisians feel the Prussians are gone, and the streets are animated with a motley throng, great many soldiers of all sorts, but most of them unarmed. It is a funny thing to look at the people here, you can see *les garçons de café* with their white apron, but wearing under it some military ornament; the butchers, bakers, booksellers, etc., are half civilians and half soldiers.

"I have found all my books and things I left care of my *portière* on leaving Paris. I have from my window a good view of the Colonne de la Bastille, which is completely ornamented with flowers

and flags. Just as I am writing to you some battalions of *Gardes nationaux* with bugles and beating drums are passing before, or rather under my window (I am in the 4th story); every one is decorated with yellow flowers, and one of them bears a huge everlasting crown, which will increase the number of those ornamenting already the Colonne. 'Greatest order prevails.' They seem delighted with these innocent demonstrations, the good Parisians."

In the summer of this same year I happened to be dining with a citizen of Versailles, when he was called from the table by his servant. On his return he handed me the following document: —

MAIRIE DE VERSAILLES. RUE D'ANGIVILLER, no. —

AU NOM DE LA LOI.

M. ——— rent. ou la personne qui occupe le local, logera, pendant un jour, Deux Militaires.

Pour M. LE MAIRE,
le Chef du Bureau militaire.

Bon pour ——— lit.

VERSAILLES, ce 22 Juillet, 1871.¹

My friend had at once to provide lodging for the two soldiers who themselves brought him this order. France was, I thought, in point of liberty, two centuries and a half behind England; for, by the Petition of Right, it was enacted in the reign of Charles I. "that no soldier shall be quartered on the subject without his own consent." Nevertheless, if my memory does not play me false, more than one of George III.'s governors attempted to quarter soldiers on the citizens of New England.

¹ TOWN HALL OF VERSAILLES.
IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

Mr. ———, gentleman, or the person in actual occupation of the premises, is required to lodge two soldiers for one day.

For the MAYOR,
the Superintendent of the War Office.
Valid for ——— beds.

VERSAILLES, July 22, 1871.

That Frenchmen should so often have proved restive under the law causes little surprise to those who know how meddling their central government has at all times been. I have a curious document which shows that, less than sixty years ago, in France, no one might take a pailful of water from the sea without first obtaining permission at the custom house. The tax on salt, which was heavy, was not to be evaded by the use of sea-water. A license was granted, on my father's application, to the landlady of the house in which he had taken lodgings: —

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, 22 *Juin*, 1837.
Administration des Douanes, 1^{ère} Division.

Il est permis à Mad^e Talavera demeurant à Boulogne, de faire prendre à la mer tous les jours, pendant un mois, six seaux d'eau pour de baines.¹

Le chef du poste de la jetée de l'est mentionnera les quantités d'eau enlevées, et renverra la présente permission au bureau de la Direction.

Pour le Directeur des Douanes,
Le Premier Commis de la Direction,
ROUGET.²

When I was staying at Vichy, some years ago, I saw an extraordinary instance of that centralization of the government which, next to the corruption of Louis Napoleon and of his generals, laid France low at the feet of Germany. In the bathroom was placarded the number of towels allowed to each bather. This regulation was issued by the mayor of the town, was countersigned at Moulins by the prefect of the department, and was approved at Paris by the Minister of the Interior. Neither Frenchman nor foreigner, though he took his

¹ In the original it is either "de baines" or "de bainer." It is not "des bains."

² BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, *June* 22, 1837.
Custom House, First Department.

Permission is hereby given to M^{me} Talavera, an inhabitant of Boulogne, to have six pails of

bath at a distance of more than two hundred miles from Paris, was overlooked by the paternal eye of the government. Of his lawful number of towels no hireling should deprive him.

From France I shall take my readers across the Pyrenees to Spain, which in its turn was shaken by revolution. My correspondent was a young officer of the army. He wrote to me as follows: —

MADRID, 11th *March*, 1873.

DEAR SIR, — The letters from the special correspondents of the London newspapers will have already informed you of the state of my unhappy country. You will, no doubt, by association of ideas, now and then thought of me while you were reading of them.

If you saw my room at present you would think of the assortment of fire arms and small arms that Robinson Crusoe kept in his dwelling, when he was expecting an attack from the cannibals. As unfortunately the army is now become so demoralized through Republican preachings, socialism, infidelity, and as the city is full of return convicts, french communists, unemployed workmen and all scum of society, we are in continual apprehension of having our houses sacked by the mob. After two or three days of disagreeable panic the middle classes, stimulated by the example of the higher orders, are arming themselves.

There is scarcely a fire arm that has not been bought up, so that every house is become a military arsenal. In my house we mustered about thirty men, what with coachmen, servants, aides de camp of my father and orderlies, and as most of us have served in the regular army, I don't think that any of the new sea-water fetched from the sea for baths every day for a month.

The head of the guard stationed on the eastern jetty will report the quantity of water taken each day, and will return this license to the chief office.

For the Collector of Customs,
ROUGET, Chief Clerk.

Comunists will find it healthy to make our acquaintance, but if they think it healthy they shall be well received, for we are well prepared, that is to say my brothers and servants, for myself I shall be probably in the street with the troops.

Many officers have arrived in Madrid from the provinces, having escaped fortunately from the troops, who are now become in many places a dangerous and mischievous mob. Here they are better, but still we are always exposed to be murdered or to be insulted by the people, and we have very little authority with our soldiers. It is very annoying indeed to be an officer in these circumstances.

I avail myself of this occasion to declare myself your most obedient servant,

— — —

In my collection there are but two American autographs. I would there were more. If nature abhors a vacuum, so do I. I hasten to say that it is not by dealers that this unseemly void will be filled, if filled it ever is. The excess postage which I have just had to pay on one of their circulars (it comes from Baltimore) leads me to give this warning. I never buy autographs. My American treasures, few as they are in number, are of a fine quality. One of them, as my readers have seen, is in the handwriting of George Washington; the other is a letter of William Lloyd Garrison.

Not as yet has Garrison's greatness been fully recognized by the world. Even his own countrymen too often do not seem to know that in him they had one of the great ones of the earth. In the noblest of all causes, the cause of freedom, he was "as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice." It was not smooth things that he came to speak, for it is not by smooth things that the slumbering conscience of a mighty nation is awakened. It takes long years before the full greatness of the stern teachers of mankind like him is acknowledged. The time will come, I believe,

when the historian will rank Garrison among the men — few they are in number — who by strength of character, and by strength of character alone, have worked the mightiest changes in the history of the world. John Bright saw his greatness. I was present at the public breakfast given to Garrison in London nearly thirty years ago, when that noble orator described him as a man

"On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed."

Garrison's letter is in answer to the following strange communication: —

— ILL. Mar. 2, 1874.

HON. W^M LOYD GARRISON:

DR SIR, — A little over thirteen years ago John Brown's famous attack on Harper's Ferry occurred. At that time the writer was a resident of Martinsburg, Va. As soon as the news of the attack reached me I, in company of quite a number of others, citizens of Martinsburg, went to assist in fighting the insurgents. Of course you are well acquainted with the whole history of the events that followed the attack, that we did nothing more than drive Brown and his associates into the Arsenal, where they stood on the defensive, until the arrival of Col. Lee and the squad of Marines, when the door was battered down, and all either captured and [*sic*] killed. I entered the arsenal with, or immediately after the Marines, and on the floor of the building I picked up a Sharp's Rifle, and carried it off as a trophy. I have kept that rifle ever since, carrying it with me when I left Virginia, during the Civil War. You are, or rather were the leading Abolition [*sic*] of the country, and of course sympathized [*sic*] Brown, and perhaps would value the rifle as a relic. I also obtained one of the famous Pikes on Maryland heights the next day, but it was stolen from my house by a squad of rebel soldiers, who searched it for arms. If you wish to have the rifle and I can satisfy

you in any way that it is what I represent it to be, I will send it to you by express, you agreeing to send me \$25 for it.

Yours truly ———.

Garrison replied : —

Boston, *March 7, 1874.*

DEAR SIR, — In answer to your letter I would state that I must decline the proposition contained in it, in regard to purchasing the rifle in your possession, as, for forty years, I have been avowedly a radical peace man, and am still for beating all swords into ploughshares, and all spears into pruning-hooks, so that every man may sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid. I gave no sanction to John Brown's method of emancipating the slaves, though conceding to him the purest and noblest motives. According to the theory of our government and the example of our revolutionary sires, he was a hero and a martyr, and so the civilized world regards him. That you should have had a hand in his capture and death, however true to your sense

of duty at that time, is now, I trust, a matter of deep regret on your part, seeing that while he remembered those in bonds as bound with them, you took sides with their cruel oppressors.

Yours for the reign of universal freedom and peace,

WM LLOYD GARRISON.

I trust that I have not wearied my audience with my talk about autographs. Collectors are apt to be garrulous over their treasures, and garrulity does not lessen as the years creep over a man. I warned my readers in the beginning that I should treat them as I treat my friends when they enter my study. I should be sorry to think that I have taken an ungenerous advantage of their kindness. If they are not weary of me, perhaps, by the help of a friendly editor, we may meet again before very long, and once more converse about men and books. Whether that hope is granted or not, may some of the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, as they now take leave of me, be able honestly to say with Dr. Johnson, "Sir, we had good talk."
George Birkbeck Hill.

IN HARVEST TIME.

I.

THERE had been no rain worth speaking of for seven long, long weeks, and the month was July ; yet even now, to some, the over-late showers might come over-soon.

Stock-still, high and dry in the midst of the big field on the northward-sloping hill it stood, — no less than one of those triumphs of latest modern farming machinery known as a self-binding reaper. Strangely out of key with the rest of a primitive Virginia landscape, its "reels" extended like the arms of a motionless

windmill, its sheaf-carrier projecting on the opposite side like the fingers of a giant hand, all its complications thrust into singular prominence, it outlined itself against a tawny background, — useless for the time being, the all-important time, out of order, if not quite broken ; the bravado of its red and yellow paint changed to lowering sullenness, as if the wood and steel divined somehow that the ill wishes which from more than one quarter had hailed its unwelcome advent were seemingly fulfilled by a charm. Beyond, around the square of wheat that should have been finished yesterday, a single

cradler was swinging his slow way, with a raker and binder very much behind, pausing now and then to shock. When would the grain, already injured as well as lessened by shattering, be at this rate made safe? What disappointed hopes on one side, gratified spite on the other, did not the whole scene suggest!

"Well, boys, all I say is this here: it sarves him ixac'y right."

Demeter Haye started as if struck.

Nearly all day yesterday had the click and whirl of machinery fretted the air. Now, those two harvesters were working in dogged silence. General quiet prevailed; and the words just spoken piped up shrilly above a previous indistinct murmur.

A certain road over against which she stood, as if waiting — though with attention divided — for somebody or something to come, crept sunkenly between the scorched hilly fields, seeming to shrink from the day-long glare. It was an old earth-road, much washed and worn away, the dust now ankle-deep where its stony ridges fell to a level; with a worm-fence on each hand, vine-mantled, beneath a straggling line of trees and bushes. Demeter had not known that other expectants were near, and her gaze turned from a more distant survey to where, diagonally across from her, and somewhat lower, a group of three sat on this same fence, in the shade, talking idly together.

The old man, who had spoken last, a shabby and shiftless-looking somebody, glanced humorously from one to the other of the two younger faces beside him, as he went on.

"Since the niggers have 'most all took the'r selves off to the railroad he's found us mighty convenient now 'n' ag'in; but white hands ain't to be ordered like niggers, nor ole Black Jackers like me drove out o' the'r tracks by anybody, quality-breed no mo' 'an half-strainers. He thought, I reck'n, when he bought that thar new-fangle to take bread out o' po' folks' mouths, thought he'd never be be-

holden ag'in to ole Lucian Crook. Now let him see! They sez 't wuz his own fault yestiddy, in bein' so hasty about that fust hitch. Did n't he work over it, though! clean till Billy Shaw come back, — from fo' o'clock till sundown! Bill sez, when he told him ez how Mr. Jack Haye (he's the agent, ye know, an' knows all about 'em) wuz sick in bed an' could n't come to fix it, why, he jest give one damn an' stopped short. Reck'n it 'peared like Providence had failed then, 'long with the last Haye. An' to think he could n't git even a common reaper, but had to turn in with a cradle, nothin' but a cradle! An' jest one nigger boy to he'p!"

The old fellow laughed, slapping his knee as in enjoyment of something keenly relished. One of the young men, who looked a good-natured simpleton, responded with a grin. The other, sitting a little apart, better dressed and better featured, — indeed, a model of clean-cut handsomeness, — pushed his hat further back and smiled unpleasantly.

"Pretty big come-down, cert'n," Demeter Haye heard him mutter, "an' 't won't be me that 'll help him up again."

She stood as in a dream, before her inner sight a picture not to be shut out or rubbed away. When presently her ear took note again, old Crook was again the speaker.

"They sez, though, if 't wa'n't fur Jack Haye bein' right *thar*, so to speak, right *at* the railroad in Newtown, an' bein' so stand-uppy fur his ole neighborhood well ez new high-flyin' ways, this here circus would n't be comin' now. I misdoubt if somebody's givin' thanks, if he knows it. Well, all I know is, whoever sent it, we're a-goip'. Jest to think how the last Man Jack of us is a-goin', an' on money *she* gived us extry jest a purpose! Lord! that gal! Did she think I did n't spy her game? It's a blessin' they've fell out, 'pears to me. Even if the land would run together purty, it's mo' 'an two sich tempers — (Huh! I tell you she can't hear!) Well, they better keep

the fence up, that's all! When she sets them lips — jiminee! the brier-scythe's nothin' to it! An' when he knots them eyebrows — why, rattlesnakes! I've seed him ploughin', boys, when he warn't twelve years old, an' blest if they did n't 'pear to say, 'I'll conquer this here ground or die!' That's Tillin'ham pride fur ye, — stuck up an' stubborn in his work ez t'others'fore the war wuz in play. An' now to think how stuck-up stubbornness has fell from a self-binder to a common ole-timy cradle!"

The trio laughed again, even the dark young man, Orlando, or "Landy" Crook, joining in. Mistress Hays had moved a few steps away, frowning, biting her lip. Standing there, sharply erect, on her southward slant, more forward and more fortunate than that opposite one, glancing from the snugly piled wheat shocks around, left by a smaller harvest to-day completed, to the failure, the slow progress, in that other field, it must be owned that the look in her comprehensive farmer's eye still savored more of triumph than of either neighborly or womanly commiseration. But the guilty red had crept into her cheeks. The old man had guessed aright. By adding that gift of circus money to what she fairly owed these people — her own harvest hands till noon — she had thought to make sure of their not helping Martin Tillingham on the morrow. Where now was the relish of such small revenge?

Old Lucian Crook shifted his seat on the fence-rail with a painful grunt. "Huh-uh!" he sighed. "That show's a long time comin' by! Ain't that the ban' screekin' way off yonder? Lis'n, good!"

His son Landy muttered shortly, "Lord Tillin'ham whettin' his cutter."

The old man looked childishly disappointed. He was rambling on with a list of possible accidents which might keep them waiting till after dark, — such as the fat lady's breaking down her wagon, or the elephant's crashing through

a bridge, — when sudden pain gripped his legs and sent him off into another subject. If there was not rain coming before the next night, he said, his bones were giving false warning. Did they see that purple-red sunset? he asked, with a wiseacre nod. Had they noted, earlier, how sharp and thin the locust's cry? "It's 'most too late fur our cawn-field, I'm afeard; but I tell you, boys, signs is a-p'intin'. Now we've turned our penny by harvestin', let it come, if some folks ain't so ready. I ain't claimin' the main credit, but if that thar snake I hung up yestiddy did n't" —

The thread of speech was suddenly broken.

The first distant notes of a brass band, sadly cracked and out of tune, came wailing their announcement that the expected circus and menagerie was at last drawing near on its route from the railway town several miles away to a village equally distant, where would be held the next day's performance. The watchers by the roadside — even Mistress Hays herself — bent forward eagerly. Such an event was rare in these parts.

The Girl I Left Behind Me had merged into Dixie, even less tuneful, more dolefully screeching, when the band-wagon appeared, with weary-faced men, and tarnished brazen instruments catching the sunset light. Up the road behind, like an Oriental fantasy in the midst of the sober Virginian landscape, came marching the elephant in tinsel trappings much gayer than his evident mood. As for the fair creature who sat so magnificently in the gilded houdah on his back, why attempt to describe what struck even old Lucian dumb? It was all as good an advertisement for the morrow as a third-rate circus could put forth. The piebald horses, the two camels, and the giraffes; the open cage with a lion, and the closed ones, still more interesting because mysterious, holding presumably many more; the huge van with the fat woman and the living skeleton in-

side, — hidden, yet pictured, as was also the great snake which followed; the two-headed calf and the pig-faced boy, — on they came and passed, a train of marvels, suggested, half revealed, or displayed. The music shrilled away in a sort of cracked ecstasy. The old man recovered breath for one last shriek of delight. Even saturnine Landy waved his hat and burst out cheering. The queer procession had filed by, — was gone.

As Demeter Haye turned presently to go, she heard a well-known voice calling out, "Now, hooraw for the lady that's give me the treat I'm a-goin' to have to-morrer!" But she sent back neither nod nor smile. Martin Tillingham was still in his harvest field, still busy, and now alone, his figure dark and stubborn in the waning light. She glanced upward. The sky still paled round three sides of the horizon, smiled in amethystine mockery overhead; seeming to reflect those uplifted eyes in hard brightness as well as blueness, and — yet was it indeed unpromising, unyielding dryness also? Was there really no hint of future moisture lurking in either? Over the two housetops within view, her own and her nearest neighbor's, the evening smoke was settling down. A buzzard flapped low and heavily across her path. Her foot struck against a toad blinking up as in mysterious anticipation, and not three steps off she spied another. The notes of the retreating band, the cry of a kildee, even the squeaks of field-mice in her new-made shocks, came with curious, vibrant distinctness. Was this all that promised and threatened? Above the wooded mountain westward, where it had been brazen yellow this time yesterday, for days and weeks past, what meant that purplish-crimson haze? What meant that look in the face turned at last so resolutely homeward? A fair face it was, both in features and in coloring. On the compressed red lips, the pale though healthy cheeks, even on the hair, — just the color of a sickle-ripe wheat-field, and

pinned sheaf-like behind, crispy bright, yet straight to harshness, — drought would seem to have laid a feverish hand of late, scorching the very eyes; yet now — might not something dried out, missing here, be found again, as well as harvest guerdon lost? Might not yonder luckless neighbor, after all, hope for rain from this blue as well as fear it from that other? There was not even a drop of dew yet. Hot and dry the air still felt, lifeless and brooding. Yet certain late words seemed to return and repeat themselves: —

"I tell you the signs is a-p'intin'."

II.

"Have you noticed the spring?"

As the speaker stood just outside the door of an old stone "spring-house," or dairy, at a rough table, rinsing and cooling the earthen crocks, making ready for their white-brimming flood to come, she showed to advantage, — a stout, comely young woman, black-browed, ivory-toothed, and ruddy-cheeked. Her arms, bare to the elbow, were as brown as they were shapely. Her sunbonnet, backward dangling by its strings, revealed a throat well-nigh as brown, and hair like a crow's wing. On the whole, no greater contrast could have been presented than that between this maid and the mistress, who, pausing on her way homeward, had just been greeted by the foregoing question.

"The spring! What about the spring, Tellie?"

Tellie Acres flashed a darkly knowing glance over one shoulder, as she carefully dried a well-cooled crock.

"You know how low 't was this time yestiddy! Well, jest look at it now!"

Demeter Haye had seated herself on the mossy stone which topped the spring's rough sheltering masonry. She bent over and glanced beneath. Never before had the water been so low as of late. Now it had risen a foot, and was gliding

away out of sight under the building, through the channel half dry yesterday, with a ripple like an echo of April. "Ah-h-h!" she breathed softly, lifting her head.

Tellie pointed a finger toward the low, dark doorway near.

"Now jest reach in yonder," said she, "an' lay yo' hand on the flags."

The floor was so clean that no one need have hesitated. Around three sides of its square of broad, irregular flagstones, smoothed by a century's wear and washing, ran the water-trench, now darkling in twilight, with crocks and jars, big and little, half sunken in orderly array. As Mistress Haye, kneeling on the doorsill, stooped and laid her palm inside, it felt suddenly moist and cool. The flags were sweating. She drew back and stood up.

Tellie raised her strainer over a pan, and, with the dignity of a priestess at the altar, dipped a foaming cupful of milk from one of the big pails waiting near.

"Well," she said, "I reck'n you know what that means, too! An' now lis'n! You hear that mount'n roarin'!"

They were vaguely troubled eyes that Demeter turned toward the long, curved outline of hills, still greenish-black against the dying sunset. Amid the evening's other, louder noises she had failed to notice this sigh, not roar, which now asserted itself, a yearning, wistful sound as of east wind. Yet not a treetop quivered overhead. The night was falling absolutely still. She knew what this meant, also.

"The parlor hearth's 'most as damp as them flags," broke in Tellie Acres briskly. "I went in awhile ago an' felt it. The kitchen chimley's a-smokin'. The black gnats are swarmin' in the cowpen. The spring-drain down there, other side, is all alive with wrigglin' things that 'pear like they'd been asleep an' jest woke up. I heard a rain-crow in the swamp jest now. If we don't have some rain befo' to-morrer night, an' some fresh grass soon for them cows, why, my name ain't Martella Sarella Acres!"

Demeter Haye gave a faint laugh.

"Well, 't won't come before it's needed, Tellie, anyhow."

Tellie looked at her keenly from under leveled black brows.

"There's few in these parts don't know that, I reck'n, miss, even if some don't quite want it. I can't say I'm sorry it's comin' at last. I'm glad you've got yo' wheat in shock. But I'm sorry for them that can't be so glad. I reck'n I know how Mr. Tillin'ham feels. You think he would n't give the worth o' that there wheat fo' times over ruther 'an see it shatterin' in the rain, or mebbe beat flat in mud, a spite to heaven well as himself? You pridin' yo'self on bein' a farmer, too! Don't make out to me you don't know better, miss! I've got no land myself, never set up for a land-lover, but would I see that garden I've been workin' go to ruin befo' my eyes for any money? He ain't worth ownin' a piece of God's earth that sets no mo' 'an money value on what grows out of it; but Mr. Tillin'ham's another sort, an' when I think o' him now, offerin' double wages, an' not one soul stirrin' finger" —

Tellie's breath failed suddenly. Her nether lip quivered. She lifted and drained the pail, now nearly empty, with a trembling hand.

"Martella," said the lady, her voice clear and cold as ice, "do not trouble yourself about Mr. Tillingham. Are you going to the show to-morrow?"

Tellie wrung out a wet linen cloth as if wringing the neck of her worst enemy.

"Show! miss!" she cried scornfully.

"Not I! Thanky all the same, an' Miss Phyllis too, for leave. I don't say I did n't want to go once, but now, if jest fairly dyin' for it, I'd stay home till kingdom come befo' goin' with Landy Crook. A black-tempered turn-traitor. I've sent him 'bout his business. 'Don't talk to me 'bout love,' I said, 'where there ain't common gratitude. Don't be-moan havin' nothin' to marry a wife on when you can turn 'gainst yo' best

friend.' If anybody else would ha' stood the Crooks long as Mr. Tillin'ham, — givin' 'em work when other gent'men set the very niggers above 'em, an' bearin' with Uncle Luce's smarty talk an' Jim's no-senseness well as Landy's sulks, — why, it's mo' 'an I know. He's been the'r best friend many a time; an' now, 'cause he's made 'em mad by showin' hisself not beholden, but for that fix gittin' wrong somehow, now with Mr. Jack sick, they go off to a monkey show, an' leave him this way, — Landy the worst one, 'cause with him 't ain't for pleasure, but jest spite. It'll serve him right, when he comes to his senses," — but the quiver here contradicted the words, — "jest serve him right if Mr. Tillin'ham never forgives it."

"Martella, I won't listen any longer. You're a goose to go on so, — part with your sweetheart. He's a worthy young man, and the best farm-hand I know. If you say too much, we'll have to part with you."

But Tellie's blood was up above her awe of this tall, pale young lady, so much more formidable than another who ruled indoors. That this other, too, often sallied out, that a second listener had even now come within hearing, neither she nor Demeter took note of as she went on: —

"Well, I can go at the end o' my month, miss. I'm nothin' but a hired girl, doin' darky's work, I know; but a crow can talk to a eagle, if its tongue's only slit, an' now I'm goin' to talk some to you. Don't say nothin' to me 'bout turnin' 'gainst my sweetheart after yo' turn against yo's. Best farm-hand in this whole world Landy may be, but let him cradle his six acres a day" —

"Five acres and a half, Martella."

"Well, it's all one to me. But ungrateful will be unfaithful, too, some time or other. I don't know what's come between you an' Mr. Tillin'ham — them cattle on the wheat last spring, or not — any mo' 'an I know what about that binder business has come between

Miss Phyllis an' Mr. Jack. Maybe she thought, after takin' up yo' quarrel, how Mr. Jack had n't no right, not bein' able to *give you* a self-binder, to be sellin' one to Mr. Tillin'ham. I don't know, I'm sho', an' 'tain't none o' my business; but don't I know you an' Mr. Tillin'ham was sweethearts well as them two 'fore you fell out somehow 'bout somethin'? Have n't I seed you two together in that very field where you 're so proud now to git ahead o' him, seed you walkin' an' talkin' same as turtle-doves in May? Have n't I seed you at lambin' time an' calvin' time consultin' like nurses over babes, an' lookin' over the stock-book, Sunday evenin's, with yo' cheeks bare one inch apart, not to speak o' stirrin' up poultices for that sick colt last winter, on the kitchen hearth, with fingers fairly touchin'? Many's the time, even befo' Mr. Jack left, when you 'd ha' been lost without Mr. Tillin'ham's help. A fine reward you're givin' him now for all that, well as the hard fight he's had on his own hook, — debts to pay on land half out in the common, an' nary hand to trust but his own. When most other young gent'men - born, nigh his age, went off West, one after t'other, was n't it told what he said, how he 'd stick by ole Virginia an' the ground that was a'ready his, an' make the best of 'em both? Ain't he nigh the only one left, too? Even yo' onliest own brother, miss, — like you as twins, — he got tired, an' took off to somethin' else; though I'll say for Mr. Jack that he stands by ole friends if he don't by ole land. Nobody livin' — sister *nor* sweetheart — will ever get him to take up fool quarrels. If he's had anything to do, sho' 'nough, with sendin' that show, I lay he'll wish he had n't; an' if 't was ole times now, with him back here, I lay he'd be out yonder in that field, jest as I've a great mind myself. As for Mr. Tillin'ham, miss, it's a chance you don't deserve ag'in. I did think once how, with you so

well matched, queenin' it to yo' heart's content on that nice big place, an' Miss Phyllis where she b'longs, with Mr. Jack, how mebbe this here would be for rent, an' mean' somebody else — Never mind, though. That 's over an' done now, so 't ain't for myself I'm speakin', but my say I'll have clean out. If you thought, when you give that money to Uncle Luce an' Jim to-day, jest to git 'em out o' the way o' helpin' anybody to-morrer, thought I did n't" —

"Martella Acres!"

Mistress Demeter Haye had risen before. She stood up now in the twilight, a pale embodiment of coming storm.

"I'm going to the house now," she said, in a low but terribly clear tone. "If you want to keep your place here, I advise" —

But no further did she get. A hand from behind, laid lightly yet firmly on her arm, pulled her around to meet a pair of brown eyes, moist with tears yet shining with laughter, while another hand held out to Tellie the blue-flowered milk-pitcher to be filled. The girl, who had come downhill from the house a few moments before, had been pausing, listening. Her very pretty and rather roguish face was flushed. Her pink upper lip looked a bit tremulous. Even the short brown curls on her uncovered head seemed new swept by this breeze.

"Come, cousin Meety," she said incisively, though with a slight catch at the beginning. "It 's harder on you than me, I know, but plain truth for once won't hurt either."

The windows of Demeter Haye's bedroom — small, deep-set casements in a gable end, close under a mossy, shingled roof — commanded a view of that harvest-field where Martin Tillingham had not long since ceased toiling by himself, when, an hour or so later, she turned away from one of them, from the outside brooding dark, struck a match, and lit her lamp.

Her neck and eyes ached with uncon-

scious straining forward. A print from the lichened sill cross-marked her cheek. In the next room she heard her cousin, Phyllis Haye, moving about as if making ready for bed, and Tellie Acres downstairs closing doors and windows for the night. How late was it? how long had she been there outgazing? Demeter wondered vaguely. But she did not feel like sleeping.

The next thing she did was to open a drawer in a little, carved, old-fashioned bureau, and take out certain articles lately thrust away therein as never more to be looked at.

They were trifles not worth giving back to Martin Tillingham, along with more valuable gifts, — a ring, for instance, and an enameled bracelet. There was a new remedy for stone bruises on horses' feet, written in a stiff, unpracticed hand on the blank side of an old envelope; a giant ear of dark-red Indian corn nested in mistlike autumn grasses; some arrow-heads of whitest flint, ploughed up in that very field out yonder; a lump of copper ore from the vein common to both places, which was some day to make them both rich; some tiny sample bottles of fertilizer, price-marked and branded; a bunch of improved oats, — these were all. Kneeling on the floor, she slowly drew forth one after another, as also the memories by each revived.

What was that in her eyes (though not yet overbrimming) when a faint, distant sound, the voice of Tellie's rain-crow, presently roused her?

III.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The words, or rather the memory of them, came to Martin Tillingham like a mocking echo.

His heart was swelling bitterly against hard fortune, as he strode across the scorched and crackling stubble through the heat of afternoon, — strode from a hasty, solitary meal back to his task. To this had his hopes, his strivings, come. Had he not tried always to be generous as well as just, to bear with cross-grained humor as well as idleness and stupidity? Had he ever overworked, overdriven, any one but himself, ever underfed or underpaid? And yet in this perverse little world of his, where just now nobody would work for either love or money, what availed all this — any more than his long perseverance, his loyalty to the soil from which he had sprung, any more than the comparative wealth fairly won — to lift him above the roughest manual toil, and that at last literally single-handed? His blood grew fiercely hot, then cooled again. What was the use, after all, now of any more making or saving? Pride of lover and husbandman had been alike bitterly wounded. It was only the born land-owner's instinct, the very pure passion for what he had planted and seen grow, seen whiten to harvest beneath his eyes, that drew him once more afield. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." He could not, could not give it up. The year-old plan of planting, slowly developed month by month, hand in hand with Nature herself; the influence of changeful, subtly unfolding days, — dewy morns, sun-steeped noons, mellow eves; cold that strengthened, heat that ripened, earth-sap that fed, cried to his heart and hand for fulfillment of promise now. As Tellie had said, he would gladly give four times the price of the grain to see it saved. He could no more help going back to it than he could help dreaming at night of Demeter Haye.

"Can I be any he'p to you, sir?"

He stopped, and turned with a painful start out of his absorption.

"Can't I be some he'p to you?"

It was Tellie Acres' voice, quick, eager, high-pitched, as well as Tellie Acres' self there near him; yet with what subtle, slightly tremulous half-suggestion of another, quite different, did not the tone all at once come, with what a sense of curious unreality did it thrill him through! Instead of answering, he stood looking at the speaker, keenly, though as one who slips back into haze. At the moment neither took note of a third person, who, stealing from a third direction, between the wheat-shocks, paused suddenly, a good way off, as if doubting, half frightened, half angry. The young farmer's eyes were bent on the girl, as she stepped briskly a little nearer.

It struck Martin Tillingham that even in those few steps before she stopped again, Tellie's characteristic prance, accentuated to a degree which at any other time would have amused him, contrasted rather queerly with a certain furtive guiltiness suggested by her half-averted face, her bent and sunbonneted head. But there was no mistaking that pink beruffled bonnet, flapping limply in the damp breeze, any more than the hand grasping, holding it together over the lower part of the face. The sheepskin mitten on this hand, the stout heavy leathern shoes on the feet, the coarse cotton frock, all looking ready for rough service, — did not he know to whom they belonged? If the form inside would seem to be a little less sturdy than when last — Pshaw! Was he losing his head? Was this not Tellie Acres? What sane reason for doubt was, could there be? As for the voice, however pleasant the idea, the fancy prompted by its new softer note, by the rather puzzling hint of penitence somehow given, it was certainly not *that* one; and who else but —

"If you're deaf, sir, or dumb, I can go!"

"Who was it that sent — gave you leave to come, Tellie?"

"If I choose to come on my own hook," — the girl's tone was now simply

fierce and sharp, — “is it anybody’s business? I’m free, white, an’ twenty-one, I reck’n, if I am hired out doin’ darky’s work! It’s all done now till milkin’-time, anyhow. I’ve got the whole evenin’ befo’ me. Even if the young ladies did n’t want me to come” —

“Ah-h-h!” broke in Martin Tillingham.

His face flushed, then faded into its usual sunburn, as he picked up his cradle, and drew a whetstone hissing along its already keen blade. The slender ash-wood “fingers” quivered like reeds. That third person aforementioned had sidled a few steps nearer behind him, close up in the shadow of the broken reaper hard by, and, carefully keeping out of sight, seemed straining to hear. The mingled alarm, surprise, and indignation of countenance had given way to a gleam of seeming amusement.

“I want to show you there’s somebody in the world willin’ to lend you a hand — in human kindness, if no mo’” — Tellie cut keenly, indeed shrilly, into the hush which had somehow emphasized itself. “I can rake an’ bind, an’ if I choose to do it I’ll not be waitin’ anybody’s leave. Look a-yonder over the mount’n, sir, an’ you’ll see there’s no mo’ time to lose.”

He glanced up and around.

The day had been so far clear, a sort of sickly, sultry clearness. The sun still glared, casting black shadows; its earlier copperish tinge sullenly deepened; but the purple-gray density round the horizon, north, south, and east, hung curtain-wise. Westward, above the mountain, the banked-up haze which had been massing for several hours past was taking a distinctly cloudlike shape, — fawn-colored and opaque low down, with shifting misty white on the upper edge. Dead calm had prevailed since early morning. Now the wheat-heads were swaying in a new-sprung level east wind which suggested by its clinging a damp garment. He went back to his whetting

with hand as well as lip all at once a bit unsteady.

“You are very kind, Tellie,” he said huskily, “and I’d like to finish this in time. It’s no work for any sort of woman but a strapping darky, but you seem strong, and if” —

“Reckon I’ll lend a hand, too, Martin.”

Martin Tillingham turned, with another, more violent start.

The low, rather muffled drawl not far away was that of an old and well-known friend, yet again! And this time, how near home! Late overwork and worry had told on his nerves, he felt, as dazzling sun-glare for three days past on his eyesight; yet could these two facts, even added to looking now full against the sun at one who stood in shadow, with face only lazily half turned towards him, account for this second strange impression? It was Jack Haye’s own scowl (by no means constant, yet at times decided) between the full red eyebrows which helped to give unlikeness in likeness to his sister; Jack Haye’s mass of red curls just visible above the eyebrows, beneath a great slouching rush hat-brim; his sun-browned skin contrasting with these salient color touches. Though a silk handkerchief tied somewhere on the head hid ears, chin, and part of one cheek, the mouth, — red-shaded, too, by an incipient mustache, at which a hand was fumbling, — this seemed also Jack’s. Yet what diminishing, refining change had as it were laid touch on this face as well as form? To be sure, young Haye was a slim fellow at best, but could such a short spell of illness have done all this? Was it real, however, or imaginary? Did the old gray flannel shirt, with collar pulled up so high, the old corduroy trousers, hang indeed with unusual ill-fitting largeness, or was this idea his own fancy? Had those old leather corn-shucking gloves (what was Jack doing with them on now, anyhow, even in this other long-discarded rig-out?) always been so much too big,

apparently, for the hands inside? And here, too, in voice and face the hint of penitent appeal! What had this, his last, most trusted friend done, said, or thought to be sorry for? Tellie, after a half-frightened start, a long look across the other's shoulder, gave a low "Ah-h-h!" as of unmistakable recognition, — nay, more, which would seem to follow the solving of some late puzzle, — and, turning, walked several steps away. Martin Tillingham stood as in a dream.

"Is that you, Jack?"

The answer came more lazily drawling than before: "More me than anybody else, I reckon."

"How in the name of mischief did you get — how long have you been here?"

Jack Haye seemed to brace himself up with a sudden effort.

"Walked over from home," said he, "while ago. Been here long enough to take a look at this thing. Sorry to tell you, but — afraid — take me good deal longer to fix it than — you — finish cradling — wheat."

Martin Tillingham was staring hard at the speaker. His hand went now mechanically to his forehead. Something faded out of his face. It would seem that this last disappointment had been too much for him.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Sorry — but sure as — name's — Haye. Want help — finish now?"

Martin Tillingham fetched another long breath. Then, as his eyes slowly withdrew themselves, went back to the last slow but sure resort, the primitive implement in his hand, the fever of haste seemed to kindle in them, to glow anew.

"Well, I'm not so badly off as I was this morning," he said. "Here's a hand for the shocking, anyhow. Every man and boy in the neighborhood has taken himself off to-day — even Landy Crook — to that confounded show. Don't feel bad about its happening so, if you really did encourage the people to come, —

feel as if you ought to make up this way; though of course any help is welcome. It's like old times to see you in that rig, — except the face part. What's the trouble? But never mind, so 't is n't your hand! Stop as soon as you're tired, mind! I'll pitch in now, right away. With you to rake and bind awhile, and Tellie here to shock, it seems we ought to get through!"

"You can do the shockin', sir."

It was with curious avoidance of eye, curious distance of tone, that Tellie, still holding the bonnet over her face, spoke to her companion in friendly helpfulness. He heard, started slightly, gave a long, hard look; then a smile, not to be suppressed, rippled over the countenance under the hat-brim, as its owner drawled slowly, "No, that's your part. I'll rake and bind."

"When folks come stealin' up like rogues an' listenin' like dumb fools to others makin' fair an' square offers, they need n't expect to step in an' upset things with jest one lordly word, if they have got on breeches. Besides, sir" (the tone grew openly humorous), "a sick man jest out o' bed! Give me that rake!"

It was hard to believe that even Tellie Acres' effrontery could quite reach this point. She stretched out a hand, though for some reason shaking, resolute. Each stood with face studiously averted; but the other's hand almost met Tellie's in obstinate resistance.

"I *will* rake and bind!"

"Whether I give in or no, sir? Well, we'll see!"

"I will be next him! Nobody shall work between us. I — why, girl, am I not the *man*? A man tote sheaves after a girl's binding! Here! Let alone!"

What strange, new humility, even with this stubborn self-assertion, could have come over the young man? What new childish perversity prompted Tellie Acres' next puzzling words, her next willful grasp at the rake?

"Won't them that change their mind so far, all at once, one way, maybe change back again another? Won't them that find love so soon after losin' it maybe lose again? Is Tellie Acres one to change her mind? No, *sir*! Whatever some fool women may do, I let you know she ain't that sort any mo' 'an a *man* like you. Here!"

No answer from that other, already bent, half kneeling, at his task. The cumbersome gloves had been flung aside, the muffling handkerchief pulled off. With back to his vexing tormentor, head down, he was binding the swiftly gathered sheaf, if less skillfully than one might expect from a farmer bred, yet with touches both firm and quick. The cradler was already well ahead. No time to be lost. But as Tellie stood waiting, with both hands now free for her own humbler part, it would seem as if she could not resist the temptation to one more piece of impertinence.

"Tellie Acres is counted as quick as most," she said, as if in half soliloquy, "an' 'bout as sharp-sighted, too; but the quick way some folks can git out o' clo'es an' in again beats her worse 'n the way they do it without her seein' 'em. 'T would ha' took 'most as long to *find* them ole clo'es, 'pears to me, an' fish 'em out o' the garret, as to git into 'em; an' how you managed it, man, 'tween the time I left that house an' the time you must ha' left to be here now, — a sick man jest out o' bed, too, — why, it beats Martella Sarella Acres!"

It was about this hour that somebody who had been long pausing in the dust of the main road just outside Martin Tillingham's gate turned away from it and went toward the railway station, on an errand which he hoped might, if successful, atone for lack of courage to enter alone. He had said yesterday more than one hard "no," this dark-browed Landy, — one still harder this morning. Was it "no" that he himself feared now?

IV.

Almost done!

The sun had long ago stared a red-eyed farewell over the topmost edge of the cloud, though the heat, hardly at all abated, only thickened into seeming tangibility, clogging nostrils, weighting eyelids, pressing out sweat like tears. Yet what matter if garments were clinging, wetted through and through! If arms and backs had ached and heads had reeled, as those two behind strained every sinew to keep well up with the swish of the falling grain, sounding fainter and further ahead, still unfailing, unfaltering, in stubborn emulation, each had pressed doggedly on: sheaf after sheaf, more and more trimly tied, the binding wisp of straw more skillfully spliced, under-doubled each time; shock after shock, in fair and fairer array, they had left in their wake. And now, whatever it might be, self-assertion or simple human kindness, giving vigor to Tellie's grasp and stride, what must it be, what joy of hope, what upflash of yet dearer atoning impulse, which nerved to such deftness, such steel-like strength, the hands that raked and bound!

And the cradler! Still his arm kept time. Was it nerved by that new joy or pain, new hope or disappointment, as the broad swaths fell beneath its swing? This was not quite the sympathy which he craved most, not the service he had most right to command, yet both service and sympathy were his. She did not care any more than Phyllis Haye, any more than Landy Crook. Lover's love, its talks and walks, its looks and dreams, had come at last to this, as well as life-long friendliness, as past kindly favors. His blade hissed keenly at the thought through the crackling severed stems. And yet, even against ill will, good will had come. Why now go on caring as he did? That new note in Tellie Acres' voice, repeated, deepened, in Jack's, that

hint of penitent appeal which so strangely reminded him of her, still impenitent, — why should it so have set his veins athrob? Could he not put this ache away, forget? There were other women, no less than men, besides those who had failed him, wounded. Why should not the help of one here, maid or mistress, freely offered in his hour of need, bring for him its suggestion of sweet might-be as well as bitter-sweet might-have-been? If the mere human bond even now (though never so dear before) would not quite satisfy, might he not yet find the right one, his own? Why should he still go hungry? Life's harvest must be saved. Had he not sown in grief? Could not he now win gayly home, bringing his sheaves?

The wind's murmurous whispers had risen little by little to an incessant sobbing wail, heavy with unshed tears, — tears of infinite yearning, yielding, and promise. Level and undeviating as a crow's flight, it swept now across the hill-top, telling its tale of moist, low lands, sedgy marsh, and reed-edged water. Closing his eyes a moment, with its breath on his forehead, there came to him a vision of mist, half lifted from gray, sliding reaches; of dank green waste, shoulder-high with strange, coarse, bristling growths. The wild, shrill clamor of water-fowl, the lowing of fen-fattened bullocks, the rustle of fibrous spears and dip of oars, stole to his mind's ear, dream-faint from afar as the echoes of childhood's rainy days (or perchance days still further back) borne lifelong on the wings of this same east wind. "Po-to-mac! Po-to-mac!" the bullfrogs croaked from their pools. "Ches-a-peake! Ches-a-peake!" shrilled the rain-crows in the swamps. From the older ground where his fathers had been toiled for came a greeting now to him who toiled. One moment, then again reality. The wheat, heaving like a miniature lake, shrinking ever smaller, was gathering into its last embrace the startled, wondering wild little things which still sought shelter there.

Bright, tiny eyes peeped out at him, and faintly squeaking voices piped up remonstrance. The tail of a slender, shining green snake slipped out of sight, then gleamed again. His nostrils seemed to be drawing in smoke. The sunburnt air was yielding to moisture, with pungent Indian-summer suggestions of a sprinkling on hot embers. From a wood's edge not far away a shower of prematurely yellowed leaves came fluttering afield. Over a shadowless landscape, where each tree and fence stood out with dull leaden emphasis, stretched a shadowy sky, — one cloud, north, south, east, and west. All this he noted without break or pause in those long, swinging strokes, until — Why, what was this? So near the last, to reel and sicken this way! Ah, he knew those queer, light-headed sensations, for all they had seemed to pass — It was his last clear though broken thought as the sudden dead weight of the cradle brought his arm, himself, down to one knee.

"Take the cradle. Take it, and finish, Mr. Jack," were the first words that he heard distinctly, sounding queerly distant, though the gently mocking tone was just overhead. "He's coming to, with the water. To think of that poor little spring not being dry, and turning out so handy! My, how I flew there and back! He'll soon be right again now, but not for cradling, surely. How lucky *you're* here, — a *man!*"

That was not Tellie Acres' voice. Was this really Jack Hays behind, supporting him, — a man's arm under him, a man's shoulder and breast? Ah! this was too bad, or good. As he pushed away impatiently, perhaps somewhat ungratefully, the wet kerchief with which a hand from above was touching his face, stood up, and turned around, even his rising shame and vexation with himself paled before these questions, which were answered this time past mistake.

In the ancient, creaking buggy, whity-brown with dust, which, drawn by a whity-brown horse no less ancient, had

carried the whole Crook family that morning on their frolic, there was just now approaching slowly across the stubble from homeway, to meet Martin Tillingham's gaze, a pale, handsome, red-haired young man, with a limp, forward lean of body and a rather injured expression of countenance. Judging by this last (before its change to sudden amazement), it must have cost to-day not only the effort on his own part, which aforesaid paleness and limpness would suggest, but still more persuading on the part of another, to bring Jack Haye away from his lounging-chair, if not bed, for any piece of business, however urgent. It was hard to fancy Landy Crook as a pleader, but in the face of the man just behind, running alongside the three harnessed horses, ready for their now light and small task, one might read that he had for once played the part ungrudgingly. Despite the surprise which predominated, as, like the other, he halted and stood gazing at the scene before him, there was still enough left of what, after fretting his heart, spoiling his pleasure all day long, had finally prompted this atonement, to set him right even in the eyes of somebody who, hastening from an opposite direction, halted too, paused in the very act of raising a large umbrella, and gave to her feelings a brief exclamatory vent, ending with the name "Martella Sarella Acres." To the master of the field, did even this last sturdy figure, any more than the first, seem now quite real? If, of all present, even one, one still kneeling beside him, was no dream, he gave hint only by keeping his eyes away.

V.

When, awhile later, Martin Tillingham came back from driving barnward the after all triumphant machine, — by

those few needed expert touches restored, fitted for future greater conquests as well as this last small one, and seeming already to glory in the same, — the notes of a certain brass band, heard once before in this story, were making themselves again audible, and Tellie Acres, in the ancient buggy, with her sweetheart, under her umbrella, was hastening to view the hurriedly returning train. Mistress Phyllis Haye, with sunbonnet in hand, damp curls only a little more tumbled than usual, and a shawl on one arm, was walking demurely homeward beside the old playmate whose good opinion she had at least partly worked for and gained. That one who had promised to wait was all alone, waving a signal of welcome, safely cloaked in the waterproof which Tellie had not forgotten, and seated on a heap of her own sheaves.

The big hat had fallen back; the cleverly dyed and massed tresses slipped down. Through the stain still mottling her cheeks a blush flamed out. The Venetian-red smudge of a mustache was gone, washed away from her rosy up-curved lip. She was laughing when he came up, the kind of laughter that verges upon sobs. Her eyes sparkled like stars through mist. Her hands hung helplessly. On the back of one, the right one, some field brier had left its mark, — a scratch, a smear of blood. Martin Tillingham knelt on the stubble and bent his lips to the spot.

She burst into tears.

When he lifted his face again, a few drops, big and heavy, were glistening on hair and forehead; whether from her eyes or the bending clouds above would have been hard to decide. Across the mountain, like a veil of softest gauze, came slowly on the rain, now only for good. The last sheaf had been tied, the last shock securely piled, — the harvest saved.

A. M. Ewell.

AN ARCHITECT'S VACATION.

IV.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

IT is not a bad thing to be the only old fellow in a traveling party. One young companion can man the guidebook; another can do the bargaining and banking; a third can look after the sketchbooks; the fourth traveler can take his ease, and, except when addressed with respect as "sir," can imagine himself to be as young as the rest. Thus our party traveled over the hills of Tuscany, climbed from the Adriatic to the rugged heights of Urbino, and crossed the flat and well-furrowed plains of Lombardy; and thus, too, we made a hurried visit to Rome. Together we reviewed the causes of that wonderful overturn of the old systems that we now call the Renaissance of architecture, and together we saw and studied the work done in that great epoch by Brunelleschi, Alberti, Bramante, Peruzzi, and the other architects of that time.

But in Italy the field is by no means occupied only by the work of the artists of the Renaissance. While we are often told that Gothic art never took root there, many a sketchbook contradicts such a statement, and shows that Gothic arch and crocket and gable had for long a treatment of their own on Italian soil. True, if Gothic architecture be held to be a complete principle of construction, to which ornament is but an accessory, we must promptly agree that neither the Italians nor any other people except its French inventors really ever thoroughly mastered its principles. But it is possible, also, to regard architectural detail merely as a decorative expression, and as an indication of the bias of mind of those who use it. This is all the substance there is to most of the marked historical

styles, and, accepting this view, we must admit that in Italy of the Middle Ages Gothic forms were universal, and Gothic detail was imbued with native peculiarities. In mediæval Florence, the tall Gothic tower of the Palazzo Vecchio watched the stir and the strife of the city, its pageants and its agonies, while above its Duomo the bells rang notes of triumph or alarm, of joy or sadness, from amid the spiral shafts and pointed arches of Giotto's Gothic belfry. Siena certainly, even to-day, seems a Gothic city. Its narrow streets are closed in with grim mediæval palaces, and the shadow of its lofty clock-tower tells off the hours on the fronts of Gothic houses encircling its great piazza. Perhaps the spirit of the Middle Ages has clung more to San Gimignano than to any other Tuscan city. The Renaissance left little mark upon it, and there has been hardly a change since the days when Dante trod its streets. Pointed arch and cusp and trefoil adorn it, and above steep street and rugged mediæval palaces the city still "lifts to heaven her diadem of towers." In fancy, we easily garrison these lofty eyries with the rioting factions of the Salvucci and Ardinghelli, hurling rocks, and blazing tar from tower to tower. Thus, although Tuscany was the birthplace of the Renaissance, we find it on all sides still retaining a vast amount of mediæval character.

Not far away, however, from these Gothic cities lies Montepulciano, one of those Tuscan towns where the Renaissance spirit had free play. It is remote from the railroad, and, like so many of its neighbors, clings, a shaggy growth, to the gray mountain top. For two hours we toil upwards. In the mists far below us are the green waters "of reedy Thrasymene," and the broad plain that beheld the triumph of Carthage stretches afar to where, in the haze, lie distant

Siena and the heights of Perugia and Arezzo. The main street of the town climbs steep between crowded buildings to the Palazzo Pubblico, above which a battlemented tower crowns the city. On the sides of the little square and all down the narrow streets are Renaissance palaces, while the church of San Biagio is a most successful example of the Renaissance domed church with four short arms. If in San Gimignano we see a town that stopped building with the advent of the Renaissance, its neighbor, Montepulciano, indicates what happened to those which prospered and built when classical forms began to meet with favor. Still more is this apparent in the little town of Pienza. Here was born Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who finally became Pope Pius II., and whose history forms the subject of Ghirlandaio's matchless frescoes on the walls of the Library at Siena. Before its prosperous son returned to it, the town must have been a very humble one, for there is nothing in it now of any interest to the traveler except the little square that is surrounded by the papal buildings. Here a Renaissance cathedral faces a public palace, and the classic dwelling of the Pope is *vis-à-vis* to that of the bishop. The whole group surrounding the piazza is interesting, as being the plaything of a church dignitary who, in the days of the Renaissance, affected Humanism, and, like his fellows, enjoyed the building arts.

These classic houses of Montepulciano, its church of San Biagio, and the piazza of Pienza, found in such remote places and in the close neighborhood of mediæval Tuscany, indicate how promptly and decidedly the Renaissance spirit appealed to the Italian mind of the fifteenth century. It was strange to find thus rude and rugged the places from which culture and refinement and modern civilization were sent forth into the world; but what seemed to us far more remarkable, here and throughout Tuscany, was the sweeping manner in which all

Gothic and mediæval traditions appear to have been, not only forever, but at once overturned in these their strongholds. It was with ever-increasing surprise that we recognized the strength and spontaneity with which the new spirit, almost full grown, took immediate possession of the world.

This Renaissance of classic architecture began in Florence, under Brunelleschi and Alberti. Later, in the north, another school arose in Milan, under Bramante, and these two branches finally met and produced their highest results at Rome. We tried to trace these schools in their respective fields, and it was of course in Florence itself that we found the visible firstfruits of the Renaissance, so far as architecture is concerned. At Pisa, it is true, we saw how Nicholas, the sculptor, had drawn inspiration from ancient Roman models for the figures on his pulpits; but the Gothic carvers of the façades of Paris and Amiens had done as much a hundred years earlier, and the wonder is that artists and craftsmen should ever have ceased to cherish and assimilate the ancient work by which they were surrounded, and which was so far beyond their own powers. Apparently, however, for a hundred years after Nicholas of Pisa, men paid no heed to the architectural monuments of antiquity around them. The real awakening came almost simultaneously to collectors, who were eager for jewels, coins, and ivories from Greece and Rome; to scholars, who with avidity sought the classic manuscripts that until then had been buried in the monasteries; to painters and sculptors and architects, who suddenly saw beauty in the models of classical antiquity, and strove to graft the antique traditions on the civilization of their own time. What the French sculptors of the twelfth century strove to imitate; what Nicholas of Pisa faintly saw in the thirteenth century; what Petrarch at Padua, and Giotto, Orcagna, and Simone Memmi in Tuscany, found in the classics to

delight them in the fourteenth century, all this finally took form with the quattrocentists, and was spread by many helping spirits over Tuscany and the world. As for architecture, this movement began in Florence, and the return to detail, carefully studied upon the ancient Roman models, was abrupt and without transition. Brunelleschi was the guiding active mind, the Medici gave the opportunities, Donatello's refined genius inspired the decoration. The spirit of the Renaissance gradually became a patriotic fervor. Men thought they had reclaimed their inheritance from the Cæsars, and wondered that they had ever fallen away from the wonderful models all around them.

While the hill country of Tuscany appears to us rude and savage as a birth-place for the graces of modern life, the same cannot be said of the Val d'Arno. On the contrary, it seems but fitting that from amid such natural beauty should spring all that is dignified and refined. Its setting of hill and farm, of river and verdure, gives to the City of the Lily half of its charm. What walks and drives we take in these early spring days by the wooded banks of the Arno, where men are filling their long-prowed shallops with sand, and where, beneath the trees, across the wide stretches of river, we get glimpses of the city's domes and towers! We have to shut our eyes to the signs of modern progress in the close neighborhood of the city, but soon boughs of flowering peach and almond hang over the walls that border the roads, and then we emerge among the green and fruitful fields. The broad roofs and white walls of villa and farmhouse are backed by dark and slender cypresses, and beneath the vines that are festooned from tree to tree the ground is bright with anemone and poppy, with cowslip and primrose. We climb the hills above these verdurous plains, through gray olive orchards and brown oak woods, to beyond the heights of Fiesole, and look

away over dark pine grove and rocky hillside, and across the hazy checkered plains, to the purple mountains. Far beneath us, the silver thread of the Arno, winding swiftly by field and farm, divides the widespread city, amid which rise Arnolfo's palazzo and Giotto's Campanile and the vast mass of Brunelleschi's dome.

Perhaps the youthful Brunelleschi made his famous journey to Rome, in 1403, in hope of learning from ancient examples how to roof the great church that Arnolfo and Giotto had left unfinished. At all events, he and Donatello spent three years there together, measuring and sketching, and returned wild with enthusiasm at all they had seen, an enthusiasm that had far-reaching consequences. The huge dome with which Brunelleschi later crowned the church is always spoken of as the great work of the early Renaissance. A great work it surely is, but possibly less a work of the highest art than a great engineering feat. His contemporaries were amazed at it as a work of construction. Alberti, for instance, generously praised it, but chiefly because such a wonder was built without the aid of wooden centring; and its barren grandeur certainly suggests little artistic excellence except such as it obtains from immense size. It was, without doubt, the first great dome of its kind, and the prototype of innumerable later and of many better designs; but it seems probable that usually it most impresses beholders as a vast and capacious object. In Florence, Brunelleschi as a constructor and engineer was visible in this enormous barren dome, but to find Brunelleschi the artist, the original inspiring spirit of Renaissance architecture, we had to seek him in the churches of San Lorenzo and Santo Spirito. In these pure and simple works, antique colonnades take the place of Gothic piers, and classic caissoned ceilings are the substitute for Gothic vaulted roof. Every ornament not rigidly architectural is excluded, and what

remains is chaste and simple and strictly after classic Roman models. The rugged walls of the Pitti Palace are also due to Brunelleschi, and are broad and grandiose, though devoid of ornament; but in the Pazzi chapel, which forms one side of the cloister of Santa Croce, we find him using dainty classic ornament, rich and elaborate, and rivaling the similar work of Bramante. The earlier Italians were mainly decorators, caring for infinite detail, no matter to what extent it might mask fundamental constructive form. We see such work in the incrustations of Giotto's Campanile, and of the Duomos at Orvieto and Siena. From these influences Brunelleschi's simple, clear, and noble methods led men's minds not only to the new fashion of ancient classic detail, but to true architectural methods.

During a brief period Florence abounded in designers who followed in the steps of Brunelleschi, and the city is not so changed but that imagination readily peoples it with the rich and ardent life of these early days of the Renaissance. We can forget for the moment the fresh Italian regiments that now tread these old gray streets to the merry notes of their bugles, and see instead the bright-garbed crowds that Benozzo Gozzoli, and Masaccio and Masolino, and Fabriano have depicted for us; Poggio with manuscripts cunningly rifled from monastery libraries, Della Robbia dreaming of his blue-and-white Madonnas, Fra Angelico seeing brilliant angels in the golden sunsets down the Arno, Ghiberti devising his portals, Donatello modeling his statues, Mino da Fiesole carving tomb and pulpit and altar, Michelozzo and Sangallo directing the building of palace and of church. Alberti's generous letter, praising the work of his friends, Brunelleschi, Della Robbia, and Masaccio, faintly suggests the enthusiasm that prevailed among this emulous band of artists. Their labors can be traced in all the towns about Florence. At

Prato we admire the classic elegance of Sangallo's work in the church of the Carceri. One sees at Rimini and elsewhere the gracious and elegant work of that most picturesque personality, Alberti, — that canon of the Church who embraced the Renaissance sentiment with such fervor that, far from being content with an inspiration gained from antiquity, he dreamed of a definite restoration of pagan life and a reestablishment of the ancient civilization. But after all, the astonishing thing to note everywhere about the Tuscan Renaissance is the rapidity with which it reached maturity. When Brunelleschi and his comrades left the field to others, little remained to be done on the lines that they had laid down. Broadly speaking, they anticipated the greater part of what was perfected during the next hundred years.

While the Florentine school had been pursuing the course mapped out by Brunelleschi, another school and another master, as before mentioned, had been at work in the north.

In Milan and its neighborhood we can trace and study the early work of Bramante. There are many buildings in the flat Lombard country that are either by him, or by pupils so near to him that they are truly Bramantesque. In the main they are a little disappointing. The Bramante of this period is a shadowy sort of person, vaguely recognized as a power working for elegance, proportion, and daintiness. Perhaps the school reached its highest perfection in the Inconata of Lodi, where to the delicate Bramantesque detail is added the charm of faded, pale frescoes and golden-vaulted ceilings picked out with strong red and blue.

In 1493 misfortune overtook Bramante's patron, and in 1499 Bramante left Milan for Rome. His successors in Lombardy paid less heed to that purity and simplicity of style which had distinguished him. One sees in the richly carved and incrustated façades of the

Certosa at Pavia the later work of this Milanese school. Bramante, however, at the age of fifty-five, and infirm so that he could not draw, now in Rome first saw the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the Baths of Diocletian. He was not so old but that his spirit was stirred by the genius of antiquity. Suddenly abandoning his Milanese past, he changed his whole course, and became imbued with the antique classic spirit to a degree attained before only by Brunelleschi. In Rome he built in stone, and not in brick and terra cotta. At the papal court his clients were cultivated people, and in that capital he spoke to the world. Under such influences, he as naturally arrived at being great as before he had been pleasing; and so we find him at the Palazzo della Cancelleria, the Palazzo Giraud, and finally in the whole scheme of the Vatican courts and the church of St. Peter. His early training enabled him to add something of the variety and force and charm of northern and mediæval work to the majesty of ancient building; and to this man it was given not only to see, but to found, one school in the freshness of the early Renaissance in north Italy, and another in its zenith in Rome.

While, as we have said, the Renaissance of architecture took its rise in the Florence of Brunelleschi and Alberti, and was nurtured in Milan by Bramante, most of its great masters sooner or later were attracted to the Eternal City. Peruzzi added to the elegance of Bramante a richness and sumptuousness that the latter never permitted to himself. His work scores the high-water mark of the early Renaissance.

Almost directly after his day the sway of Michael Angelo began. Careless and unfinished is much of his architecture; such, for instance, as that with which he surrounded the Medici tombs, or as his meaningless staircase at the Laurentian Library. We cannot, however, forget that he designed the mighty cornice of

the Farnese Palace, and that it was his hand that "rounded Peter's dome." But it was in the use of the great orders that his example had the strongest and most lasting influence. Many of us may regret that the early Renaissance was turned aside into such paths before it had attained complete results. Most of us find delight in that fanciful and poetic phase of its history when to the love of antique form were joined the consummate skill and the graceful fancy that covered pilaster and panel, capital and architrave, church stall and marriage chest, with leaf, tendril, and flower, and a multitudinous world of real and imaginary animal forms. All these and the color that enlivened them passed away with this earlier school, but the close study of the orders which succeeded to it, and the rigid dependence upon them of the later school, had its peculiar merit. It was certainly architecture pure and simple, depending in no way on other allied arts. Its effects were due wholly to proportion, harmony, and a nice study of architectural detail. In reading Mr. Ruskin, one would be led to think that the orders are mechanical and easily applied devices. Perhaps the Renaissance architects did, in imitation of Vitruvius, too confidently assert what were the fit proportions for the various "orders;" but those of Serlio varied from those of Alberti, while Palladio's were not those of Scamozzi. Looking further back and at greater authorities, we find that in ancient Athens the Erechtheum boasted three varying Ionic orders, and that the Propylæa, while Doric without, was Ionic within. From all this we may fairly assume that while working with classical orders a man may have quite as much freedom as is good for him. They offer him liberty, but they cannot brook license. And so let us, not heeding Mr. Ruskin, reckon Scamozzi and Sansovino and Palladio and all the masters of the later Renaissance as great artists. Because the music of Mendelssohn is

tuneful, it does not follow that the more intricate, formal, and ingenious harmonies of Bach are not also music. Because we are stirred by ballad or poem, we are not forbidden to admire the more polished sonnet.

As the Renaissance was in its origin a modern movement, so it has remained the foundation for modern art. It quickly established a type for modern palatial architecture in the frowning strength of the Florentine palaces and the dignity and elegance of those of Rome, while the later palaces of Venice, if somewhat vulgar in detail, are still grand and modern types.

In church architecture, however, the early Renaissance never reached a final or consummate result. At the very outset Brunelleschi gave an elegant classic dress to the ancient Gothic forms, but the most enthusiastic could scarcely claim that he surpassed the mediæval solution of the same problem. Perhaps he intended that color should adorn those rather chilly interiors; and, set off by gold and fresco, their elegant detail would have given richer results. During the entire Renaissance period the favorite scheme for a church was a domed building with short projecting arms. Around Milan are many dainty examples of this idea, worked out under the influence of Bramante. Indeed, such was Bramante's design for St. Peter's; but one architect after another changed and marred it, and we now can only guess what might have been the perfected result of Renaissance church building.

Our party are all familiar with Rome, but we pass one wonderful Easter Day there; and as we traverse its streets, the whole history of the Renaissance architecture we have been studying is passed in review. Here stand before us not alone the highest results of that art, which, as we have seen, came to Rome from Florence and Milan, but also the ancient classic models which had inspired both Florentine and Milanese.

It is a wonderful experience! True, it is not the Rome best known to the oldest of our party; the Rome of the great council, when the streets were full of the state coaches of dignitaries; when St. Peter's was brilliant with processions, and the Pope, borne aloft beneath the ostrich plumes, was followed by gray-bearded patriarchs and red-robed cardinals, and by archbishops and bishops beyond numbering; when Papal Zouaves made the streets and caf  s bright, and the Ghetto's narrow lanes swarmed with picturesque *contadini*; when the Tiber flowed between marshy banks, and death lay in wait for the *forestieri* who dared to breathe its pestilential miasma at sunset. Much as the modern improvements have despoiled the city of its picturesque charm, the simplest humanity does not permit us to look upon the walled river-banks, the wide streets, and the destruction of dirt and filth without a certain approval. In crossing the city, our road lies by the great temples and the forums. Accustomed as we are to line-engravings of the orders, and to hearing ancient Roman architecture described as mechanical and inartistic by writers like Mr. Fergusson, it is invigorating to get a fresh look at the real thing. Where will one find a richer, fatter, better carved, or more handsome decoration of any period than that on the remains of such a building as the Temple of Concord? The freedom and juiciness of the early Renaissance work go back to classic days, and one appreciates in Rome that it is often hard to distinguish between carvings of the two periods.

But our drive extends beyond the Forum, and at last we enter the mighty Coliseum. How humble and minute we feel before the tremendous mass of that immense structure! How small and insignificant seems the work that keeps us awake o' nights! One irreverent thought alone upholds us. It is a comfort to see that the giants who built it were unable to roof it. A paltry patch of velarium

to keep the sun from the emperor's eyes, and which must have been a sad trouble in a gale, was the nearest they could come to our spider-web, wide-spanned roofs.

When we have recovered our breath a little, we continue back by the Forum and the temples and the palaces of the Cæsars to the neighborhood of the Renaissance palaces, and pay homage to Bramante at the Cancelleria and the Gi-raud, to Peruzzi at the Massimi, and to Sangallo and Michael Angelo at the overpowering Palazzo Farnese. The sun shines brightly as we reach the glorious piazza before St. Peter's church. The fountains on each side of the great obelisk flash gayly, and men are ringing Easter peals with tremendous clangor on the tower bells as we join the crowds moving up to the doors. It simply intoxicates us all. We have been living in Florence with such austere companions as Brunelleschi and Alberti and Sangallo, with a little merrymaking amid the picturesqueness of Siena and San Gimignano, and as we pass through St. Peter's door, and the beauty of those gold-and-white ceilings bursts upon us, — the church filled with crowds, the piers decked with red hangings, a great choir singing the service, and a cardinal at the lighted altar, — well, the heart beats fast, and the breath catches with a queer gasp. Mr. Fergusson says that the great pilasters are unmeaning, offensive, useless, and that the window details are in the most obtrusive and worst taste.

Doubtless these or other flagrant defects are there, but our little party are satisfied to sit down in a row on the base mouldings of those very pilasters, and feel humble and modest and small, and thankful for such a day.

The modern painter may be carried away by Parisian technique and passing fads, but for most great and lasting qualities the Renaissance masters still remain to him *the Masters*. The cleverness of modern writers has not yet made the study of the English of Shakespeare, of Milton, and of the Bible useless to one who would arrive at excellence in literary style. The modern architect, for the same reasons, studies the works of those who were not only the masters of modern architecture, but its very inventors. Our pilgrimage among their buildings is a memory, but we shall not forget the daintiness of the Roman villas or the grace and ornate beauty of the Roman palaces. We have learned respect for the giants who built the church of St. Peter and the Palazzo Farnese; and we have seen, too, with our own eyes, how closely they were the descendants and the rightful heirs of those earlier giants who covered the Campus Martius with temple and portico and circus, and adorned the Palatine with palaces; who built the forums, and vaulted the baths, and domed the Pantheon; and who raised on its mighty arches the stupendous mass of the Flavian amphitheatre.

Robert Swain Peabody.

THE FACE OF DEATH.

WITHOUT the rain was falling. High pointed roofs, high gray walls, worn gray paving-stones below, all of them glistened. The wet made shining places in the high lights; it gave to every stone in the old narrow street an intensified

power of sinking back into shadow or reflecting the light. All the light there was came from a lurid yellow glare among the moving clouds of the western sky. The sky was covered thick with flying vapor; towards the west there

was this light in it, which revealed more clearly that the wind was busy among the deep, shifting currents of cloud. Such a sky is not a very rare sight as seen on a winter afternoon from Edinburgh streets; no one gave a thought to it. The rain fell light and soft; the wind romped cheerfully about the high chimney-pots and along the pavements.

In this street of high stone tenements no incident of interest need be expected. The people traveled east and traveled west, or stopped and gossiped in the rain; it was only a few of the more finely dressed who carried umbrellas. The children played barefoot, or with wooden-soled boots that clattered on the stones. Big rude boys stood about upon the pavement; drays and carts passed; and now and then a drove of sheep or cattle came eastward, driven by shepherds or herdsmen and barking collies. It was market-day; the animals were being driven to the slaughter-house.

A little girl came out of a basement shop, bearing a jug of soup in her hand; she pattered along the street for a few paces, and turned into the common stair of a tenement.

The common stair was almost like a street in itself; to all intents and purposes it was one; the main door, if there was a door, was always open. The child went into the house as into a roofed alley or close, and began to ascend the wide dirty stone staircase. At the bottom there were several house-doors, some looking more respectable and some less, but they were all shut. As she toiled on and upwards, she came to one landing after another where house-doors again clustered; each landing was lit by a high window, in which was fixed an iron grating instead of glass. As she left the third landing behind her, a foot was heard upon the lowest stair, a door was opened, and a woman's voice began scolding. The footstep, the opening of the door, and the voice all resounded in the solid masonry of the echoing stair, coming with an in-

creased volume of sound to the child's ears. She was accustomed to the hollow echoes, and paid no heed.

When she came to the top of the house one door stood open; it was immediately opposite the top of the stair. She passed within the door, and, turning down a narrow room, stood between the beds of two bedridden old women.

The child was not the only visitor. Sitting upon the one chair was an old man, dressed in a suit of threadbare black cloth. His gray hair was somewhat longer than is usual; his face, also, was long, and bore in it certain lines of weakness and obstinacy which suggested fanaticism. He held a large book in his hand, out of which he had been reading; but when the child appeared with the soup, he left the room with a slow and stately step, and his light tread was heard passing down the stair.

"Me mither says it'll be twa bawbees the day, for there's a lot of butcher's meat in't." The child drawled out her words in a solemn little singsong voice.

She took two basins which were lying, not clean, upon the tiny hearth, divided the soup between them, and left the old women, as soon as one, out of an ancient purse, had fumbled forth the coppers.

Each old woman sat up in her bed, basin in hand. They discoursed together with relish upon solemn themes, as is often the manner of the Scotch. The room was very bare; the door was left open because the old women had a nervous dread of being out of the power of "crying on" their neighbors. A high clothes-horse, with garments upon it, was set as a rude draught-screen, but the long, narrow room was cold, very cold, the small fire smouldering on the dirty hearth hardly serving to mellow the atmosphere. The two beds were well strewn with such properties as the occupants possessed, — clothes, ancient books, knitting-work, and dishes lying upon them. Each woman was fantastically wrapped in an old flannel bedgown of various dyes; each, for

lack of power to be otherwise, was unkempt and untidy; yet there was a great difference between them.

The little woman who had produced the coppers had a certain air of nicety about her: it was as if necessity, not indifference, had brought her to the state in which she was; even yet, in the whiteness of the thin, blue-veined brow, in the clearness of the eye, in the manner in which she held her basin and drank her soup, there was that which would arouse respect. The other woman was a much grander-looking personage: she had a strong, commanding face, and even in her present ungainly situation a fine carriage of the head. She was the dirtier of the two, but she had greater mental powers and a better opinion of herself.

"Ay," said the little woman, "but it's an awfu' thing to think o' deith. It's a' verra weel for Mr. McLaren to read oot o' his buik aboot the awfu'ness o' deith and judgment, and then tell us we'll no be amang the saved if we're skeered at it; a' me life lang I've been that skeered when I thocht o' deen' that it makes me creepie i' the nicht when I think o' it."

Then the big woman replied, "Hoots! but I've nae patience wi' ye, confezzin' tae Mr. McLaren that ye're frichted to dee. What will he think but that ye've some awfu' sin on yer mind? And what for suld ye be frichted? I'm no frichted. I maun say, when me time comes I ha' nae doot I can dee like a leddy."

"I'm skeered," said the other humbly.

The larger woman waved her large head in a superior manner, and, having finished her soup, she spread her gaunt hands before her, smoothing out the quilt. "For mesel', I can only say that I hae lived a decent, respectet life; ay, and little gude hae comed tae me in this warld. If there's justice wi' A'michty God, I maun hae better things in the next life. It wud be awfu' lack o' justice if I did na hae a' the gude things that are promised to them that dae weel and hae afflictions in this weary warld."

"Whisht, but I'm skeered tae hear ye talk that way o' the A'michty."

The little woman looked round uneasily at the window; she could not see out of it, because it was at the end of the room opposite the door; but she could see the light that came through it upon the wall, the ceiling, and the screen hung with old garments. It was about the hour of sunset, and the lurid light in the west had grown into a bright thunderous glare.

The big woman saw that the little woman was feeling timorous. She took a certain slight satisfaction in working upon her fears.

"Oo, ay! it's an awfu' queer licht the day," she said, "and Mr. McLaren's been telling us that there's many that calc'lates that the end of the warld is coming aboot noo. A' weel, I for ane am no frichted o' the trump o' doom; I'm no ane o' them that need go aboot cryin' on the rocks to fa' on me; I hae lived a guid life, and I hae the affliction of being forced to lie here, and canna put a fit tae the ground. Losh, me! if Deith should come in at the door at this meenit, I wud say, 'A' weel, I was na expectin' ye, but I've nae cause to be frichted.'"

"I wudna speak sae," said the other; "for mesel', I canna think that I hae lived as weel as I mecht; and tho' I hae asked the A'michty to hae mercy, I can never stan' a veesit fra' Mr. McLaren, talking sae as he does aboot deith and the deevil and the judgment, wi'out feelin' awfu' skeered; an' it's an awfu' queer licht the day, say what you wull, an' —"

Before she had finished speaking, her ear was arrested by an unusual noise, and the big woman broke in upon her words with a shrill whisper: "Losh, me! what's that awfu' sound o' cryin' i' the street?"

On the lips of the two excited old women there was a moment of intense silence; they looked about them, and upon one another, in the anguish of impotent

curiosity. There was not silence in the room; it was full of noise; but for the space of some seconds the women held their peace.

From the street arose a cry that seemed, to their excited minds, like the united howlings of all the human voices upon earth. There was another noise, more awful still, a bellowing that was to them like the sound of the last trump. The very dogs, also, seemed to have caught the contagion of human fear, for the sharp, incessant barking of collies pierced above the roar. Then, suddenly, there was a tumult as if a fear-stricken multitude had swept into their own staircase, for up its echoing, resounding stones came that awful vibrating trumpet-like sound they had heard before, and cries of fear, and shouts of anger, and the barking of dogs.

The little woman turned pleading, frightened eyes in an agonized glance upon her companion, but she gained no support from the terrified workings of the big woman's face.

"Losh, me!" — the big woman threw up her arms, and looked wildly about her, — "I didna think that the Last Day wud come on us sae unprepared-like." She raised herself in her bed, and gave an answering howl to the ever-increasing noise that was sweeping rapidly up the stair.

Three minutes before, at the end of the street, a strong young bull, on its way to the market, had broken loose from its keeper. The bull had galloped down the street, a screaming crowd flying before it and surging behind. A heavy dray had blocked the way, and the bull, mad with terror of the tumult which itself had raised, with a renewed bellow of fear, had turned into the only opening it could find just there, the common stair of this tenement.

Dogs and boys and men were upon its track in a moment; the animal had no choice but to continue the ascent it had so madly begun. Women, opening

their doors to see what might be coming to them, shrieked and slammed them in its face. Dogs and boys and men came on after the bull, swaying back in terror when the animal showed signs of turning at bay, and again pursuing when the nimble young creature rushed stumbling on up the strange path which it had chosen.

A minute more, and from the room of the two bedridden cronies there rang out a wild shriek of mortal fear. The shriek proceeded from the passing spirit of the big woman. The bull had thrust its horns and eyes through the old clothes upon the screen, and looked at her for the space of a moment.

"It's the Angel o' Deith! it's the Angel o' Deith!" screamed the big woman. Then she fell back, forever dumb.

The rabble found the bull within the door of the room. The animal, with foam at its mouth and frenzy in its eyes, made for the window, shattered it with its strong horns, and jumped out to its death.

The crowd surged on to the window, then back again down the stair.

On the pavement below the young bull was lying, a beautiful animal even yet, its body, unmutilated, limp and still.

A little while afterwards, a group of neighbor-women gathered around the figure of the little old woman. She was standing upright in a corner of the upper room.

"Sirs, me!" she was saying, "I can never be skeered again, in this warld or the next, I'm thinkin', sin' I lived through this." She looked about her at the motley crowd of women in petticoats and gowns, and shook her head at them with solemn conviction. "Ay, ay, I was awfu' skeered; but I jist said tae mesel', I canna tak' hert to be grond and brave-like, but I can dae me best to thole wi' patience whaiver the A'michty sends, an' I jist loupit oot o' me bed to be a'ready-like; and sin' I lived through 't,

I'm thinkin' I canna feel skeered ony mair at onything."

The little old woman was a favorite with her neighbors. They cried approvingly, "Ay, and ye've got the use o' yer twa legs; see how fine ye can stan' an'

walk!" And this was true. She did not need to go back to her bed.

On the other bed, stretched out and covered decently with a sheet, the big woman lay. Fear had severed the cord of her life.

L. Dougall.

THE FUTURE OF NAVAL WARFARE.

IN the days when the wily sophomore lured the innocent freshman to a mock examination before a simulated faculty, one question was frequently put to the trembling candidate. "If," said the pretended occupant of the chair of physics, "an irresistible force comes in collision with an immovable body, what will happen?"

Should a like practice obtain at Annapolis, the naval fledgeling may perhaps find a solution in the impending conflict between armor improvement and the development of destructive gunnery. The question restated is, "If unlimited penetrating power meets absolutely enduring defenses, what then?" It is not necessary to reach the abstract point to find a practical issue. The moment a final superiority of the one over the other is gained, when the explosive shot or shell which no armor can defy is invented, or the armor which no missile can pierce is discovered, then naval warfare is at an end. When dynamite-laden shells become harmless as bullets of cork against a hull of adamant, or when the impact of a single shot will tear to pieces the strongest ship which can be put afloat, naval warfare is reduced to the condition of the famous duel which Van Tromp is said to have proposed to a French officer, where both combatants were to sit on a powder-cask with a lighted fuse in the bung-hole.

The tendency is now toward the development of two distinct classes of naval

vessels. One class is of fully armored ships, in which the maximum of defensive capacity is sought for. The other is of partly protected cruisers, fleet enough to keep out of the range of the line-of-battle craft. Any combat between these two will be very like the strife, so vividly described in *The Talisman*, between Saladin and the Knight of the Couchant Leopard, and, like that, will probably end in a peaceful picnic in the nearest neutral port which may answer to the Diamond of the Desert. The business of the one is commerce-destroying, and therefore it will not fight if it can help it. The business of the other is fighting, but it can fight only when attacked.

In the old days of sailing-ships, all naval vessels, as a rule, by reason of superiority in spread of canvas and men, were able to overtake the ships of commerce. Swift frigates and corvettes swept the seas. Fleets of the line could effectively blockade an enemy's harbors, and only an equal or superior force could break through the cordon thus drawn. But with the present plans of coast defense this will be no longer possible, nor could such a fleet get near enough to cover the landing of an army conveyed in transports.

The armored ship on the high seas has nothing to do but to wait for the approach of another of similar capacities. Then one of two things must happen, according as the relation may stand between offensive and defensive powers. There will be either a harmless exchange

of shots, or a mutual destruction. These changes must affect very sensibly the character of both officers and men. The old naval warfare turned very largely upon the two qualities of seamanship and courage. Up to the time of the free use of steam on the ocean the general conditions of combat were about equal. Ships of like tonnage, armed with guns of the same calibre, encountered, under their respective flags, either in fleets or in single actions, and the turning-point of victory was with the officers on the quarter-deck and the men at the batteries. The nation which won was the nation best combining the nautical instinct, which is above all rules in seeing and doing the right thing at the right moment, with the bulldog tenacity which never knows when it is beaten. There was then plenty of room for both these qualities to come into play. Now the new conditions greatly reduce these two factors of victory. Discipline, constrained by the inexorable science of complicated machinery, takes the place of that old seamanlike faculty which divined the chances of wind and wave, and seized them with skillful daring. The colossal defenses of the present reduce all peril to a minimum up to a certain point, and then make destruction all but inevitable.

The motive power of the ship, once controlled by seamen at their stations, under fire, or aloft, amid showers of grape and canister, securing the parted rigging and the torn canvas, is now in the hands of stokers, below the water-line, and first aware of danger when it bursts upon them from riven boilers or the shock of the torpedo underneath the keel. They are aware of danger only in the moment of its paralyzing mastery.

So, with the officers, it is manifest that the fierce concentration of responsibility upon the successful execution of a single act must increase the tension of courage to an all but unendurable strain. It is like the temper of the gambler who stakes his all upon the turn of a single

card, the valor which is desperate rather than deliberate. Sooner or later these conditions must greatly harm the finer moral qualities of the service. Excess of peril brutalizes; impunity of destruction hardens. The mingling of the two must result in a character of which the ideal was found in the Old World pirate, who made his captives walk the plank, and who, in the moment of capture, fired his last pistol down the hatchway of the magazine.

It is not alleged that any such point has yet been reached. The argument here is that it must be reached eventually, on the present lines along which naval warfare is moving. To effect this experimentally, maritime offense and defense will require the test of war. Before his first duel, Charles O'Malley bragged that he could hit the stem of a wineglass at fifteen paces. "Yes," said Count Considine, "but the wineglass has no pistol in its hand."

The test of war, so long as it remains inconclusive, must mean experiments of destruction terrible to conceive of, and ever leading on to vaster possibilities of ruin and expense. The finality in view means a condition under which naval warfare stops, because either the chance of victory or the possibility of resistance has been eliminated from the problem.

The purpose of this paper is to submit that this end is presently attainable by the combined action of the chief maritime powers making the ocean the free common for all nations, and declaring against its use for belligerent purposes. Land-fighting will go on while the warlike passion remains in the heart of man, but it seems feasible that a perpetual "truce of God" should set apart the ocean. A great pervading system of international law now rules ocean traffic. Under mutual treaties drawn up by a maritime congress, each power might agree to maintain its quota of a general navy for the needs of marine police service. This would cover the chief utility of a navy

in time of peace: the charting of coasts, the planting of lighthouse and danger signals, the scientific study and experiment which navigation profits by, the work of rescue, the prevention and punishment of crime on the high seas, and the destruction of derelicts. Such a united navy would enforce all decrees of admiralty courts, and would compel the resort to arbitration in all the vexed and vexing questions between sea-bound peoples. If the chief naval powers once entered into this plan, all the lesser ones would be constrained to join the league. The obstacles which stand in the way of a universal land federation do not exist for a nautical confederacy; for the sea is a kingdom, an empire, or a republic (as one may choose to style it) of and by itself. It has to a great extent a common language, and in a still greater degree a community of thought and feeling, an unwritten law of usage, and a nautical homogeneity rising above the bonds of race and speech. The fore-castle of almost every ocean-going ship is cosmopolitan.

Then, again, owing to the larger use of steam, navigation tends more and more to settled routes. The fisheries are confined to narrower limits. The coasting trade of nations, between their own terminal points, follows, of course, the one familiar track. The old mercantile adventuring, in which ships were to be found anywhere and everywhere, is a thing of the past, and much of the sea is as solitary as the pathless forest. Hence the duty of an international navy could be concentrated with great advantage at certain stations and along ocean lanes. One can readily grasp the value of a sea-patrol along the three-mile-wide track of transatlantic commerce. With ships of the highest excellence, stored with provisions and supplies of every sort, carrying salvage crews, and cruising with almost the precision of the life-savers of the coast-guard as they walk their beat on shore, the chances of every shipwrecked

or distressed vessel would be vastly bettered. The derelict, now one of the leading perils of the sea, would disappear from the list of marine dangers, and the dread of icebergs and field-ice would be greatly lessened, if cruisers were constantly watching for and reporting the drifting danger. One frequent maritime incident is for a vessel in distress to be spoken by another under conditions which even the unselfish and almost boundless generosity of the seafaring class cannot overcome. A master's first duty is to his ship's company, the crew and passengers under his care. The sea Samaritan, with his men on short allowance and a crippled craft, may, however unwillingly, have to pass by on the other side. How greatly would he be relieved were his the moral certainty of being able, within twenty-four hours, to report the case to a naval commander whose special office would be to hasten to the rescue!

One source of jealousy between naval nations is the establishment by rival powers of coaling-stations. If these have to be strongly fortified, their expense is great, and each power is anxious to maintain as many as possible. This would at once be changed under the new plan. The common interest would then be to select with a single eye to convenience the best spots, and to place there the largest facilities required by steam navigation.

Again, the prompt oversight of marine wrong-doing would certainly be favored if all the present susceptibilities of national flags could be taken out of the account. The pirate and the slaver are now liable to be brought to by any war vessel, but these are almost extinct as marine wrong-doers. Mutiny, barratry, abuse and ill treatment of seamen by officers, are matters in which it would greatly help justice if all questions of national jealousy could be removed, and any armed ship could have the rights of interposition that vessels of the navy under the same flag as the wrong-doer now have.

The case of civil war is one which at

present sets the naval establishments of all the great powers on the *qui vive*. Each of them hastens its squadron to the ports of the disturbed country, "to look after the interests of its own commerce," but rarely, except in consequence of flagrant inhumanity, interferes to protect any but its own citizens. If this were made a general duty, in the same way in which, in case of a street row, the nearest policeman is expected to step in, and the maritime power on the spot should be considered bound to see to the safety of all neutral lives and property, a vast deal of diplomatic complication might be avoided. So, too, the sending of arms, munitions, and insurgents from one nation to another ought not to be left to the navies of the respective countries to put a stop to; it should be made the duty of the naval watchman, whatever his colors, to "comprehend all vagrom" craft, and compel them to show their business. With the completed system of signaling which would follow the establishment of a naval confederacy, the bad business of abetting conspiracy and revolutions in a neighbor's country could be swiftly disposed of.

The construction of commerce-destroyers has been referred to already, and notice has been taken of the probability that they will not seek a combat with one another. It only remains to note that, in the event of a naval war between two maritime powers, the result will be that each will sweep away the merchant marine of the other, for the benefit of the neutral nations, who will at once pick up the carrying-trade of the seas. The sentiment of enlightened nations is against privateering, but "commerce-destroying" must take the same shape. The temptation of large prize money will keep the fleet cruisers from seeking battle with their like while wealthy and unarmed traders are to be picked up. When they fight, it will be, it is to be feared, after the fashion of Prince Hal and Poins toward Falstaff, Bardolph, and Peto.

The whole spirit of modern war is moving away from the old standpoint. Formerly, the purpose was to do all possible injury to an enemy. Now the theory is that only inevitable evils shall be inflicted, that non-combatants shall be spared and wanton mischief forborne. Doing harm for harm's sake, when there is no military exigency served, is considered base and cruel. The victors on the field are expected to care for the wounded of the vanquished as well as for their own. Hospitals in a besieged city are protected by the Geneva cross flying over them. With the celerity and magnitude of modern military operations, it is possible for a great campaign to begin and end in a single season, and a decisive battle to leave behind it no wider scar than its own field. While the principle is that war, like its own cannonballs, is regardless of whatever is in its path, it must not turn aside for needless harm-doing.

But naval war is both dilatory and destructive. Its indirect mischief far exceeds its direct, and therefore is more slowly felt. It is quite possible for one of two belligerents to have absolute control of the seas, while the other is supreme upon the land. If the strength of the latter is conclusive against attack on shore, the navy of the former is deprived of its only legitimate service, that of covering a landing of troops. This was shown in the Crimean campaign, where, if Russia had been able to win the battle of the Alma, the siege of Sevastopol would never have taken place. Subsequent attempts showed that the attack on the sea-front was a vain waste of men and missiles. It is more than likely that the development of coast defense will continue to render impracticable the approach of a fleet within the longest gunshot range of shore artillery; and the land force has the added protection of torpedoes, both fixed and dirigible, of monitors and floating batteries. The land defense has the further advan-

tage that it is conducted on interior lines, and can have unlimited facilities of reinforcement and base of supplies. The offensive power of a navy is therefore restricted to blockading, the siege of ports of entry, and possible coast-raiding. Unless the power possessing the naval superiority is able to obtain and hold a permanent footing on the enemy's territory, it cannot compel a peace. War, under these conditions, becomes a trial of mere endurance, of distress and inconvenience. But in the event of war between two fairly matched naval powers, fighting on the ocean may continue for years without a decisive action. Meanwhile, commerce-destroying goes on, causing mutual loss and distress without any adequate compensation. Its weight falls on peaceable non-combatants. For one valuable prize taken and sent in, hundreds of ships will of necessity be burnt or sunk, and their crews and passengers left to shift for themselves in neutral ports. The point here insisted on is, that while military success generally obtains for the victors substantial results, a naval war is likely to be inconclusive, and may terminate with no other satisfaction to the belligerents than that of the infliction of a great deal of purposeless damage.

It remains to consider the obstacles, and then the advantages, of the plan proposed.

It may be said that a great maritime power like England would never come into a plan which would leave it without the power of protecting its colonies and dependencies. But the scheme here proposed would make all the league responsible for that protection. Nothing in its terms would hinder the free transportation of troops and supplies between any parts of the same empire, to India, Australia, South Africa, and Canada. There are just three cases in which England could be embroiled with a power likely to enter the league. One of these is with the United States of America in regard to Canada; the second is with France or Germany in South Africa; the third is

with Russia in India. The probability of the first is almost infinitesimal, since the American people do not want British North America unless the Canadas desire annexation; and if they do desire it, with anything like unanimity, it is obvious that the whole might of the British Empire cannot prevent it. It could as easily build a pontoon bridge from Valentinia to Cape Race. The chances of serious collision in Africa are not great, since the chief problem is to settle and to civilize the dark continent in the face of climatic drawbacks and a savage population. With Russia the fight must be a land fight along the northern frontier of India, and its fortunes must turn very largely on the hold of British rule upon the vast and complex native races. Given a firm grasp upon these, and the naval strength of England is unimportant. If that grasp fails, a fleet in the Hoogly or in the harbor of Bombay can have very little influence on operations along the Hindoo Kush or at the gates of Herat. It is hard to see how England would fail to gain all the ends she has been straining every nerve to compass, — and more, — if such a confederacy were to assure the perpetual freedom of the seas, and she could take the lead in establishing it without loss of prestige.

This plan would greatly simplify the relations of the most civilized states to the semi-barbarous ones. In case of piracies, ill use of shipwrecked seamen, and the like, the knowledge that redress would be demanded by the allied navies would bring speedy and complete submission. There would be, too, the advantage that such proceedings would be more measured, dignified, and humane than when, as now, they are left to the discretion of the aggrieved nation. In fact, it would be very like the substitution of grave judicial action for the hasty and extreme dealing of individual righting of personal wrongs. For the protection of the weaker communities, instead of the present uncertain and slow

pressure of the public opinion of nations loath to meddle in what does not directly concern them, there would be established, upon fixed precedents and general agreement, principles of action somewhat in conformity with the tenets of Christian enlightenment. Probably it would, in time, render contraband the supply of arms and deleterious liquors to the natives of savage lands.

Another difficulty in the outset would be the apportionment of naval duty between the contracting powers. At present, the state of matters is very much as if each ward of a city were required to maintain an independent force of police, whose duty should be to look after the entire city territory, and therefore there would be employed as many times the requisite number as there were wards. It surely would not be unreasonable to adopt the present municipal system, by which each squad has its especial beat, while in any emergency the bulk of the force can be detailed for duty where it is most wanted. There would be a choice of duties. Cruising off the Crozets or the Falklands in the month of August would hardly be as easy and pleasant as to pass the same month in sight of Honolulu or in the waters of Japan. There would have to be a rotation of duties, but these could be apportioned as now the changes of shore and dockyard service are in individual navies. It would no doubt be possible to give a preference to the nations best fitted for service in the warmer regions, and *vice versa*; but since the practical result would be a blending of the allies into one vast international navy, these questions would, in time, dispose of themselves. The ranking admiral would be an officer who had been everywhere and done everything in his profession, and be fitly the ultimate judge in all emergencies.

It may be also objected that, without the stimulus of possible war, no officers worth their salt would seek the navy. One can imagine this motive in the case

of the army. A soldier who never fights or expects to fight is only a finished and pedantic militia-man. But the seaman, once afloat, is face to face with foes ever at hand. No science can quite rob him of the need of skill, courage, and constancy. In the naval duties here suggested there would be opportunity for all the high qualities which make the complete naval officer one of the most accomplished and estimable of public servants. The peace records of navy life are filled with stories of heroism and noblest devotion to duty. Will there not also be a gain in the training of the navy men of all nations by this elimination of the war element? Now, there is a constant sacrifice of something to the needs of combat. Speed, safety, comfort, health, were in turn disregarded. In the monitor type everything was subordinated to the theory of a submerged and armored battery-bearing craft. The turret steamer attempted to obtain sea-going powers, but the fate of the Captain showed the danger of the low freeboard. The heavier the armor, the more need of a low centre of gravity and a deep draught. The ship of the free-ocean navy, needing only a moderate armament, could be planned so as to secure the perfection of speed and seaworthiness. She could combine the largest capacity for stores and fuel with the best accommodation for officers and crew. She would, no doubt, discard the tugboat pattern now in vogue, and return to the old use of sails and spars; and last, but not least, the brutal and suicidal ram would disappear.

A federated naval service would offer, it seems to me, a higher professional advantage. Being international, it would be taken out of politics, and into the category of civil service. By economizing the number of ships necessary to sea supervision under the plan of coöperative responsibility, and by saving the enormous expenses of armor and ordnance now weighing so heavily upon naval estimates, it would be quite possi-

ble to offer higher pay and to provide retiring-pensions on a liberal scale.

The question arises of the event of land hostilities between two members of the maritime league. How would it be possible for the nations, say France and Germany, or Russia and England, to be friends at sea and foes on shore? This might be met by requiring that for the time being the naval vessels of the belligerents should be assigned to duty at stations divided by meridian or equatorial lines. The Pacific could be made the ground of one fleet, the Atlantic of the other; neutral powers could be expected to see that the compact was duly kept. In the old days, when "gentlemen adventurers" sailed under the black flag, the law among them was that there should be no fighting on shipboard, but that in the event of a quarrel the parties to it should be set on shore at the first convenient landing, there to settle the matter with pistol and cutlass. In the same way, the nations must fight their battles on dry land; and if this rule could be enforced, as it was to a considerable extent, among the lawless and desperate buccaneers of the Spanish main, why could it not be made effectual as to all who sail the seas?

As the idea and the possibility of naval war gradually withdrew to the background, the navy of the nations would consolidate more and more into an ocean nationality. The habit of acting in absolute concert, with the obedience which is the essence of sea service, would make the naval marine one, whatever might be the independence of the merchant marine of each people. One cannot read the striking story of the efforts for the relief of Sir John Franklin's party without seeing how nobly and heartily the forces under various flags could work together.

Does all this seem Utopian? The four or five greatest naval powers of the

world, if once agreed, could quickly compel all the lesser maritime nations to fall into line. The contingent which each power should furnish would be based upon its sea-going traffic, or any power might be permitted to commute by a subsidy. The power failing to do its share might be held to forfeit the benefits of the league, be barred from the ports and refused the protection of the admiralty courts of the other powers. A congress of the maritime nations, as has been said above, could draw up a plan which should be mutually ratified by treaty. The gain would be that, once established, the peace of the ocean could not again be broken. Nor would there be danger that this sea confederacy would ever imperil the security of the land. For all essential needs of navigation, the sea-traversers are absolutely dependent upon the supply which the land affords. In fact, one would hardly notice this objection save for the ingenuity of the inland Congressman and the rural editor to whom it might occur.

To sum up in a word or two, the conclusion reached is that no one power can possibly obtain the absolute dominion of the high seas to the exclusion of the rest. No advantages which the naval preponderance of one power can gain for it can be held secure from the hazards of battle. Every benefit for which it is worth while to fight, every privilege which it is desirable to defend, can be had by the simple step of prohibiting naval warfare. This, as has been shown, does not abolish navies or strip them of their continuing usefulness and honorable renown.

As commerce protectors, as guardians of the seas, as worthy antagonists of the ever restless forces of wind and wave, an efficient navy, working for the interests of all who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, will always have enough to do and abundant credit for its gallant deservings.

Walter Mitchell.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

'T WAS Adam at the gates of Paradise :
 Sick with the world's first sickness, prostrate, pale,
 Low lay he, in his pain. And they made wail
 That stood by him : "O father, dim your eyes
 And filmed, on your great limbs you cannot rise ;
 Lo, huge black clouds across the heavens sail,
 And prowling shadow crouches in the vale.
 What burden, father, on the hurt earth lies ?"
 "I fail, O wife and children, for the bough
 Whereof I ate. Go thou, swift-footed Seth,
 And pluck from that sweet tree." With eyes mist-dim
 He looked on it. "Nay, wife, nay, children, now
 Is here the one He spake of to me, — Death ;
 With hollow voice he bids me follow him."

John Vance Cheney.

THE MYSTERY OF WITCH-FACE MOUNTAIN.

VII.

THE love of contention served, in the case of old Persimmon Sneed, in the stead of industry, of rectitude, of perseverance, of judgment, of every quality that should adorn a man. So eager was he to be off and at the road again that he could scarcely wait to swallow his refection. All the charms of the profusely spread board had not availed to decoy him from the subject, and the repast of the devoted jury of view was seasoned with his sage advice and vehement argument against the project, which its advocates, fully occupied, failed for the nonce to combat. Now and again Mrs. Minerva Slade sought to interpose in their behalf, and many a tempting trencher was thrust to his elbow to divert the tenor of his discourse. But despite his youthful vulnerability to the dainty which had won him his sobriquet, Persimmon Sneed's palate was not more susceptible to the allurements of

flattery than his hard head or his obdurate heart. There was, however, at intervals, a lively clatter of his knife and fork, and some redoubtable activity on the part of his store teeth, frankly false, and without doubt the only false thing about him. Then he hustled up the jury of view and their *confrères* to the resumption of their duties, and was the first man to put foot in stirrup. Certain other mountaineers would fain have lingered, as was manifest by the triangular slices of "apple custard pie" in their hands, as they stood, still munching, on the porch, watching the departing jury of view with their active and aged precursor, and by their loitering adieus and thanks to Aunt Minerva Slade. A beaming countenance did she wear this day. She had cooked to some cheerful purpose. Not one failure had marred the *menu*, in testimony of which, as she afterward remarked, "I never seen scraps so skimpy." Her spectacles reflected the bland light of the day as smilingly as

the eyes above which they were poised, as she stood in the doorway, and with fluttering graciousness received the homage of her beneficiaries.

"That youngest one, Con Hite, war sorter mild-mannered an' meek," she afterward said, often recounting the culinary triumphs of the great day, "an' I misdoubts but he hed the deespepsy, fur he war the only one ez did n't pitch in an' eat like he war tryin' ter pervide fur a week's fastin'. I reckon they all knowed what sort'n pitiful table they sets out at Mis' Cornely Hood's, t'other side the mounting, whar they expected ter stop fur supper, an' war a-goin' ter lay up suthin' agin destitution."

For an hour, perhaps, before reaching Hanway's, Con Hite had ridden with the jury of view. He had not much expectation of influencing the fate of the road in any respect by his presence, but he felt it was a matter of consistency to appear with the others of the opposition. He desired, too, to publicly urge, as his reason for objecting to the project, the insufficiency of hands in so sparsely populated a region to make a road and keep it in repair; lest another reason, the wish to preserve the seclusion so dear to the moonshiner, be attributed to him. This matter of policy had been made very palatable by the probability that he would see Narcissa, and it was with a deep disappointment that he beheld Selwyn beside her, and received only a slight movement of her drooping eyelids as a token of recognition and welcome. He had been minded to dismount and walk with her, but his heart burned with resentment. Of what worth now were all his buoyant anticipations, while she was listening to the sugared flatteries of the "town cuss"? He had this subject for cogitation, while, in a stifling room, he was regaled with hard cider and apple-jack by no more fascinating Hebe than old Mrs. Slade, with her withered sallow skin, her excited anxious eye, her fluttered, tremulous, skinny fingers, her hysteric cap with its

maddeningly flying strings, and her wonderfully swift venerable scamper in and out of the kitchen.

Con Hite was the last to go. He led the horse down to the watering-trough, oblivious of the stream, with its ample supply, a hundred yards or so further on and in full view; and as he stood there, with his hand on the animal's shoulder, he turned his eyes, somewhat wistful, though wont to be so bold and bright, upon Narcissa, still seated on the stile. Her own brown long-lashed eyes had a far-away look in them. They evidently passed him over absently, and followed the squad of men swiftly trotting adown the road, all in good heart and good temper again to take up their duty where they had laid it down. No vague faint vestige of a dimple was now in her daintily white cheek.

"Ye be powerful sparin' o' speech ter-day," he remarked.

Her eyes did not move from the distant landscape. "Folks ez hev got nuthin' ter say would do well ter say it."

He flushed. "Ye hed mo' ter say ter the stranger-man."

"Don't see him so powerful frequent. When a thing is sca'ce, it's apt ter be ch'ice," she retorted.

She experienced a certain pleasure in her acridity. For his sake, lest suspicion befall him, she had sought to inaugurate an investigation — nay, a persecution — of this man, and he a stranger; and but that circumstance was kind to him, her effort might have resulted cruelly. And now that she had done so much for Con Hite, it was her pleasure to take it out on him, as the phrase goes. All unaware of this curious mental attitude, he winced under her satire.

"Waal, I kin make myself sca'ce, too," he said, an impulse of pride surging in his heart.

"It mought be better fur ye," she replied indifferently.

His momentary independence left him suddenly.

"Narcissa," he said reproachfully, "ye did n't always talk this way ter me."

"That ain't news ter me. Ben 'lows ez I talk six ways fur Sunday."

"Ye dunno how I feel, not knowin' how ye be set towards me, an' hevin' ter see ye so seldom, a-workin' all the time down yander, a-moonshinin' " —

"I would n't talk 'bout it so turr'ble loud." She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder. "An' ye 'd better quit it, ennyhows."

"Ye 'lows it be wrong," he said, his bold bright eyes all softened as he looked at her, "bein' agin the law?"

"I ain't keerin' fur the law. Ef the truth war knowed, the law is aimin' ter git all the benefit o' whiskey bein' drunk itself. That's whar the law kems in. I only keer fur" — She stopped abruptly. She had nearly revealed to him that she cared only lest some disaster come to him in his risky occupation; that she would like him to be ploughing in a safe level field at the side of a cabin, where she might sit by the window and sew, and look out and see that no harm befell this big bold man, six feet two inches high. "Con Hite!" she exclaimed, her face scarlet, "I never see a body ez hard-hearted an' onmerciful ez ye air. Why n't ye water that sufferin' beast, ez air fairly honing ter drink? Waal," she continued, after a pause in which he demonstrated the axiom that one may lead a horse to water, but cannot make him drink, "then why n't ye go? I ain't got time ter waste, ef ye hev."

She rose as if for departure, and he put his foot in the stirrup. "I wish ye would n't be so harsh ter me, Narcissa," he said meekly.

"Waal, thar be a heap o' saaft-spoken gals ter be hed fur the askin'. Ye kin take yer ch'ice."

And with this he was fain to be content, as he mounted and rode reluctantly away.

She sat down again, and was still for a long time after the last echo of his

horse's hoofs had died on the air. Her thoughts did not follow him, however. They turned again with renewed interest to the fair-haired young stranger. Somehow she was ill at ease and vaguely disillusioned. She watched mechanically, and with some unaccustomed touch of melancholy, the burnished shimmering golden haze gradually invest far blue domes and their purple slopes, and the brown valleys, and the rugged rocky mountains nearer, with a certain idealized slumberous effect like the landscape of a dream. In these still spaces naught moved now save the imperceptible lengthening of the shadows. It had never occurred to her to deem the scene beautiful; it was the familiar furniture of her home. Upon this her eyes had first opened. She had never thought to compare it to aught else, — to the suffocating experience of one visit to the metropolitan glories of the little town in the flat woods known as Colbury. It had seemed, indeed, magnificent to her ignorance, and the temerity of the architecture of a two-story house had struck her aghast. She had done naught but wonder and stare. It had been a great delight, the trip, but she had never desired to linger or to dwell there. Certain sordid effects came over her; reminiscences of the muddy streets, the tawdry shops, the jostling, busy-eyed people.

"Ain't this ez good?" she said to herself, as the vast scene suddenly fluctuated beneath a flare of wind amidst the sunshine, and light, detached white flakes of cloud went winging athwart the blue sky; their shadows followed them fast across the sunlit valley, — only their dark and lifeless semblances, like the verbal forms of some white illumined thought that can find no fit expression in words. The breath of the pines came to her, the sound of the water, the sudden fanfare of the unseen wind in the sky heralding the clouds. "Ain't this ez good?" she said again, with that first deadly, subtle distrust of

the things of home, that insidious discontent so fatal to peace. He evidently did not deem it as good, and the obvious fact rankled in her. The mountain men, and their lack of enterprise, and their drawling speech which he had mimicked, — they too shared his disparagement; and she was conscious that she herself did not now think so well of them, — so conscious that she made a loyal struggle against this sentiment.

"So shif'less, so thrif'less," she echoed his words. "An' I dunno ez *I* ever viewed a wastefuller critter 'n this hyar very Mister Man." She rose from her seat and stooped down, gathering together the handful of matches that Selwyn had inadvertently pulled from his pocket with the one which he had used in illustrating his suggestion of setting the waters of a spring afire. "Ef he keeps on ez wasteful ez this, he 'll get out o' matches whar he lives over yander; an' I misdoubts ef, smart ez he 'lows he be, he could kindle the wood ter cook his breakfus' by a flint rock, ef he air so boastful ez ter 'low ez he kin set spring water afire."

She made the matches into a compact little budget and slipped them into her pocket, and as she rose and looked about uncertainly she heard her aunt Minerva calling to her from the house that it was high time to go and drive up the cows.

Aunt Minerva had not bethought herself to summon the girl to dinner. The whole world seemed surfeited to her, so had dinner occupied her day. Narcissa herself, under the stress of the abnormal excitements, felt no lack as she slowly trod the familiar paths in search of the bovine vagrants.

Her thoughts bore her company, and she was far from home when the aspect of the reddening sun smote her senses. She stood and watched the last segment of the vermilion sphere sink down out of sight, and, as she turned, the October dusk greeted her on every side. The shadows, how dense in the woods; the

valleys, darkling already! Only on the higher eastern slopes a certain red reflection spoke of the vanishing day. She looked vainly as yet for some faint silvery suffusion which might herald the rising of the moon; for it was to be a bright night. She was glad of the recollection. She had not hitherto realized it, but she was tired. She would rest for a little while, and thus refreshed she would be the sooner home. She sat down on a ledge of the outcropping rock and looked about her. The spot was unfamiliar, but in the far stretch of the darkening scene she identified many a well-known landmark. There was the gleaming bend of the river in the valley, lost presently amidst the foliage of its banks; and here was an isolated conical peak on a far lower level than the summit of the range, and known as Thimble Mountain; and nearer still, across a narrow bight of the Cove, was a bare slope. As she glanced at it she half rose from her place, for there was the witch-face, twilight on the grim features, yet with the aid of memory so definitely discerned that they could hardly have been more distinct by noonday, — a dark face, of inexplicably sinister omen. "Oh, why did I see it to-day!" she exclaimed, the presage of ill fortune strong upon her, with that grim mask so darkly leering at her from across the valley. But the day was well-nigh gone; only a scant space remained in which to work the evil intent of fate. She seated herself anew, for in the shadowy labyrinth of the woods her path could scarcely be found. She must needs wait for the moon.

She wondered, as she sat and gazed about, how far she might be from that new dwelling where he lived who so scorned the mountain, and who owed to it his every breath. There was no sound, no suggestion of human habitation. The shadowy woods stood dense about the little open ledgy space on three sides; toward the very verge of the mountain the rocks grew shelving and precipitous,

and beyond the furthest which she could see, the gray edge of which cut sharply against the base of a distant dun-tinted range, she knew the descent was abrupt to the depths of the valley. Looking up, she beheld the trembling lucid whiteness of a star; now and again the great plumed top of an oak-tree swayed beneath, and then its glister was broken and deflected amidst the crisp autumnal leaves, but still she saw it shine. It told, too, that there was water near; she caught its radiant multiplied reflection, like a cluster of scintillating white gems, on the lustrous dark surface of a tiny pool, circular and rock-bound, close beneath the ledge on which she sat. She leaned over, and saw the limpid fading red sky, and the jagged brown border of the rocks, and a grotesque moving head, which she recognized, after a plunge of the heart, as her own sunbonnet. She drew back in dismay; she would have no more of this weird mirror of the rocks and woods, and looked up again at the shining of the star amidst the darkening shadows of the scarlet oak. How tall that tree was, how broad of girth! And how curiously this stranger talked! What was there to do with all these trees? Would he cut down all the trees on the mountain? A sudden doubt of his sanity crossed her mind. It was the first, and her heart stood still for a moment. But as she slowly canvassed the idea, it accounted for much otherwise impossible to comprehend: his evident poverty and his efforts toward the purchase of lands; his illness and his bluff insistence on his strength; his wild talk of enterprise and his mysterious intimations of phenomenal opportunities. Confirmations of the suspicion crowded upon her; above all, the mad boast that with a match he could set the waters of a spring afire.

With a sad smile at the fatuity of the thing, in her idle waiting she drew one of his matches from her pocket; then she struck it briskly on the rugged rock, and

cast it, blazing lightly, into the bubbling waters of the spring.

The woods, the rocks, the black night, the fleering, flouting witch-face, all with an abrupt bound sprang into sudden visibility. A pyramid of yellow flame was surging up from the bubbling surface of the water. Long, dark, slim shadows were speeding through the woods, with strange slants of yellow light; the very skies were a-flicker. She cowered back for a moment, covering her face with her hands. Then, affrighted at her own sorceries, she fled like a deer through the wilderness.

VIII.

One by one, as the afternoon wore on, the spectators began to desert the jury of view, their progress over the mountain being slower than had been anticipated. So often, indeed, did insoluble difficulties arise touching the location of the road and questions of dispute that it might be wondered that the whole body did not perish by faction. After the party had passed the boundary line of Persimmon Sneed's tract, where he seemed to consider the right of eminent domain merged in nothingness in comparison to his lordly prerogatives as owner in fee simple, he ceased to urge as heretofore. He dictated boldly to the jury. He rode briskly on in advance, as if doing the honors of his estate to flattered guests, now and again waving his hand to illustrate his proposition; his keen, high-pitched voice overcoming in its distinct utterance the sound of hoofs and spurs, and the monotonous bass contradictions proffered by Silas Boyd.

And the jury of view, silent and circumspect, rode discreetly on.

Persimmon Sneed's mare seemed as fresh as himself, and when he would turn, as he often did, to face the fatigued, wilted, overwhelmed jury jogging along on their jaded steeds, tired out with the long day's jaunt and the rough footing, the

mare would move swiftly backward in a manner that would have done credit to the manege of a circus. And at this extreme advantage Persimmon Sneed and his raised adjuring forefinger seemed impossible to be gainsaid. His arguments partook of the same unanswerable character.

"Ye don't see none o' my cattle, do ye?" He waved his hand toward the woods flecked with the long slantings of the sun. "I hev got more 'n a hunderd head grazin' right hyar in the bresh. Cattle-thieves could call an' salt 'em easy enough, but they could n't drive 'em off through the laur'l thar; it's thick ez hell!" pointing to the dense jungle. "But ef we-uns hed this hyar road what you 're aimin' ter lay off, why, a leetle salt an' a leetle drivin' an' a moonlight night would gather 'em, an' the whole herd would be in Georgy by daybreak. I would n't hev the hawn of a muley cow lef'. Now, ez it be, them cattle air ez safe from sight ez ef I hed swallowed 'em!" And he whirled again, and led the column.

The jury of view rode disconsolately on.

They experienced a temporary relief when they had passed the confines of his tract, — for it was across but a protruding tongue of the main body of his land that the road was expected to run, — and entered upon the domain of the "valley man with the lung complaint;" for this diverted Persimmon Sneed to the more amiable task of narrating how the stranger had sought to buy land of him, and the high prices he had scornfully refused, the adaptability of his land to his own especial needs being so phenomenally apt.

A sudden query from Silas Boyd rendered their respite short: "What's that man Selwyn want so much land fur, ennyhows? He hev been tryin' ter buy all that 'crost the gorge, too." He waved his hand toward the gloomy woods darkening on the opposite slope.

"Ter graze cattle, o' course," promptly surmised Persimmon Sneed. "Jes' look at my fine chance o' yearlin's, a-lay-in' on fat an' bone an' muscle every day, with no expense nor attendance, an' safe an' sound an' sure. An' now," he cried suddenly, and the shuddering jury saw the collocation of ideas as it bore down upon them, and Persimmon Sneed swiftly turned, facing them, while the mare nimbly essayed a *passado* backward, "ye air talkin' 'bout changin' all this, ruinationin' the vally o' my land ter me. Ye 'low ye want ter permote the interus' o' the public! Waal," raising an impressive forefinger, "ain't *I* the public?"

No one ventured a reply.

The jury of view rode desperately on.

They had presently more cause for depression of spirit. It began to be evident that with the dusk some doubt had arisen in the minds of the mountaineers of the party as to the exact trend of the herder's trail. The doubt intensified, until further progress proved definitively that the indistinct trail was completely lost. Darkness came on apace; the tangled ways of the forest seemed momentarily more tortuous; wolves were not rare in the vicinity; rumors of a gang of horse-thieves were rife.

After much discussion, the jury of view agreed that they would go no further at present, but wait for the rising of the moon, on the theory that it would then be practicable to make their way to the Hood cabin, on the other side of the mountain, which was their immediate goal, and which they had expected to reach by sunset; unaware that in their devious turnings they had retraced several miles of their course, and were now much nearer Selwyn's dwelling in the woods than the terminus of their route.

Despite their uncertainty and anxiety the rest was grateful. The shades of night were cool and refreshing after the glare of the day, as they sat smoking on the rocks about the verge of the moun-

tain, or lay, pillowed on their saddles, on the fallen leaves. For the horses had been unsaddled, and were picketed in an open glade at a little distance: in recurrent pauses in the talk the sound of their grazing on the scanty grass came to the ear; all else was silence save the tinkling of a mountain rill, — a keen detached *apoggiatura* rising occasionally above the monody of its murmurous flow, — and the melancholy chiming of some lingering cicada, the latest spared of the frost.

The night was as yet very dark; the stars were dull in a haze, the valley was a vague blur; even the faces of the men could not be dimly distinguished. Strange, then, that an added visibility suddenly invested the woods and the sky-line beyond a dense belt of timber.

"'Pears ter me toler'ble early fur the moon," observed one of the men. "She's on the wane now, too."

"'T ain't early, though," replied the sullen bass voice of Silas Boyd from the darkness; it was lowered, that the others might not hear. "That thar old perverted Philistine of a Persimmon Sneed kep' us danderin' roun' hyar till mighty nigh eight o'clock, I'll bet, a-persistin' an' a-persistin' he knowed the road, when he war plumb lost time we got on that cow-path. An' the jury o' view, they hed ter take Persimmon Sneed's advice, he bein' the oldest, an' wait *hyar* fur the risin' moon. Persimmon Sneed will repent he picked out this spot, — he'll repent it sure!"

This dictum was only the redundancy of discontent; but when, in the light of subsequent events, it was remembered, and special gifts of discernment were attributed to Silas Boyd, he did not disclaim them, for he felt that his words were surely inspired by some presentiment, so apt were they, and so swiftly did the fulfillment follow the prophecy.

There was a sudden stir among the group. The men were getting quickly to their feet, alert, tense, with broken whispers and bated breath. For there,

on a bare slope, viewed diagonally across the gorge and illumined with a wavering pallor, the witch-face glared down at them from the dense darkness of the woods. The quick chilly repulsion of the strangers as they gazed spellbound at the apparition was outmatched by the horror of those who had known the fantasy from childhood; never thus had they beheld the gaunt old face! What strange unhallowed mystery was this, that it should smile and grimace and mock at them down out of the shadowy night, with flickers of light as of laughter running athwart its grisly lineaments? What evil might it portend? They all stood aghast, watching this pallid emblazonment of the deep night.

"Boys," said old Dent Kirby tremulously, "thar's suthin' powerful cur'ous 'bout this 'speriunce. That thar light war never kindled in heaven or yearth."

"Let's go!" cried Jeremiah Sayres. "We hev got ter git out'n this somehows."

"Go whar?" croaked Silas Boyd, his deep bass voice lowered to a whisper. "I be 'feard ter quit the trail funder. 'Pinnock's Mis'ry' be hyarabout some-whar, a plumb quicksand, what a man got into an' floundered an' sank, an' floundered agin, an' whenst they fund him his hair war white an' his mind deranged. Or else we-uns mought run off'n a bluff somewhar, an' git our necks bruk."

Now, Persimmon Sneed was possessed of a most intrusive curiosity, and he was further endowed with a sturdy courage.

"I'll jes' step off a leetle way to'des that light, an' view whar it kems from," he observed coolly. "The woods air too wet to burn."

He would not listen to protest.

"The witch-face ain't never blighted me none," he rejoined stoutly as he set forth.

IX.

The thick tangled mass of the undergrowth presently intervened, so that, as

he broke his way through it, he wondered that its bosky dimness should be so visible beneath the heavy shadows of the great trees looming high overhead. Once he stopped doubtfully; the glow evidently came rather from below than above. It is too much to say that a thrill of fear tried the fibres of Persimmon Sneed's obdurate old heart. But he listened for a moment to hear, perchance, the sound of voices from the group he had left, or the champing of the picketed steeds. He was an active man, and had come fast and far since quitting his companions. Not even a vague murmur rose from the silent autumnal woods. The stillness was absolute. As he moved forward once more, the impact of his foot upon the rain-soaked leaves, the rustle of the boughs as he pressed among them, the rise and fall of his own breathing, somewhat quicker than its wont, served to render appreciable to Persimmon Sneed the fact that he possessed nerves which were more susceptible to a quaver of doubt than that redoubtable endowment called his hard head.

"Somebody hev jes' sot out fire in the woods, — though powerful wet," he muttered, his intellectual entity seeking to quiet that inward flutter of his mere bodily being. "But I 'm a-goin' on," he protested obstinately, "ef it be bodaciously kindled by the devil!"

And as he spoke, his heart failed, his limbs seemed sinking beneath him, his pulses beat tumultuously for a moment, and then were abruptly still; he had emerged from the woods in a great flickering glare which pervaded an open, rocky space shelving to a precipice, and beheld a tall, glowing yellow flame rising unquenched from the illuminated surface of a bubbling mountain spring. His senses reeled; a myriad of tawny red and yellow flashes swayed before his dazzled eyes. He had heard all his life of the wild freaks of the witches in the woods. Had he chanced on their unhallowed pas-

times in the solitudes of these untrodden mountain wildernesses? Was this miraculous fire, blazing from the depths of the clear water, necromancy, the work of the devil?

The next moment his heart gave a great throb. He found his voice in a wild halloo. Among the fluttering shadows of the trees he had caught sight of the figure of a man, and, a thousand times better, of a face that he knew. The man was approaching the fire, with a stare of blank amazement and fear as his distended eyes beheld the phenomenon of the blazing spring. Their expression changed instantly upon the sound. His face was alert, grave, suspicious, a prosaic anxiety obliterating every trace of superstitious terror. His right hand was laid upon his hip in close proximity to a pistol-pocket, and Persimmon Sneed remembered suddenly that his own pistol was in its holster on his saddle, he could not say how far distant in these wild, trackless woods, and that this man was a notorious offender against the law, sundry warrants for his arrest for horse-stealing having been issued at divers times and places. There had been much talk of an organized band who had assisted in these and similar exploits in outlying districts of the county, but Persimmon Sneed had given it scant credence until he beheld several armed men lagging in the rear, their amazed, uncouth faces, under their broad-brimmed hats, all weird and unnatural in the pervasive yellow glow. They had, evidently, like him, been led to the spot by the strange flare in the heart of the woods; but Nick Peters could well enough pretermit his surprise and whatever spiritual terrors might assail him till a more convenient season for their indulgence. A more immediate danger menaced him than the bodily appearance of the devil, which he had momentarily expected as he gazed at the flaming water. He had seen the others of his own party approaching, and he walked quickly across the clear space to

Persimmon Sneed. He was a little, slim, wiry man, with light, sleek hair, pink cheeks, high cheek-bones, and a bony but blunt nose. He had a light eye, gray, shallow, but inscrutable, and there was something feline in his aspect and glance, at once smooth and caressing and of latent fierceness.

"Why, Mr. Persimmon Sneed," he exclaimed in a voice as bland as a summer's day, "how did you-uns an' yer frien's do sech ez that?" and he pointed at the flaring pyramid on the surface of the water.

Persimmon Sneed, in his proclivity to argument, forgot his lack of a pistol and his difficult position, unarmed and alone.

"I'll hev ye ter remember I hev no dealin's with the devil. I dunno how that water war set afire, nor my friends nuther," he said stiffly.

"Whar air they?"

Nick Peters's keen, discerning eye had been covertly scanning the flickering shadows and the fluctuating slants of yellow light about them. Now he boldly threw a glance over his shoulder.

Persimmon Sneed caught himself sharply.

"They ain't hyarabouts," he said gruffly, on his guard once more.

A look of apprehension crossed the horse-thief's face. The denial was in the nature of an affirmation to his alert suspicion; for it is one of the woes of the wicked that, knowing no truth themselves, they cannot recognize it in others, even in a transient way, as of a chance acquaintance. He must needs have heed. A number of men, doubtless, well armed, lay in the immediate vicinity. As he whirled himself lightly half around on his spurred heel, his manner did not conform to his look.

"Did you-uns an' them kem all the way from the valley ter view the blazin' spring? Looks some like hell-fire," he added incidentally, and with the tone of one familiar with the resemblance he described.

"Naw; we-uns never hearn on it afore; I jes' run on it accidental," Sneed replied succinctly, hardly daring to trust himself to an unnecessary word; for the staring men that had gathered at a respectful distance about the blazing spring numbered nine or ten, and an ill-advised tongue might precipitate an immediate attack on the dismounted, unarmed group awaiting his return at the verge of the bluff. A genuine thrill of terror shook him as he realized that at any moment he might be followed by men as ill prepared as he to cope with the horse-thief's gang.

"I see ye rid," said Nick Peters, observing his acquaintance's spurs. "Yer frien's rid, too, I s'pose?"

Persimmon Sneed, desirous of seeming unsuspecting, merely nodded. He seemed as suspicious, in fact, as watchful, as stanch, as ready to spring, as a leopard in a cage. His thin lips were set, his alert eyes keen, his unshaven, stubbly jaws rigid, his whole body at a high tension. The man of quicker perceptions was first to drop the transparent feint, but only to assume another.

"Now, Mr. Sneed," he said, with an air of reproach and upbraiding, "do ye mean ter tell me ez ye hev kem up hyar with the sheriff or dep'ty ter nose me out; me, who hev got no home, — folks burned my house ter the yearth, namin' me 'horse-thief' an' sech, — nor frien's, nor means, nor havin's, plumb run ter groun' like a fox or sech?"

"Ef ye did" — said a gigantic ruffian who had come up, backed by a shadow twice his size, and stood assisting at the colloquy, looking over the shoulder of his wiry little chief. He left the sentence unfinished, a significant gesture toward the handle of the pistol in his belt rendering the omission of slight moment.

"Some o' them boys war wondering ef that fire out'n the water would burn," observed a fat, greasy, broad-faced lout, with a foolish, brutal grin. "It mought make out ter singe this stranger's hair

an' hide, ef we war ter gin him a duckin' thar."

"Air ye a-huntin' of me, too, Mr. Sneed, — ye that war 'quainted with me in the old times on Tomahawk Creek?" Peters reiterated his demand in a plaintive, melodramatic tone, which titillated his fancy somehow, and, like virtue, was its own exceeding great reward; for both he and Persimmon Sneed knew right well that their acquaintance amounted only to a mere facial recognition when they had chanced to pass on the country road or the village street, years before. Nevertheless, under the pressure of the inherent persuasiveness of the suggested retribution, Persimmon Sneed made haste to aver that his errand in the mountains was in no sense at the sheriff's instance. And so radical and indubitable were his protestations that Nick Peters was constrained to discard this fear, and demand, "What brung ye ter Witch-Face Mountain then, Mr. Sneed?"

"Waal, some fellers war app'inted by the county court ter view the road an' report on it," said Persimmon, "an' I kem along ter see how it mought affect my interest."

How far away, how long ago, how infinitely unimportant, seemed all those convolutions of trail and argument in which he had expended the finest flowers of his contradictory faculties, the stanch immobility of his obstinacy, his unswerving singleness of purpose in seeing only one side of a question, this afternoon, a few short hours since! The mutability of the affairs of the most immutable of human beings!

This reflection was cut short by observing the stare of blank amazement on Nick Peters's face. "Road!" he said. "Thar ain't no road."

"They air app'inted ter lay out an' report on openin' one," explained Persimmon Sneed.

Evidently Nick Peters's experience of the law was in its criminal rather than in its civil phases, but the surprise died out

of his face, and he presently said, with a beguiling air of frankness, "Now, Mr. Sneed, ye see this happens right in my way of trade. Jes' tell me whar them loafers air, an' how many horses they hev got along, an' I'll gin ye the bes' beastis I hev got ter ride, an' a pair o' shootin'-irons, an' set ye in the valley road on the way home. Ye kin say ye war lost from them."

It is true that in this moment Persimmon Sneed remembered each of his contumacious comrades, and saw that they outnumbered by one the horse-thief's gang; he realized that they were out of leading-strings, and amply capable of taking care of themselves. He had that wincing terror which an unarmed man experiences at the sight of "shootin'-irons" in the grasp of other and antagonistic men. More than all, he looked at those hell-lighted flames, as he esteemed them, rising out of the lustrous water, and believed the jocose barbarity of the threat of the brutal henchman might be serious earnest in its execution.

But the jury of view and their companions were all unprepared for molestation in such wise as menaced them. He reflected anew upon their dismounted condition, the horses picketed at a distance, the saddles scattered on the ground in the darkness, with the holsters buckled to them and the pistols within. A sudden attack meant a successful robbery and perchance bloodshed.

"I'll die fust!" he said loudly, and he had never looked more painfully obstinate. "I'll die fust!" He lifted his quivering hand and shook it passionately in the air. "I ain't no ransomed saint, an' I know it, but afore I'll betray that thar jury o' view what's been app'inted by the county court ter lay off the damned road, I'll die fust! I ain't no ransomed saint, I ain't, but I'll *die* fust! I ain't no ransomed" —

"Stop, boys, stop!" cried the wiry little horse-thief, as the others gathered about Sneed with threatening eyes and

gestures, while he vociferated amongst them, as lordly as if he were in his oft-time preëminence as the foreman of a jury. Nick Peters's face had changed. There was a fear upon it, uncomprehended by Persimmon Sneed. It did not occur to him until long afterward that he had for the first time used the expression "a jury of view," and that the horse-thief's familiarity with the idea of a jury was only in the sense of twelve men.

Peters spoke aside to the others, only a word or so; but there was amongst them an obvious haste to get away, of which Persimmon Sneed was cognizant, albeit his head was swimming, his breath short, his eyes dazzled by the fire which he feared, and his understanding blunted in some sort, it seemed to him, for he could make no sense of Nick Peters's observation as he took him by the arm, although afterward it became plain enough.

"Ye 'll hev ter go an' 'hide along o' we-uns fur a while, Mr. Sneed," he said, choking with the laughter of some occult happy thought. "Ye ain't a ransomed saint yit, but ye will be arter awhile, I reckon, ef ye live long enough."

Their shadows skulked away as swiftly as they, even more furtively, running on ahead, in great haste to be gone. The firelight slanted through the woods in quick, elusive fluctuations, ever dimmer, ever recurrently flaring; and when the jury of view and their party, alarmed by the long absence of Persimmon Sneed, followed the strange light through the woods to the brink of the burning spring, they found naught astir save the vagrant shadows of the great boles of the trees, no longer held to their accustomed orbit, but wandering through the woods with a large freedom.

That this fire, blazing brilliantly on the surface of the clear spring water, was kindled by supernatural power was not for a moment doubted by the jury of view, who had never before heard of such a phenomenon, and the spiriting away of Persimmon Sneed was promptly

ascribed to the same agency. With these thoughts upon them, they did not linger long at the spot where their companion had met so mysterious a fate. Their ringing halloos, with which the woods were enlivened, took on vaguely appalled cadences; the echoes came back to them like mocking shouts; and they were glad enough to ride away at last through the quiet moonlit glades, their faltering voices silent, leaving that mystic fire slowly dying where it had blazed so long on the face of the water.

A more extended search, later, by other parties, resulting as fruitlessly, the idea that Persimmon Sneed had been in some way lured bodily within the grasp of the devil prevailed among the more ignorant portion of the community, who dolorously sought to point the moral how ill the headstrong fare, and speculated gloomily as to the topic on which he had ventured to argue with Satan, who in rage and retaliation had whisked him away. But there was a class of citizens in Colbury who hearkened with elated sentiments to this mystery of Witch-Face Mountain. A company of capitalists was promptly organized, every inch of attainable land on the mountain was quietly bought, and machinery for boring for oil was already at the spring when the news was brought to Selwyn by Hanway, who, not having seen the young stranger for the past week or so, feared he was ill. The flakes of the first snow of the season were whirling past the windows; no more on autumn leaves they looked, no more on far-off bare but azure mountains, feigning summer. The distant ranges were ghostly white. The skeleton woods near at hand were stark and black, and trembled with sudden starts, and strove wildly with the winds, and were held in an inexorable fate, and cried and groaned aloud.

Hanway was right in his surmise, for Selwyn was ill, and lay on the lounge wheeled up to the fire, in his ragged red smoking-jacket. His cheeks were still

touched with color, but a sort of smitten pallid doom was on his brow and in his eyes. His gaze dwelt insistently on the doctor, the tall, thin practitioner of the surrounding country, who had just finished an examination, and was slowly returning his spectacles to their case as he stood before the fire. It seemed as if the patient expected him to speak; but he said nothing, and looked down gravely into the red coals.

Then it was that Hanway narrated the sensation of the neighborhood. It roused Selwyn to fever heat; his disjointed, excited, despairing exclamations, in annotation, as it were, of the story, disclosed his own discovery of the oil, his endeavors to secure the opinion of an expert as to its value, his efforts to buy up the land, his reasons for opposing the premature opening of a road which might reveal the presence of the oil-springs, when the law discriminating in favor of oil-works and similar interests makes the way thither a public thoroughfare, at all events. He cried out upon his hard fate, when money might mean life to him; upon the bitter dispensation of the mysterious kindling of those hidden secluded waters to blazon his secret to the world, to enrich others through his discovery which should have made him so rich.

The dry, spare tone of the physician interrupted, — a trite phrase interdicting excitement.

"Why, doctor," said Selwyn, suddenly comprehending, "you think my present wealth will last out my time!"

Once more the physician looked silently into the fire. He had seen a great deal of dying, but he had lived a quiet ascetic life, which made his sensibilities tender, and he did not get used to dying.

"I wish you would stay with him, if you can," he said to Hanway at the outer door. "It will be a very short time now."

It was even shorter than they thought. The snow, falling then, had not disappeared from the earth, although a thaw and a subsequent freeze had solidified

the mass like ice, when the picks of the grave-diggers cleft through it in the secluded little mountain burying-ground. It was easier work than they had anticipated, since the earth was frozen; and the grave was almost prepared when they realized that the ground had been broken before, and that here was the deserted resting-place of the stranger who had come so far to see Selwyn. Hanway remembered the latter's words, his aversion to the idea that the spot was awaiting him; but the dark November day was closing in, the storm clouds were gathering anew, so they left him there, and this time the grave held its tenant fast.

X.

One day a letter was mailed in Colbury by an unknown hand, addressed to Mrs. Persimmon Sneed, and it fared deliberately by way of Sandford Cross-Roads to its destination. It awoke there the wildest excitement and delight; for though it brazenly asserted that Mr. Persimmon Sneed was in the custody of the writer, and that he would be returned safely to his home only upon the payment of one hundred dollars in a mysterious manner described, — otherwise the writer would not answer for consequences, — it gave assurance that he was alive and well, and might even hope to see friends and home and freedom once more. In vain the sheriff of the county expostulated with Mrs. Sneed, representing that the law was the proper liberator of Persimmon Sneed, and that the payment of money would encourage crime. The contradictory man's wife was ready to commit crime, if necessary, in this cause, and would have cheerfully cracked the bank in Colbury. And certainly this seemed almost unavoidable at one time, for to possess herself of this sum of her husband's hoard his signature was essential. The poor woman, in her limp sun-bonnet and best calico dress, clung to the

grating of the teller's window, and presented in futile succession his bank-book, his returned checks, and even his brand-new check-book, each with a gush of tears, while the perplexed official remonstrated, and explained, and rejected each persuasion in turn, passing them back beneath the grating, and alas! keeping the money on his side of those inexorable bars. It seemed to poor Mrs. Sneed that the bank was of opinion that Persimmon corporally was of slight consequence, the institution having the true value of the man on deposit. To accommodate matters, however, and that the poor woman should not be weeping daily and indefinitely on the maddened teller's window, an intermediary money-lender was found, who, having vainly sought to induce the bank to render itself responsible, then Mrs. Sneed, who had naught of her own, then a number of friends, who deemed the whole enterprise an effort at robbery, and appeared to consider Persimmon a good riddance, took heart of grace, and made the plunge at a rate of interest which was calculated to cloy his palate forever after. The money went a round-about way, according to the directions of the letter.

It came to its destination in this wise.

Con Hite's distilling enterprise was on so small a scale that one might have imagined it to be altogether outside the purview of the law, which, it is said, does not take note *de minimis*. One of those grottoes under a beetling cliff, hardly caves, called in the region "rock houses," sufficed to contain the small still and its appurtenances, himself and his partner and the occasional jolly guest. It was approached from above rather than from below, by a winding way beside the cliff, between great boulders, which was so steep and brambly and impracticable that it was hardly likely to be espied by "revenueurs." The rock house opened on space. Beyond the narrow path at its entrance the descent was sheer to the bottom of the gorge below.

In this stronghold, one night, Con Hite sat gloomy and depressed beside the little copper still for the sake of which he risked so much. It held all it could of singlings, and it was a cheery sight to him, in the shadowy recesses of the rock house. He regarded it with mingled pride and affection, often declaring it "the smartest still of its capacity in the world." To him it was at once admirable as an object of art and a superior industrial agent.

"An' I dunno why Narcissa be so set agin it," he muttered. "'Thout it I ain't goin' ter hev money enough ter git a start in this world. My mother an' she could n't live in the same house." He meditated for a moment, and shook his head in solemn negation, for his mother was constructed much after the pattern of Narcissa herself. "An' I would n't live a minit alongside o' Ben Hanway ez Nar'sa's husband. Ben would n't let me say my soul's my own. I be 'bleeged ter make the money fur a start o' cattle an' sech myse'f, an' hev a house an' some lan' o' my own."

And then he took the pipe from his mouth, and sighed. For even his care seemed futile. It was true that the fair-haired young stranger was dead, and he had a pang of self-reproach whenever he thought of his jealousy, as if he had wished him ill. But she had worn a cold, white, unresponsive face when he had seen her last; she did not listen to what he said, her mind evidently elsewhere. She looked at him as if she did not see him. She did not even think of him. This was not caprice. It was some deep absorbing feeling in which he had no share.

The moon, like some fair presence, looked in at the broad portal. Outside, the white tissues of her misty diaphanous draperies trailed along the dark mountain slopes beneath the dim stars as she wended westward. Afar down the gorge one might catch glimpses of a glossy lustre where the evergreen laurel, white with frost, moved in the autumn wind. He

lifted his head to mark its melancholy cadences; and while he looked, the moonlight was suddenly crowded from the door as three men rushed in, half helping and half constraining a fourth forward.

"Durn my boots ef I did n't furgit the password!" cried Nick Peters, with his little falsetto laugh, that seemed keyed for a fleer, although it was most graciously cadenced now. "Ye mought hev shot us fur revenuers."

"I mought hev shot ye fur wuss," Con Hite growled, rising slowly from his chair, his big dark eyes betokening his displeasure. "I dunno how *ye* ever kem ter know this place."

"It 'll go no funder, Con, I 'll swear," said the horse-thief, lifting his hand to Hite's shoulder, and affecting to see in his words an appeal for secrecy. "This," he added blandly, "is Mr. Persimmon Sneed, ez hev been a-visitin' me. Lemme make ye acquainted."

He seemed to perceive nothing incongruous in the fact that Mr. Persimmon Sneed should be blindfolded. But as Con Hite looked at the elder man, standing helpless, his head held slightly forward, the sight apparently struck his risibilities, and his wonted geniality rose to the occasion.

"An' do Mr. Persimmon Sneed always wear blinders?" he asked, with a guffaw.

Peters seemed unaccountably relieved by the change of tone.

"Whilst visitin' me, he do," he remarked. "Mr. Persimmon hev got sech a fine mem'ry fur localities, ye see."

Hite with a single gesture pulled off the bandage. "Waal, let him look about him hyar. I s'pose ye hev ter be more partic'lar 'n me 'count o' that stranger-man's horse."

Peters paused, his attention riveted. "What horse?" he demanded.

"The horse of the man ez war kilt; ye know folks hev laid that job ter you-uns. Jerry," turning aside to his colleague, who had done naught but stare,

"whar's yer manners? Why n't ye gin the comp'ny a drink?"

Hite shoved the chair he had been seated in to Persimmon Sneed, who was lugubriously rubbing his eyes, and flung himself down on a boulder lying almost outside of the recess in the moonlight, his long booted and spurred legs stretchin' far across the entrance. His hat was on the back of his head, its brim upturned, revealing his bluff open face, — it held no craft, surely; he hardly seemed to notice how insistently Peters pressed after him, unmindful of Jerry and his henchmen imbibing appreciatively the product of the cheerful little copper still.

"But I never done sech ez that," protested Peters. "I always stop short o' bloodshed. I never viewed the man's beastis, ye 'll bear me witness, Con."

"Me?" said Con, with a laugh. "I dunno nuthin' 'bout yer doin's. Whar's Mr. Sneed's horse?"

"Never seen him, — never laid eyes on him! How folks kin hev the heart ter 'cuse me of sech doin's ez I never done!" He lifted his eyes as if appealing to heaven.

"The killin' 's the wust; an' Mr. Sneed's critter bein' gone mought make folks lay it ter ye fur sure," persisted Hite.

"I ain't seen Mr. Sneed's horse. Mr. Sneed — ye would n't b'lieve it ter look at him, but he's a ransomed saint! ha! ha! The money fur him will be fotched hyar ter yer still. I sent fur it ter kem by Jake Glenn; he knows ye, an' ye know him."

Con Hite's open brow did not cloud. If there were any significance perceptible in the fact that Mr. Persimmon Sneed, with so fine a head for locality, should be able to identify only the still among his various shelters during his "visit" to Nick Peters, Con Hite made no sign.

"Lord, how glad I 'll be ter git rid o' him!" Peters said in an undertone to Con. "He hev mighty nigh argufied me ter death, — 'bout sperits, an' witches, an' salvation, an' law, an' craps, an' horse-

flesh, an' weather signs. I be sorter 'feard his wife won't pay nuthin' ter git him again. He 'pears sorter under the weather now, or eavesdroppin' or suthin'. The money 'll pay me mighty pore fur my trouble. 'Thar — what's that?"

He paused to listen; there was a sound other than the tinkling of the little rill near at hand or the blare of the autumn wind. A stone came rolling down the path, dislodged by a cautious step, — then another. Con drew a revolver from his pocket, and, holding it in his right hand, stepped out on the rugged little parapet, and stood there, with the depths of the gorge below him, looking up the ascent with the moonlight in his face. He spoke in a low voice to some one approaching, and was answered in the same key. He stepped back to give the new-comer space to enter, and as Jake Glenn came in he held out his hand for the package the messenger bore.

"Let's see it, Nick," he said, tearing it open; "it's the money sure enough."

Old Persimmon Sneed turned his head with a certain alert interest. Perhaps he himself had doubted whether his wife would think him worth the money. There was a general flutter of good-natured gratulation, and it seemed at the moment only some preposterous mistake that Con Hite should put it into Persimmon Sneed's lean paw and close his trembling fingers over it.

"Now scoot!" he bawled out at the top of his voice, the little den ringing with the echoes of his excitement, a second revolver drawn in his left hand. "I'll gin ye a day's start o' these fellers." He had presented the muzzle of one pistol to Peters's head, and with the other he covered one of the two henchmen in the recess of the little rock house. The other sprang up from a barrel where he sat wiping his mouth with the back of his hand; but Jerry, suddenly realizing the situation, put out a dexterous foot, and the horse-thief fell full length upon the floor, his pistol discharging as he

went down. In the clamor of the echoes, and the smoke and the flare, Persimmon Sneed disappeared, hearing as he went a wild protest, and a nimbleness of argument second hardly to his own, as Nick Peters cried out that he was robbed; his hard earnings were wrested from him; the money was his, paid him as a price, and Con Hite had let Mr. Persimmon Sneed run off with it, allowing him nothing for his trouble.

"It war his money," Con Hite averred, when they had grown calmer, and Jake Glenn had returned from a reconnoissance with the news that Con Hite's father had lent the fleeing Persimmon a horse, and he was by this time five miles away in the Cove. "*He* could have paid you for your trouble in ketchin' him ef he had wanted ter."

"It war *not* his money," protested Peters, with tears in his eyes. "It war sent ter me willin'ly, fur a valid consideration, an' ye let him hev the money, an' his wife hev got the valid consideration — an' hyar I be lef' with the bag ter hold!"

It may be that Peters had absorbed some of the craft of argument by mere propinquity to Persimmon Sneed, or Con Hite's conscience was unduly tender, for he long entertained a moral doubt touching his course in this transaction, — whether he had a right to pay the ransom money which Nick Peters had extorted from Persimmon Sneed's wife to Persimmon Sneed himself, thereby defrauding Nick Peters of the fruit of his labor. Perhaps this untoward state of dubitation came about from Narcissa's scornful comment.

"Ye mought hev known that old man Persimmon Sneed would have made off with the money," she said, remembering his reproving glare at her. "I would n't hev trested him with a handful o' cornfield peas."

"But I expected him ter make off with it," protested the amazed Con; "that's why I gin it ter him."

"Then ye air jes' ez bad ez he is," she retorted coldly.

And thus it was he examined his conscience.

Persimmon Sneed had no doubts whatever as to the ownership of the money in his pocket, when one fine morning he walked into his own door, as dictatorial, as set in his own opinion, as ever; the only change to be detected in his manners and conversation thereafter was the enigmatical assertion at times that he was a "ransomed saint," followed by a low chuckle of enjoyment. Those who heard this often made bold to say to one another that he "did n't act like it;" and this opinion was shared by the sheriff, who futilely sought of him some information touching the lair of the horse-thieves, looking to brilliant exploits of capture; but such details as he could secure were so uncertain and contradictory as to render him suspicious that the truth was purposely withheld.

"Ye oughter remember these men air crim'nal offenders agin the law, Mr. Sneed," he said.

"Mebbe so," assented Persimmon Sneed, "mebbe so;" but the situation of Con Hite's still was the only locality that he had visited of which he was sure, and in gratitude to his rescuer he held his peace.

That he was not so softened to the world at large was manifested in the fact that he threatened to plead usury against the money-lender, and forthwith brought him down with a run to the beggaries of the legal rate. He was wont, moreover, to go to the teller of the bank at Colbury and demand of that distracted man such of his papers as were from time to time lost or mislaid; having learned from his wife that she had made the official the custodian of his valuables, — his bank-book, the ancient returned checks, and the unused check-book.

The points which he had so laboriously made plain to the jury of view proved a total loss of perspicacious reasoning;

for the land was forthwith condemned and the road opened, any oil-boring company being allowed by law a right of way thirty feet wide. The heavy hauling of the oil company had already made a tolerable wagon-track, and the passing back and forth of the men and teams and machinery added an element of interest and excitement to the thoroughfare such as Narcissa's wildest dreams had never prefigured. She had no heart for it now. When the creak of wheels on the frozen ground, and the cries of the drivers, and the thud of the hoofs of the straining four-horse teams heralded an approach, she was wont to draw close the batten shutter of the window and sit brooding over the fire, staring with moody eyes into the red coals, where she saw much invisible to the simple Ben. His anxieties, keen as they were, developed no craft of insight. He knew vaguely, and with a sort of appalled awe, that her grief was for the fair-haired stranger, but he could not know in what remorseful wise. She had not failed to perceive her own agency in the betrayal of his secret, when the story of the discovery of the oil was blazoned to all the world by those mystically flaring waters in the depths of the mountain night. It was she who had idly kindled them; she who had robbed him of his rights, of the wealth that these interlopers were garnering. She had sent him to his grave, baffled, beaten, forlorn, wondering at the mystery of the hand that out of the dark had smitten him. She kept her own counsel. Her white face grew set and stern. Her words were few. She had no tears. And Ben, who found his tyrant only the harder and the colder, scarcely remonstrated, and could only wonder when, one keen, chill afternoon, she sprang up, throwing her brown shawl over her head, and declared that she was going to the oil-wells, to see for herself what progress was making there.

All sylvan grace had departed from the spot. As the two stood on the verge

of the clear space, now gashed deep in every direction into the woods and larger by a hundred acres, grim derricks rose sharply outlined against the wintry sky. It was barred with strata of gray clouds in such sombre neutrality of tint that one, in that it was less gloomy than the others, gave a suggestion of blue. Patches of snow lay about the ground. Cinders and smoke had blackened them here and there. The steam-engine, with its cylindrical boiler, seemed in the dusk some uncanny monster that had taken up its abode here, and rejoiced in the desolation it had wrought, and lived by ill deeds. It was letting off steam, and now and then it gave a puffing sigh, as if it were tired after its day's work. The laborers were of a different type from the homely neighbors, and returned the contempt with which the mountaineers gazed upon them. Great piles of wood showed how the forests were being rifled for fuel. Many trees had been felled in provident foresight, and lay along the ground in vast lengths, awaiting the axe; so many that adown the avenues thus opened toward the valley a wan glimmering caught the girl's eye, and she recognized the palings of the little mountain graveyard.

She clutched her brother's arm and pointed to it. Her eyes were dilated and wild; her face was pale and drawn; her hand trembled as she held it out.

"Ye see, Ben, he's close enough ter view it all — an' mebbe he does — an' he knows now who he hev got ter thank fur it all — an' I wisht he war hyar whar I am, an' I war thar whar he is."

Her brother thought for the moment that she was raving. The next, she caught her shawl over her head, hoodwise, the wind tossing her bright hair, and declared that she was cold, and upbraided him for bringing her on this long, chilling tramp, and protested that she would come never again.

He came often afterward. The spot seemed to have a fascination for him.

And within sound of the cheerful hubbub and busy whir of the industry, he would lean over the palings and look at the grave, covered sometimes with a drift of leaves, and sometimes with a drift of snow, and think of the two men that it had successively housed, and nurse his grudge against the company. With an unreasoning hatred of it, Hanway felt that both were victims of the great strong corporation that was to reap the value of the discovery which was not its own save by accident. He could not appraise the justice of the dispensation by which the keen observation of the one man, and the science and experience that the other had brought to the enterprise, should fall so far short of achievement, while an accident, an idle story, the gossip of the day, should fill the hands of those who were strangers to the very thought. He grudged every augury of success; he welcomed every detail of difficulty. As time went on, the well was said to be of intermittent flow, and new borings resulted in naught but vast floods of sulphur water. Finally, when the admitted truth pervaded the community, — that the oil was practically exhausted, that the well had long since ceased to pay expenses, that the company was a heavy loser by the enterprise, — he was as a man appeased.

The result was succeeded by a change in Narcissa so radical and immediate that he could but perceive the fact that it was induced by the failure and abandonment of the work. She grew placid as of yore, and was softened, and now and again the gentle melancholy into which she fell suggested sad and reminiscent pleasure rather than the remorseful and desperate sorrow that she had known. He began to realize that it was no sentimental and love-stricken grief she had indulged, but a kindred sympathy with his own for the sake of the young stranger; and since the disappointment must needs have come to him at last, they made shift to resign themselves, and were wont to talk freely of

the dead, with that affectionate and immediate interest which seems to prolong the span of a mortal's day on earth, like the tender suffusive radiance of the afterglow of a sunken sun.

The road fell quickly into disuse after the abandonment of the work. In the storms of winter, trees were uprooted and thrown athwart the way; overhanging rocks, splitting in the freeze, precipitated obstructive avalanches upon the dim serpentine convolutions; the wind piled drifts of dead leaves above the turns; and in the spring grass began to grow in the tracks of the wheels.

It held no woeful memories now for Narcissa. She loved to sit on the step of the stile and watch through the leafless sunlit trees the silver haze shimmering in the valley where the winter wheat

was all of an emerald richness, and the blue mountains afar off, so near akin to the aspect of heaven that one might hardly mark where the horizon line merged the sweet solitudes of earth into the solitary sky. Many a day, the spring, loitering along the shadow-flecked vistas, with the red maple blooms overhead and violets underfoot, was the only traveler to be seen on the deserted road. And the pensive dusk was wont to deepen into the serene vernal night, sweet with the scent of the budding wild cherry, and astir with timorous tentative rustlings as of half-fledged breezes, and illumined only with the gentle lustre of the white stars; for never again was the darkness emblazoned with that haggard incandescence so long the mystery of Witch-Face Mountain.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A LITERARY POLITICIAN.

"LITERARY politician" is not a label much in vogue, and may need first of all a justification, lest even the man of whom I am about to speak should decline it from his very urn. I do not mean a politician who affects literature; who seems to appreciate the solemn moral purpose of Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, and yet is opposed to ballot reform. Neither do I mean a literary man who affects politics; who earns his victories through the publishers, and his defeats at the hands of the men who control the primaries. I mean the man who has the genius to see deep into affairs, and the discretion to keep out of them, — the man to whom, by reason of knowledge and imagination and sympathy, governments and policies are as open books, but who, instead of trying to put haphazard characters of his own into those books, wisely prefers to read their pages aloud to others. A man this

who knows politics, and yet does not handle policies.

There is, no doubt, a very widespread skepticism as to the existence of such a man. Many people would ask you to prove him as well as define him; and that, as they assume, upon a very obvious principle. It is a rule of universal acceptance in theatrical circles that no one can write a good play who has no practical acquaintance with the stage. A knowledge of greenroom possibilities and of stage machinery, it is held, must go before all successful attempts to put either passion or humor into action on the boards, if pit and gallery are to get a sense of reality from the performance. No wonder that Sheridan's plays were effective, for Sheridan was both author and actor; but abundant wonder that simple Goldsmith succeeded with his exquisite *She Stoops to Conquer*, — unless we are to suppose that an Irishman of

the last century, like the Irishman of this, had some sixth sense which enabled him to understand other people's business better than his own; for poor Goldsmith could not act (even off the stage), and his only connection with the theatre seems to have been his acquaintance with Garrick. Lytton, we know, had Macready constantly at his elbow, to give and enforce suggestions calculated to render plays playable. And in our own day, the authors of what we indulgently call "dramatic literature" find themselves constantly obliged to turn tragedies into comedies, comedies into farces, to satisfy the managers; for managers know the stage, and pretend to know all possible audiences also. The writer for the stage must be playwright first, author second.

Similar principles of criticism are not a little affected by those who play the parts, great and small, on the stage of politics. There is on that stage, too, it is said, a complex machinery of action and scene-shifting, a greenroom tradition and practice as to costume and make-up, as to entry and exit, necessities of concession to footlights and of appeal to the pit, quite as rigorous and quite as proper for study as are the concomitants of that other art which we frankly call acting. This is an idea, indeed, accepted in some quarters outside the political playhouse as well as within it. Mr. Sidney Colvin, for example, declares very rightly that —

"Men of letters and of thought are habitually too much given to declaiming at their ease against the delinquencies of men of action and affairs. The inevitable friction of practical politics," he argues, "generates heat enough already, and the office of the thinker and critic should be to supply, not heat, but light. The difficulties which attend his own unmolested task — the task of seeking after and proclaiming salutary truths — should teach him to make allowance for the far more urgent difficulties which beset the politician; the man obliged,

amidst the clash of interests and temptations, to practice from hand to mouth, and at his peril, the most uncertain and at the same time the most indispensable of the experimental arts."

Mr. Colvin is himself of the class of men of letters and of thought; he accordingly puts the case against his class rather mildly, — much more mildly than the practical politician would desire to see it put. Practical politicians are wont to regard closeted writers upon politics with a certain condescension, dashed with slight traces of apprehension, or at least of uneasy concern. "Literary men can say strong things of their age," observes Mr. Bagehot, "for no one expects that they will go out and act on them. They are a kind of ticket-of-leave lunatics, from whom no harm is for the moment expected; who seem quiet, but on whose vagaries a practical public must have its eye." I suppose that the really serious, practical man in politics would see nothing of satirical humor in this description. He would have you note that, although traced with a sharp point of wit, the picture is nevertheless true. He can cite you a score of instances illustrative of the danger of putting faith in the political judgments of those who are not politicians bred in the shrewd and moving world of political management.

The genuine practical politician, such as (even our enemies being the witnesses) we must be acknowledged to produce in great numbers and perfection in this country, reserves his acidest contempt for the literary man who assumes to utter judgments touching public affairs and political institutions. If he be a reading man, as will sometimes happen, he is able to point you, in illustration of what you are to expect in such cases, to the very remarkable essays of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold on parliamentary policy and the Irish question. If he be not a reading man, as sometimes happens, he is able to ask, much

to your confusion, "What does a fellow who lives inside a library know about politics, anyhow?" You have to admit, if you are candid, that most fellows who live in libraries know little enough. You remember Macaulay, and acknowledge that, although he made admirable speeches in Parliament, held high political office, and knew all the considerable public men of his time, he did imagine the creation to have been made in accordance with Whig notions; did hope to find the judgments of Lord Somers some day answering mankind as standards for all possible times and circumstances. You recall Gibbon, and allow, to your own thought at least, that, had he not remained silent in his seat, a very few of his sentences would probably have sufficed to freeze the House of Commons stiff. The ordinary literary man, even though he be an eminent historian, is ill enough fitted to be a mentor in affairs of government. For, it must be admitted, things are for the most part very simple in books, and in practical life very complex. Not all the bindings of a library inclose the various world of circumstance.

But the practical politician should discriminate. Let him find a man with an imagination which, though it stands aloof, is yet quick to conceive the very things in the thick of which the politician struggles. To that man he should resort for instruction. And that there is occasionally such a man we have proof in Bagehot, the man who first clearly distinguished the facts of the English constitution from its theory.

Walter Bagehot is a name known to not a few of those who have a zest for the juiciest things of literature, for the wit that illuminates and the knowledge that refreshes. But his fame is still singularly disproportioned to his charm; and one feels once and again like publishing him at least to all spirits of his own kind. It would be a most agreeable good fortune to introduce Bagehot

to men who have not read him! To ask your friend to know Bagehot is like inviting him to seek pleasure. Occasionally, a man is born into the world whose mission it evidently is to clarify the thought of his generation, and to vivify it; to give it speed where it is slow, vision where it is blind, balance where it is out of poise, saving humor where it is dry, — and such a man was Walter Bagehot. When he wrote of history, he made it seem human and probable; when he wrote of political economy, he made it seem credible, entertaining, — nay, engaging, even; when he wrote criticism, he wrote sense. You have in him a man who can jest to your instruction, who will beguile you into being informed beyond your wont and wise beyond your birthright. Full of manly, straightforward meaning, earnest to find the facts that guide and strengthen conduct, a lover of good men and seers, full of knowledge and a consuming desire for it, he is yet genial withal, with the geniality of a man of wit, and alive in every fibre of him, with a life he can communicate to you. One is constrained to agree, almost, with the verdict of a witty countryman of his, who happily still lives to cheer us, that when Bagehot died he "carried away into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the three Estates of the Realm."

An epitome of Bagehot's life can be given very briefly. He was born in February, 1826, and died in March, 1877, the month in which one would prefer to die. Between those two dates he had much quaint experience as a boy, and much sober business experience as a man. He wrote essays on poets, prose writers, statesmen, whom he would, with abundant insight, but without too much respect of persons; also books on banking, on the early development of society, and on English politics, kindling a flame of interest with these dry materials such as made men stare who had often de-

scribed the facts of society themselves, but who had never dreamed of applying fire to them, as Bagehot did, to make them give forth light and wholesome heat. He set the minds of a few fortunate friends aglow with the delights of the very wonderful tongue which nature had given him through his mother. And then he died, while his power was yet young. Not a life of event or adventure, but a life of deep interest, none the less, because a life in which those two things of our modern life, commonly deemed incompatible, business and literature, namely, were combined without detriment to either; and from which, more interesting still, politics gained a profound expounder in one who was no politician and no party man, but, as he himself said, "between sizes in politics."

Mr. Bagehot was born in the centre of Somersetshire, that southwestern county of old England whose coast towns look across Bristol Channel to the highlands of Wales: a county of small farms, and pastures that keep their promise of fatness to many generous milkers; a county broken into abrupt hills, and sodden moors hardly kept from the inroads of the sea, as well as rural valleys open to the sun; a county visited by mists from the sea, and bathed in a fine soft atmosphere all its own; visited also by people of fashion, for it contains Bath; visited now also by those who have read *Lorna Doone*, for within it lies part of that Exmoor Forest in which stalwart John Ridd lived and wrought his mighty deeds of strength and love: a land which the Celts kept for long against both Saxon and Roman, but which Christianity easily conquered, building Wells Cathedral and the monastery at Glastonbury. Nowhere else, in days of travel, could Bagehot find a land of so great delight save in the northwest corner of Spain, where a golden light lay upon everything, where the sea shone with a rare, soft lustre, and where there was a like varied coast-line to that he

knew and loved at home. He called it "a sort of better Devonshire:" and Devonshire is Somersetshire, — only more so! The atmospheric effects of his county certainly entered the boy Bagehot, and colored the nature of the man. He had its glow, its variety, its richness, and its imaginative depth.

But better than a fair county is a good parentage, and that, too, Bagehot had; just the parentage one would wish to have who desired to be a force in the world's thought. His father, Thomas Watson Bagehot, was for thirty years managing director and vice-president of Stuckey's Banking Company, one of the oldest and best of those sturdy joint-stock companies which have for so many years stood stoutly up alongside the Bank of England as managers of the vast English fortune. But he was something more than a banker. He was a man of mind, of strong liberal convictions in politics, and of an abundant knowledge of English history wherewith to back up his opinions. He was one of the men who think, and who think in straight lines; who see, and see things. His mother was a Miss Stuckey, a niece of the founder of the banking company. But it was not her connection with bankers that made her an invaluable mother. She had, besides beauty, a most lively and stimulating wit; such a mind as we most desire to see in a woman, — a mind that stirs without irritating you, that rouses but does not belabor, amuses and yet subtly instructs. She could preside over the young life of her son in such a way as at once to awaken his curiosity and set him in the way of satisfying it. She was brilliant company for a boy, and rewarding for a man. She had suggestive people, besides, among her kinsmen, into whose companionship she could bring her son. Bagehot had that for which no university can ever offer an equivalent, — the constant and intelligent sympathy of both his parents in his studies, and their companionship in his tastes. To

his father's strength his mother added vivacity. He would have been wise, perhaps, without her; but he would not have been wise so delightfully.

Bagehot got his schooling in Bristol, his university training in London. In Bristol lived Dr. Prichard, his mother's brother-in-law, and author of a notable book on the Races of Men. From him Bagehot unquestionably got his bent towards the study of race origins and development. In London, Cobden and Bright were carrying on an important part of their great agitation for the repeal of the corn laws, and were making such speeches as it stirred and bettered young men to hear. Bagehot had gone to University Hall, London, rather than to Oxford or Cambridge, because his father was a Unitarian, and would not have his son submit to the religious tests then required at the great universities. But there can be no doubt that there was more to be had at University Hall in that day than at either Oxford or Cambridge. Oxford and Cambridge were still dragging the very heavy chains of a hindering tradition; the faculty of University Hall contained many thorough and some eminent scholars; what was more, University Hall was in London, and London itself was a quickening and inspiring teacher for a lad in love with both books and affairs, as Bagehot was. He could ask penetrating questions of his professors, and he could also ask questions of London, seek out her secrets of history, and so experience to the full the charm of her abounding life. In after-years, though he loved Somersetshire and clung to it with a strong home-keeping affection, he could never stay away from London for more than six weeks at a time. Eventually he made it his place of permanent residence.

His university career over, Bagehot did what so many thousands of young graduates before him had done,— he studied for the bar; and then, having prepared himself to practice law, followed

another large body of young men in deciding to abandon it. He joined his father in his business as ship-owner and banker in Somersetshire, and after a time succeeded to the office of vice-president of the banking company. For the rest of his life, this man, whom the world knows as a man of letters, was first of all a man of business. In his later years, however, he identified himself with what may be called the literary side of business by becoming editor of that great financial authority, the *London Economist*. He had, so to say, married into this position. His wife was the daughter of the Rt. Hon. James Wilson, who was the mind and manager, as well as the founder, of the *Economist*. Wilson's death seemed to leave the great financial weekly by natural succession to Bagehot, and certainly natural selection never made a better choice. It was under Bagehot that the *Economist* became a sort of financial providence for business men on both sides of the Atlantic. Its sagacious prescience constituted Bagehot himself a sort of supplementary chancellor of the exchequer, the chancellors of both parties resorting to him with equal confidence and solicitude. His constant contact with London, and with the leaders of politics and opinion there, of course materially assisted him also to those penetrating judgments touching the structure and working of English institutions which have made his volume on the English Constitution and his essays on Bolingbroke and Brougham and Peel, on Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the admiration and despair of all who have read them.

Those who know Bagehot only as the writer of some of the most delightful and suggestive literary criticisms in the language wonder that he should have been an authority on practical politics; those who used to regard the *London Economist* as omniscient, and who knew him only as the editor of it, marvel that he dabbled in literary criticism, and in-

cine to ask themselves, when they learn of his vagaries in that direction, whether he can have been so safe a guide as they deemed him, after all; those who know him through his political writings alone venture upon the perusal of his miscellaneous writings with not a little surprise and misgiving that their master should wander so far afield. And yet the whole Bagehot is the only Bagehot. Each part of the man is incomplete, not only, but a trifle incomprehensible, also, without the other parts. What delights us most in his literary essays is their broad practical sagacity, so uniquely married as it is with pure taste and the style of a rapid artist in words. What makes his financial and political writings whole and sound is the scope of his mind outside finance and politics, the validity of his observation all around the circle of thought and affairs. There is constant balance, there is just perspective everywhere. He was the better critic for being a competent man of business and a trusted financial authority. He was the more sure-footed in his political judgments because of his play of mind in other and supplementary spheres of human activity.

The very appearance of the man was a sort of outer index to the singular variety of capacity that has made him so notable a figure in the literary annals of England. A mass of black, wavy hair; a dark eye, with depths full of slumberous, playful fire; a ruddy skin that bespoke active blood, quick in its rounds; the lithe figure of an excellent horseman; a nostril, full, delicate, quivering, like that of a blooded racer, — such were the fitting outward marks of a man in whom life and thought and fancy abounded; the aspect of a man of unflagging vivacity, of wholesome, hearty humor, of a ready intellectual sympathy, of wide and penetrative observation. It is no narrow, logical shrewdness or cold penetration that looks forth at you through that face, even if a bit of mockery does lurk in the privatest corner of the eye. Among

the qualities which he seeks out for special praise in Shakespeare is a broad tolerance and sympathy for illogical and common minds. It seems to him an evidence of size in Shakespeare that he was not vexed with smallness, but was patient, nay, sympathetic even, in his portrayal of it. "If every one were logical and literary," he exclaims, "how would there be scavengers, or watchmen, or caulkers, or coopers? A patient sympathy, a kindly fellow-feeling for the narrow intelligence necessarily induced by narrow circumstances, — a narrowness which, in some degrees, seems to be inevitable, and is perhaps more serviceable than most things to the wise conduct of life, — this, though quick and half-bred minds may despise it, seems to be a necessary constituent in the composition of manifold genius. 'How shall the world be served?' asks the host in Chaucer. We must have cart-horses as well as race-horses, draymen as well as poets. It is no bad thing, after all, to be a slow man and to have one idea a year. You don't make a figure, perhaps, in argumentative society, which requires a quicker species of thought, but is that the worse?"

One of the things which strikes us most in Bagehot himself is his capacity to understand inferior minds; and there can be no better test of sound genius. He stood in the midst of affairs, and knew the dull duty and humdrum fidelity which make up the equipment of the ordinary mind for business, for the business which keeps the world steady in its grooves and makes it fit for habitation. He perceived quite calmly, though with an odd, sober amusement, that the world is under the dominion, in most things, of the average man, and the average man he knows. He is, he explains, with his characteristic covert humor, "a cool, common person, with a considerate air, with figures in his mind, with his own business to attend to, with a set of ordinary opinions arising from and suited

to ordinary life. He can't bear novelty or originalities. He says, 'Sir, I never heard such a thing before in my life;' and he thinks this a *reductio ad absurdum*. You may see his taste by the reading of which he approves. Is there a more splendid monument of talent and industry than the Times? No wonder that the average man — that any one — believes in it. . . . But did you ever see anything there you had never seen before? . . . Where are the deep theories, and the wise axioms, and the everlasting sentiments which the writers of the most influential publication in the world have been the first to communicate to an ignorant species? Such writers are far too shrewd. . . . The purchaser desires an article which he can appreciate at sight, which he can lay down and say, 'An excellent article, very excellent; exactly my own sentiments.' Original theories give trouble; besides, a grave man on the Coal Exchange does not desire to be an apostle of novelties among the contemporaneous dealers in fuel; he wants to be provided with remarks he can make on the topics of the day which will not be known not to be his, that are not too profound, which he can fancy the paper only reminded him of. And just in the same way," — thus he proceeds with the sagacious moral, — "precisely as the most popular political paper is not that which is abstractedly the best or most instructive, but that which most exactly takes up the minds of men where it finds them, catches the floating sentiment of society, puts it in such a form as society can fancy would convince another society which did not believe, so the most influential of constitutional statesmen is the one who most felicitously expresses the creed of the moment, who administers it, who embodies it in laws and institutions, who gives it the highest life it is capable of, who induces the average man to think, 'I could not have done it any better if I had had time myself.'"

See how his knowledge of politics proceeds out of his knowledge of men. "You may talk of the tyranny of Nero and Tiberius," he exclaims, "but the real tyranny is the tyranny of your next-door neighbor. What law is so cruel as the law of doing what he does? What yoke is so galling as the necessity of being like him? What espionage of despotism comes to your door so effectually as the eye of the man who lives at your door? Public opinion is a permeating influence, and it exacts obedience to itself; it requires us to think other men's thoughts, to speak other men's words, to follow other men's habits. Of course, if we do not, no formal ban issues, no corporeal pain, the coarse penalty of a barbarous society, is inflicted on the offender, but we are called 'eccentric;' there is a gentle murmur of 'most unfortunate ideas,' 'singular young man,' 'well intentioned, I dare say, but unsafe, sir, quite unsafe.' The prudent, of course, conform."

There is, no doubt, a touch of mockery in all this, but there is unquestionable insight in it, too, and a sane knowledge also of the fact that dull, common judgments are, after all, the cement of society. It is Bagehot who says somewhere that it is only dull nations, like the Romans and the English, who can become or remain for any length of time self-governing nations, because it is only among them that duty is done through lack of knowledge sufficient or imagination enough to suggest anything else to do; only among them that the stability of slow habit can be had.

It would be superficial criticism to put forward Bagehot's political opinions as themselves the proof of his extraordinary power as a student and analyst of institutions. His life, his broad range of study, his quick versatility, his shrewd appreciation of common men, his excursions through all the fields that men traverse in their thought of one another and in their contact with the world's business, — these are the soil out of which his

political judgments spring, from which they get their sap and bloom. In order to know institutions, you must know men; you must be able to imagine histories, to appreciate characters radically unlike your own, to see into the heart of society and assess its notions, great and small. Your average critic, it must be acknowledged, would be the worst possible commentator on affairs. He has all the movements of intelligence without any of its reality. But a man who sees authors with a Chaucerian insight into them as men, who knows literature as a realm of vital thought conceived by real men, of actual motive felt by concrete persons, this is a man whose opinions you may confidently ask, if not on current politics, at any rate on all that concerns the permanent relations of men in society.

It is for such reasons that one must first make known the most masterly of the critics of English political institutions as a man of catholic tastes and attainments, shrewdly observant of many kinds of men and affairs. Know him once in this way, and his mastery in political thought is explained. If I were to make choice, therefore, of extracts from his works with a view to recommend him as a politician, I should choose those passages which show him a man of infinite capacity to see and understand men of all kinds, past and present. By showing in his case the equipment of a mind open on all sides to the life and thought of society, and penetrative of human secrets of many sorts, I should authenticate his credentials as a writer upon politics, which is nothing else than the public and organic life of society.

Examples may be taken almost at random. There is the passage on Sydney Smith, in the essay on *The First Edinburgh Reviewers*. We have all laughed with that great-hearted clerical wit; but it is questionable whether we have all appreciated him as a man who wrote and wrought wisdom. Indeed, Sydney Smith

may be made a very delicate test of sound judgment, the which to apply to friends of whom you are suspicious. There was a man beneath those excellent witticisms, a big, wholesome, thinking man; but none save men of like wholesome natures can see and value his manhood and his mind at their real worth.

"Sydney Smith was an after-dinner writer. His words have a flow, a vigor, an expression, which is not given to hungry mortals. . . . There is little trace of labor in his composition; it is poured forth like an unceasing torrent, rejoicing daily to run its course. And what courage there is in it! There is as much variety of pluck in writing across a sheet as in riding across a country. Cautious men . . . go tremulously, like a timid rider; they turn hither and thither; they do not go straight across a subject, like a masterly mind. A few sentences are enough for a master of sentences. The writing of Sydney Smith is suited to the broader kind of important questions. For anything requiring fine nicety of speculation, long elaborateness of deduction, evanescent sharpness of distinction, neither his style nor his mind was fit. He had no patience for long argument, no acuteness for delicate precision, no fangs for recondite research. Writers, like teeth, are divided into incisors and grinders. Sydney Smith was a molar. He did not run a long, sharp argument into the interior of a question; he did not, in the common phrase, go deeply into it; but he kept it steadily under the contact of a strong, capable, jawlike understanding, — pressing its surface, effacing its intricacies, grinding it down. Yet this is done without toil. The play of the molar is instinctive and placid; he could not help it; it would seem that he had an enjoyment in it."

One reads this with a feeling that Bagehot both knows and likes Sydney Smith, and heartily appreciates him as an engine of Whig thought; and with the conviction that Bagehot himself,

knowing thus and enjoying Smith's free-hand method of writing, could have done the like himself, — could himself have made English ring to all the old Whig tunes, like an anvil under the hammer. And yet you have only to turn back a page in the same essay to find quite another Bagehot, — a Bagehot such as Sydney Smith could not have been. He is speaking of that other militant Edinburgh reviewer, Lord Jeffrey, and is recalling, as every one recalls, Jeffrey's review of Wordsworth's *Excursion*. The first words of that review, as everybody remembers, were, "This will never do;" and there followed upon those words, though not a little praise of the poetical beauties of the poem, a thoroughly meant condemnation of the school of poets of which Wordsworth was the greatest representative. Very celebrated in the world of literature is the leading case of *Jeffrey v. Wordsworth*. It is in summing up this case that Bagehot gives us a very different taste of his quality: —

"The world has given judgment. Both Mr. Wordsworth and Lord Jeffrey have received their reward. The one had his own generation, the laughter of men, the applause of drawing-rooms, the concurrence of the crowd; the other a succeeding age, the fond enthusiasm of secret students, the lonely rapture of lonely minds. And each has received according to his kind. If all cultivated men speak differently because of the existence of Wordsworth and Coleridge; if not a thoughtful English book has appeared for forty years without some trace for good or evil of their influence; if sermon-writers subsist upon their thoughts; if 'sacred poets' thrive by translating their weaker portions into the speech of women; if, when all this is over, some sufficient part of their writing will ever be found fitting food for wild musing and solitary meditation, surely this is because they possessed the inner nature, — 'an intense and glowing mind,' 'the vision and the faculty divine.' But if,

perchance, in their weaker moments, the great authors of the *Lyrical Ballads* did ever imagine that the world was to pause because of their verses, that Peter Bell would be popular in drawing-rooms, that *Christabel* would be perused in the city, that people of fashion would make a handbook of *The Excursion*, it was well for them to be told at once that this was not so. Nature ingeniously prepared a shrill artificial voice, which spoke in season and out of season, enough and more than enough, what will ever be the idea of the cities of the plain concerning those who live alone among the mountains, of the frivolous concerning the grave, of the gregarious concerning the recluse, of those who laugh concerning those who laugh not, of the common concerning the uncommon, of those who lend on usury concerning those who lend not; the notion of the world of those whom it will not reckon among the righteous, — it said, 'This won't do!' And so in all time will the lovers of polished Liberalism speak concerning the intense and lonely prophet."

This is no longer the Bagehot who could "write across a sheet" with Sydney Smith. It is now a Bagehot whose heart is turned away from the cudgeling Whigs to see such things as are hidden from the bearers of cudgels, and revealed only to those who can await in the sanctuary of a quiet mind the coming of the vision.

Single specimens of such a man's writing do not suffice, of course, even as specimens. They need their context to show their appositeness, the full body of the writing from which they are taken to show the mass and system of the thought. Even separated pieces of his matter prepare us, nevertheless, for finding in Bagehot keener, juster estimates of difficult historical and political characters than it is given the merely exact historian, with his head full of facts and his heart purged of all imagination, to speak. There is his estimate of the cava-

lier, for example : " A cavalier is always young. The buoyant life arises before us, rich in hope, strong in vigor, irregular in action : men young and ardent, ' framed in the prodigality of nature ; ' open to every enjoyment, alive to every passion, eager, impulsive ; brave without discipline, noble without principle ; prizing luxury, despising danger ; capable of high sentiment, but in each of whom the

' addiction was to courses vain ;
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow ;
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.'

The political sentiment is part of the character ; the essence of Toryism is enjoyment. . . . The way to keep up old customs is to enjoy old customs ; the way to be satisfied with the present state of things is to enjoy the present state of things. Over the cavalier mind this world passes with a thrill of delight ; there is an exultation in a daily event, zest in the ' regular thing,' joy at an old feast."

Is it not most natural that the writer of a passage like that should have been a consummate critic of politics, seeing institutions through men, the only natural way ? It was as necessary that he should be able to enjoy Sydney Smith and recognize the seer in Wordsworth as that he should be able to conceive the cavalier life and point of view ; and in each perception there is the same power. He is as little at fault in understanding men of his own day. What would you wish better than his celebrated character of a " constitutional statesman," for example ? " A constitutional statesman is a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities." Peel is his example. " His opinions resembled the daily accumulating insensible deposits of a rich alluvial soil. The great stream of time flows on with all things on its surface ; and slowly, grain by grain, a mould of wise experience is unconsciously left on the still,

extended intellect. . . . The stealthy accumulating words of Peel seem like the quiet leavings of some outward tendency, which brought these, but might as well have brought others. There is no peculiar stamp, either, on the ideas. They might have been any one's ideas. They belong to the general diffused stock of observations which are to be found in the civilized world. . . . He insensibly takes in and imbibes the ideas of those around him. If he were left in a vacuum, he would have no ideas."

What strikes one most, perhaps, in all these passages, is the realizing imagination which illuminates them. And it is an imagination with a practical character all its own. It is not a creating, but a conceiving imagination ; not the imagination of the fancy, but the imagination of the understanding. Conceiving imaginations, however, are of two kinds. For the one kind the understanding serves as a lamp of guidance ; upon the other the understanding acts as an electric excitant, a keen irritant. Bagehot's was evidently of the first kind ; Carlyle's, conspicuously of the second. There is something in common between the minds of these two men as they conceive society. Both have a capital grip upon the actual ; both can conceive without confusion the complex phenomena of society ; both send humorous glances of searching insight into the hearts of men. But it is the difference between the men that most arrests our attention. Bagehot has the scientific imagination, Carlyle the passionate. Bagehot is the embodiment of witty common sense ; all the movements of his mind illustrate that vivacious sanity which he has himself called " animated moderation." Carlyle, on the other hand, conceives men and their motives too often with a hot intolerance ; there is heat in his imagination, — a heat that sometimes scorches and consumes. Life is for him dramatic, full of fierce, imperative forces. Even when the world rings with laughter, it is laughter which, in his ears, is

succeeded by an echo of mockery; laughter which is but a defiance of tears. The actual which you touch in Bagehot is the practical, operative actual of a world of workshops and parliaments, — a world of which workshops and parliaments are the natural and desirable products. Carlyle flouts at modern legislative assemblies as “talking shops,” and yearns for action such as is commanded by masters of action; preaches the doctrine of work and silence in some thirty volumes octavo. Bagehot points out that prompt, crude action is the instinct and practice of the savage; that talk, the deliberation of assemblies, the slow concert of masses of men, is the cultivated fruit of civilization, nourishing to all the powers of right action in a society which is not simple and primitive, but advanced and complex. He is no more imposed upon by parliamentary debates than Carlyle is. He knows that they are stupid, and, so far as wise utterance goes, in large part futile, too. But he is not irritated, as Carlyle is, for, to say the fact, he sees more than Carlyle sees. He sees the force and value of the stupidity. He is wise, along with Burke, in regarding prejudice as the cement of society. He knows that slow thought is the ballast of a self-governing state. Stanch, knitted timbers are as necessary to the ship as sails. Unless the hull is conservative in holding stubbornly together in the face of every argument of sea weather, there’ll be lives and fortunes lost. Bagehot can laugh at unreasoning bias. It brings a merry twinkle into his eye to undertake the good sport of dissecting stolid stupidity. But he would not for the world abolish bias and stupidity. He would much rather have society hold together; much rather see it grow than undertake to reconstruct it. “You remember my joke against you about the moon,” writes Sydney Smith to Jeffrey; “d—n the solar system — bad light — planets too distant — pestered with comets — feeble contrivance; could make a

better with great ease.” There was nothing of this in Bagehot. He was inclined to be quite tolerant of the solar system. He understood that society was more quickly bettered by sympathy than by antagonism.

Bagehot’s limitations, though they do not obtrude themselves upon your attention as his excellencies do, are in truth as sharp-cut and clear as his thought itself. It would not be just the truth to say that his power is that of critical analysis only, for he can and does construct thought concerning antique and obscure systems of political life and social action. But it is true that he does not construct for the future. You receive stimulation from him and a certain feeling of elation. There is a fresh air stirring in all his utterances that is unspeakably refreshing. You open your mind to the fine influence, and feel younger for having been in such an atmosphere. It is an atmosphere clarified and bracing almost beyond example elsewhere. But you know what you lack in Bagehot if you have read Burke. You miss the deep eloquence which awakens purpose. You are not in contact with systems of thought or with principles that dictate action, but only with a perfect explanation. You would go to Burke, not to Bagehot, for inspiration in the infinite tasks of self-government, though you would, if you were wise, go to Bagehot rather than to Burke if you wished to realize just what were the practical daily conditions under which those tasks were to be worked out.

Moreover, there is a deeper lack in Bagehot. He has no sympathy with the voiceless body of the people, with the “mass of unknown men.” He conceives the work of government to be a work which is possible only to the instructed few. He would have the mass served, and served with devotion, but he would tremble to see them attempt to serve themselves. He has not the stout fibre and the unquestioning faith in the right

and capacity of inorganic majorities which makes the democrat. He has none of the heroic boldness necessary for faith in wholesale political aptitude and capacity. He takes democracy in detail in his thought, and to take it in detail makes it look very awkward indeed.

And yet surely it would not occur to the veriest democrat that ever vociferated the "sovereignty of the people" to take umbrage at anything Bagehot might chance to say in dissection of democracy. What he says is seldom provokingly true. There is something in it all that is better than a "saving clause," and that is a saving humor. Humor ever keeps the whole of his matter sound; it is an excellent salt that keeps sweet the sharpest of his sayings. Indeed, Bagehot's wit is so prominent among his gifts that I am tempted here to enter a general plea for wit as fit company for high thoughts and weighty subjects. Wit does not make a subject light; it simply beats it into shape to be handled readily. For my part, I make free acknowledgment that no man seems to me master of his subject who cannot take liberties with it; who cannot slap his propositions on the back and be hail-fellow well met with them. Suspect a man of shallowness who always takes himself and all that he thinks seriously. For light on a dark subject commend me to a ray of wit. Most of your solemn explanations are mere farthing candles in the great expanse of a difficult question. Wit is not, I admit, a steady light, but ah! its flashes give you sudden glimpses of unsuspected things such as you will never see without it. It is the summer lightning, which will bring more to your startled eye in an instant, out of the hiding of the night, than you will ever be at the pains to observe in the full blaze of noon.

Wit is movement, is play of mind; and the mind cannot get play without a sufficient playground. Without movement outside the world of books, it is impossible a man should see aught but

the very neatly arranged phenomena of that world. But it is possible for a man's thought to be instructed by the world of affairs without the man himself becoming a part of it. Indeed, it is exceedingly hard for one who is in and of it to hold the world of affairs off at arm's length and observe it. He has no vantage-ground. He had better for a while seek the distance of books, and get his perspective. The literary politician, let it be distinctly said, is a very fine, a very superior species of the man thoughtful. He reads books as he would listen to men talk. He stands apart, and looks on, with humorous, sympathetic smile, at the play of policies. He will tell you for the asking what the players are thinking about. He divines at once how the parts are cast. He knows beforehand what each act is to discover. He might readily guess what the dialogue is to contain. Were you short of scene-shifters, he could serve you admirably in an emergency. And he is a better critic of the play than the players.

Had I command of the culture of men, I should wish to raise up for the instruction and stimulation of my nation more than one sane, sagacious, penetrating critic of men and affairs like Walter Bagehot. But that, of course. The proper thesis to draw from his singular genius is this: It is not the constitutional lawyer, nor the student of the mere machinery and legal structure of institutions, nor the politician, a mere handler of that machinery, who is competent to understand and expound government; but the man who finds the materials for his thought far and wide, in everything that reveals character and circumstance and motive. It is necessary to stand with the poets as well as with lawgivers; with the fathers of the race as well as with your neighbor of today; with those who toil and are sick at heart as well as with those who prosper and laugh and take their pleasure; with the merchant and the manufac-

turer as well as with the closeted student; with the schoolmaster and with those whose only school is life; with the orator and with the men who have wrought always in silence; in the midst

of thought and also in the midst of affairs, if you would really comprehend those great wholes of history and of character which are the vital substance of politics.

Woodrow Wilson.

THE APPARITION OF GRAN'THER HILL.

It was near the middle of July, and haymaking in Danvis was well under way. Even Joseph Hill was hard at it, as he said, and about nine o'clock of a morning that promised an unbroken hay-day was walking at a leisurely pace along the shaven sward between the standing grass on the left and the yet unwilted swath on his right. His hired help, Pelatiah Gove and Antoine Bissette, were mowing around a piece on the further side of the ten-acre meadow; but he preferred to "carry his swaths," which gave his back long intervals of rest from bending, and afforded opportunities of sweetening toil with scraps of conversation when a neighbor passed along the highway, to whose border he returned, to strike in anew after the slow and restful walk. Now, as he sauntered along, his scythe hanging easily on his arm, he contemplated with a yeoman's honest pride the broad, even path he had mown, and the straight, regular swath of herd's-grass dappled with the yellow and white of daisies, and blushing with purple clover-heads and scarlet splashes of overripe strawberries. He kicked aside the swath to see if it was neatly "p'inted aout," then stooped to pick up a tempting bunch of strawberries.

"Sam Hill!" he exclaimed, nibbling them from the stem as he resumed his deliberate progress. "Hain't the' snarls on 'em! Why, M'ri' an' Ruby might gather a ten-quart pailf'l on 'em right aout'n the swaths, — seems 's 'ough they

might, 'most. I snum, I'd stop an' pick some on 'em myself, if I hed me a dish an' wa'n't so 'tarnal busy."

When he reached the edge of the field, Pelatiah and Antoine began sharpening their scythes at the farthest corner of their lessening parallelogram, and as his ear caught the sound he dropped the end of his snath upon the ground, drew the emery-clad wooden "rifle" from the long pocket of his tow-cloth trousers, and, with intent eyes and a critical left thumb on the scythe's edge, began whetting it from heel to point.

"If they spend half o' the' time rasp-in' the' ol' peahooks, guess I c'n 'ford tu tech up mine a leetle mite, seems 's 'ough," he said, as his blade rang an echo to theirs. "It's a dollar a day, an' no hangin' for stealin'."

The bobolinks were in their gay motley plumage, and as jolly as became such attire. Their songs mingled with the musical clangor of the whetted scythes, as the gay minstrels hung on vibrant wings above their brooding mates, or swayed on the nodding herd's-grass heads. A meadow lark, perched on a haycock, turning his escutcheoned breast to the sun, uttered notes as metallic as those the scythes gave forth, but less musical. Flashing through the foliage of a roadside elm, an oriole broke the sweet, plaintive cadence of his brief song with a discordant chatter, evoked perhaps by some intruder, perhaps by a disappointment over the unmusical promise of his unfledged offspring's three lugubrious notes reiter-

ated with tiresome monotony, while the silent mother came and went in an endless round of food gathering and delivering.

"What's a-troublin' of ye, this mornin', Mr. Hangbird?" Joseph inquired, looking towards the elm. Presently he descried the canopy of a blue umbrella slowly rising above the crest of a hill. "Wal, I snore, if 't hain't Mis' Pur'n't'n," he declared, after a few moments' study of the approaching figure as it became more fully revealed. "Wonder where she's a-shoolin' tu. Up tu aour haouse, like's not. Like 'nough up t' Solon's, I d' know." He laid down the scythe, and refreshed himself with a draught of switchel from a wooden canteen which he drew from its covering of grass in a shady fence corner. This once popular but now obsolete summer drink of temperate haymakers was compounded of molasses and water, with a dash of vinegar and a spice of ginger, and was supposed to be less hurtful than water to heated men. Therefore, Joseph, considering his liability to "git het," providently supplied himself with it. Having quenched his thirst, he rasped his face with a red-and-yellow cotton handkerchief carried in the crown of his palm-leaf hat, and leaned upon the fence to await the coming of the passer-by. Presently she waddled into short range of speech, her flushed face and labored breath seeming to diffuse added heat in the fervid atmosphere. Her eyes were intent on the smooth footpath between the ditch and the wheel-track, and she was not aware of Joseph's presence till he accosted her.

"Mornin', Mis' Pur'n't'n. Where on this livin' airth be you p'inted for, this hot mornin'?"

"Why, sakes alive!" she gasped, coming to a ponderous, quaking halt. "What's the use o' scarin' anybody aouten the' seben senses? My, I never seen ye till I heard ye, an' I putty nigh jumped aouten my shoes. I'm rwusted, an' I'm comin' over there int' the

shade. I was just a-thinkin' I'd ortu seddaown an' rest me. Ther' hain't no bumblebees ner was's nests ner nothin', is the'?"

"Don't seem tu be none," said Joseph, after casual inspection of the premises.

With this assurance she descended into the dry ditch, and, assisting herself with a pudgy hand on her uplifted knee, climbed up the opposite bank, set her open blue umbrella upside down on the ferns and buttercups, and seated herself on a convenient cradle knoll in the shadow of the fence-side raspberry-bushes.

"So you're a-hayin' of it, be ye?" she said, peeping between the rails into the meadow. "Wal, he is tew. Ho, hum, sussy day! I allers du dread hayin' dret'f'l, it does make sech a lot o' work for the women folks; men folks does eat so, an' so many on 'em! Haow's your father? We heerd las' night 'at he was kinder failin', an' I told him I'd got tu gwup an' see fer myself; an' so this mornin' I told Sis she'd got tu git along some way, an' I jest put on my things, an' off I come; for I knowed if I could n't du nothin' much wi' my han's, feeble's I be, I c'd chirk him up some, an' Mis' Hill, which she must hev her han's putty nigh full an' anxious in her mind. Haow'd ye say he was?"

"Oh, wal," said Joseph slowly, embracing the first opportunity to answer, "father hain't not tu say sick, an' then agin he hain't ezackly what you might call well. He's ben a lee-tle mite off'm the hooks tew three days; the hot weather's kinder took a holt on him, I guess. I don't b'lieve but what he'll come raound all right agin in a day er tew."

Mrs. Purington's sunbonnet shook with funereal solemnity, and she heaved a deep sigh.

"Don't flatter yourself. At his time o' life, he's lieberle tu go any minute; an' givin' way tu his temper the way he does, I don't 'spect nothin' but what he'll go in a fit o' the arteplack. It'll be terrible onpleasant tu hev him pass

away right in hayin', a fun'r'l does break things up so. But we can't order sech things. My sakes, if there hain't a ripe rosb'ry!" as she spied the first ripe berry of its kind and reached forth to secure it. "Who'd ever ha' thought o' rosb'ries gittin' ripe? Ho, hum, haow time does fly, an' aour lives is but a span! I mus' send Sis aout tu see 'f she c'n git 'nough fer a mess. I s'pose you give your father bwunset? An' prarbably you've hed him the darkter?"

"Wal, he's took some hisself," Joseph answered. "Ye can't ezackly give him nothin'. He won't let ye. No, he won't hev no darkter erless he'll bleed him, which there don't seem no sense in, seems 's 'ough there wa'n't, 'cause, ye see, he hain't full-blooded. It don't seem 's if he'd hev the arteplack, sca'cely."

"You can't never tell," Mrs. Purington sighed. "It tackles fat an' lean. Time cuts daown all, bwuth gre't an' small. Is your grass tol'able good? His'n is."

"Bunkum," Joseph declared with unwonted decision, which he hastened to qualify. "Leastways, consid'able more 'n middlin', for all the 's lots o' stob'ries, which hain't a sign o' heavy grass. If it's baries ye want, you c'd pick up a bushil aouten the swaths. I d' know as a bushil, ezackly; fo', five, half dozen quarts, mebbly. Say, I swan, Mis' Pur-'n't'n, the 'is a was's nes' right in under the — le' me see — one, tew, three, fo', five — the fif' rail f'm the top, on the len'th right behind ye. Don't ye git scairt; go kinder easy, an' not wake 'em up."

She hesitated not on the manner of her departure, but rolled off her seat to the verge of the ditch, into which she dropped her feet, and, scrambling up the further bank on all fours, regained the road. There, resuming an upright position, she began vigorously to shake her skirts and cuff the sides of her sunbonnet.

"Wal, I b'lieve the 'hain't none in my clo's ner nothin'!" she exclaimed at last. "But wa'n't I scairt, though? I be

dretf'l 'feard o' was's an' bees, they swell up so on me. I do' know but I 'xposed some o' my limbs, but you 'll hafter 'xcuse me on 'caount o' the was's nes' an' your father's health. Naow, if you c'n git a holt o' my umbrel, an' tost it tu me, mebbly I c'n git away 'thaout gittin' stung tu death."

Joseph grunted as he reached far across the fence to perform this service, and then, having recovered his breath, he said, "If you see bub, you jest tell him tu hurry up an' come an' shake aout this 'ere grass, an' fer him tu fetch a fork, 'cause the 'hain't none here. I do' know why in tunket he don't come, fer the dew 's ben off an haour."

"Prarbably his mother 's a-keepin' on him tu send fer the darkter or the neighbors. An' I s'pose Josier begretches ev'y minute away f'm his gran'ther. He 'll miss him more 'n 'most any of ye." Then sheltering herself under the umbrella, Mrs. Purington resumed her laborious progress.

"Gosh, what a woman!" Joseph ejaculated when he had watched her a moment. "Won't father give her hail Columby, though, if she gits tu mournin' over him!" Then his eyes wandered to the flat-pressed herbage of the cradle knoll and the inverted gray cone beneath the adjacent fence rail, and he chuckled wheezily, "I guess it 's an ol' last year's one, arter all. My, if it hed n't 'a' ben! Wal, I s'pose I must buckle tu." So after trimming out the fence corner with a few short strokes, he struck into his swath with long, regular sweeps whose graceful movement was strangely in contrast to his ordinary turtle-like motions.

With a like movement, yet each with a distinctive if slight difference, the tall angular young American and the lithe and graceful little Canadian swung their scythes in unison, with one cropping swish of the cutting stroke that piled half a summer's growth of stalk, leaf, and blossom in a lengthening line of common ruin, and disturbed labor and revel of

busy bee and idle moth. With one faint ring like bells of fairyland, the two scythes swung back to the standing grass. There was no break in these regularly recurrent sounds, except when a corner was reached, or the scythes were whetted, or there was brief decisive battle with a swarm of bumblebees that made the air seethe with their angry murmur, and hot with the pungent odor of their wrath. Angry buzz and burnt honey incense faded out when the bees were trampled to death, and the conquerors sucked their meagre spoils out of the brown combs.

Thus an hour or more passed with the haymakers, while the bobolinks sang their jubilant medley, the oriole mingled music with scolding, the meadow lark struck his brief metallic notes, and the kingbird uttered sharp, accelerated monotony of clatter as he poised in rapid survey of the grassy coverts or swooped upon his insect game. Then there came a sudden untimely blast of a dinner-horn, sounding an imperative call in its first note, prolonged to a wail of distress, and ending in sputtering failure of breath and tense lips.

Antoine stopped at the end of a stroke, and turned inquiring eyes and ears toward the house, while Pelatiah, in the lead, conscientiously carried out his swath before he stopped to look and listen in the direction of the unexpected signal.

"Bah gosh!" Antoine exclaimed, letting out his restrained breath after a moment of silence. "Ah guess Marri got hees clock go too fas', prob'ly, or less de bee was swarmin', an't he prob'ly?"

"Wal, 't ain't nowher's nigh noon," Pelatiah said, looking up to the sun. "If it's bees, they hain't wuth fussin' with. 'A swarm in July hain't wuth a fly.' Wonder what the rip is?"

"Boys, did ye hear the horn?" their employer asked anxiously, as he came wading through the grass toward them. "Le's hyper up tu the haouse. I'm afeard the 's suthin' the matter."

Pelatiah at once slipped his scythe under the swath and was ready to accompany him, but Antoine whetted his scythe and again struck in.

"Hain't ye goin' with us?" Joseph asked.

"No," he answered, with abrupt decision. "Ah'll an't never wan' go where anybody sick, an' if dey goin' to dead, oh! mon Dieu, no!" and he applied himself to his work with nervous diligence, while the others went their way.

Joseph Hill's usually cheerful face was shadowed by a cloud of anxiety, as he set forth toward the house at his best pace across the intervening strip of cleared meadow, where the new-fangled, half-distrusted revolving horse-rake, just from Morrison's shop, lay in idle conspicuity, with its double rows of wooden teeth shining in the sun. Its owner gave it but a passing glance that brought no thrill of proud possession, but rather a twinge of remorse for having bought it against the will of his father, who spurned it as a "consarned flipperty-flop, rattle-trap, Tory thingum-a-jig, with teeth a-p'intin' both ways." It seemed to Joseph that his legs were never so short nor the stubble so slippery, especially when his active companion quickly overtook him.

"Father's hed a wuss spell, I'll bet ye what's the matter," he panted, struggling to keep abreast of Pelatiah. "He did n't git mad nary oncte this mornin', which it showed he wa'n't a-feelin' jest right someways. I'd a grea' deal livser hev him 'an tu not tu. Lord, haow I should miss him if he should be took away!" Joseph was obliged to get the cotton handkerchief from his hat and wipe the sweat from his eyes, for the house, though now only ten rods off, was swimming in a watery haze that made doors and windows indistinguishable.

Mrs. Purington toiled up the path leading to the kitchen door of the Hill homestead, bestowing a glance of severe disapproval on the ill-timed efflorescence

of the hollyhocks and the gorgeousness of the tiger lilies, then lowered her umbrella as a shield against the attack of an old hen who charged upon her furiously through a brood of frightened chicks, more endangered by defender than by invader.

"There, there, you plagued ol' fool, you," she addressed her baffled adversary, who was now making a prodigious fuss of scratching and clucking to collect her scattered brood, one member of which had been nearly trampled to death under her own feet. "You see what comes o' not tendin' t' y' own business." Mrs. Purington moved forward, running a critical eye over a flock of older chickens now in the ugliness and imbecility of half-growth, and uttering yelps of perpetual discontent when they were not making awkward sallies in pursuit of a moth or a grasshopper. "They hain't no forreder 'n aourn, nor no more on 'em," she remarked as she reached the door, and, furling her umbrella, she bent forward to look and listen before she entered.

There was a sound of water briskly splashed and a squeaky breaking of leaf stalks, of quick footsteps moving intermittently to and fro mingled with a cautious clatter of the stove and the contented bubbling of a boiling pot that exhaled a savory odor of cooking pork, which the visitor sniffed with satisfaction when she saw that Ruby Hill was washing beet greens at the sink. She mentally formulated the bill of fare and a declaration of intention:—

"B'iled pork an' beet greens! I 'm goin' tu stay tu dinner, if it is hayin'." Then she wheezily announced herself.

"Mornin', Marier! Wal, here I be, what the 'is left on me, arter br'ilin' in sun, tu say nothin' o' raslin' wi' was's. My, if 't ain't hot!" Gran'ther Hill's great splint-bottomed chair received her unaccustomed weight with a protesting creak as Maria turned from the stove to her guest, her face changing from the

frown of heat-battling to an expression of surprise, while Ruby cast a frightened glance, a nod, and a murmured salutation over her shoulder.

"Why, for all this worl'!" said Maria. "That 's right, set ri' daown and rest ye. Le' me take your bunnit. Pretty well, be ye, an' all of 'em at hum?"

"No, you need n't take my bunnit. I'll jest hang it on the cheer," said Mrs. Purington with the air of a martyr, as she fumbled at her bonnet-strings. "I don't s'pose I c'n stop long erless it seems ne'ssary; but it did seem's if I mus' come, if 't wa'n't only tu call. Be you feelin' putty scrumptious, Ruby? I should n't s'pose you would, a-growin' so. It hain't healthy tu grow so fast. I should think you 'd let aout the tuck in her dress, Marier. My sakes, if there hain't a beet half 's big as a hen's aig! An' we hain't hed us a mess yit. No, sir, not a green, sence caowslops an' dand'lierns went by. I s'pect aour beets hain't ben wed as they 'd ortu ben. He hain't no hand for a garding, like your father Hill. Ho, hum, sussy day! But I s'pose he's goddone wi' all that. You won't hev no sech beets next year. Haow does he 'pear tu be?" sinking her voice to a gasping whisper. "I come up a puppus tu enquire. We heard yist'day 'at he was terrible mis'able."

"Why, no," Maria answered in a lowered voice, seating herself in front of her visitor and adjusting the tall comb in her back hair, "he don't seem tu be bad off. He hed a kinder poor turn day 'fore yist'day, an' he 's ben keepin' consid'able quiet sence. He 's ben sleepin' 'most all the mornin'. Bub's in there a-keepin' the flies off of him."

Mrs. Purington shook her head solemnly, and slowly lifted herself by the arms of the chair. Then, with a cautionary hand raised to enjoin silence, she waddled carefully across to the bedroom door and peered in long and anxiously. Then she disappeared within, to come forth presently in haste, with an

awe-stricken countenance, and in a voice befitting it she said, "Marier Hill, he's a dyin' man! He lays there julluk a lawg, an' he's slipped daown in the bed; an' I took a holt o' one o' his feet, an' it's jest as cold as a stun, an' bloated up jest as hard as a stick o' wood. I tell ye he hain't long for this world! You jest come an' look at him!"

Maria followed her in a tremor of alarm, and poor Ruby, sick with horror of the mysterious presence which seemed about to confront her, hovered close in the rear, afraid to follow and afraid to be left alone.

"You c'n see for yourself," Mrs. Purington whispered, with constrained calmness. "You see that 'ere fly a-walkin' on his nose, an' him never a-winkin'. You see haow his fingers keeps a-workin', an' he's all slid daown in the bed, an' his feet as col' as chunks o' ice. I tell ye he's struck wi' death, an' you hed n't ortu lose a minute a-callin' in Joseph an' 'mongst 'em, if they're tu see him a livin' man. It's arteplack; jest what I told Joseph 'ould take his father, as I come along."

The grim face of the veteran was unwontedly serene as he lay breathing heavily in the deep sleep of age, and now a smile flickered across it like a glint of sunlight on the wintry ruggedness of a mountain, as if he had pleasant dreams or happy visions. His favorite grandson and namesake sat beside him idly brushing the flies away with a feathery asparagus stalk, tired of his inactive duty, and wishing his grandfather would awake and tell a story. But now he turned a wondering, scared face toward the visitor; then, as he comprehended the awful import of her words, he dropped the brush across the bed, and, lightly touching the nearest brown and withered old hand with his browner, grimy young fingers, he buried his face in the patchwork quilt, repeating silently again and again a fervent, untaught prayer, amid smothered, choking sobs:

"O God, don't let gran'ther die! Don't ye! Don't ye!"

He did not hear Mrs. Purington's whispered errand: "Josier, your father tol' me tu tell you tu come ri' daown int' the medder, an' go tu shakin' aout the swaths, but I hain't the heart tu." He heard his mother's rapidly retreating footsteps click on the doorstep, and then the untimely blast of the dinner-horn smote his ear like a funeral knell.

Gran'ther Hill half opened his eyes in an unseeing stare, then closed them and lapsed again into quiet sleep.

"He don't take no noticete o' nothin'," Mrs. Purington sighed.

Before long Josiah heard the guarded clump of his father's and Pelatiah's boots upon the kitchen floor; then, by the restrained, labored breathing and whispered inquiries and responses, he knew that they were crowded into the little bedroom whose narrow confines Mrs. Purington's portly presence had seemed to fill already to their utmost capacity.

It was not apparent to Joseph that any great change had occurred in his father's condition, but Mrs. Purington having become an authority on mortuary affairs through frequent attendance at death-beds and funerals, he had no idea of questioning her opinions.

"It seems 's 'ough I'd got tu speak tu him," he whispered, his face working with painfully restrained emotion.

"The' hain't no use o' disturbin' his last moments," Mrs. Purington whispered authoritatively; and Joseph tried to appease his filial yearning by a clumsy, mannish adjustment of the quilt, which was viewed with severe toleration by Mrs. Purington. Pelatiah heaved a few sympathetic sighs, and retired to the kitchen, emphasizing each careful footfall by a downward sway of head and body, till he reached a chair, and carefully lowered himself into it. After a vain attempt to engage his mind in the study of the almanac which hung by the clock, he tried the better plan of doing

something helpful, and made separate, supposedly noiseless journeys to the well and cistern to replenish the water-pails, although he had found neither empty. With the same purpose, Ruby strove to employ herself, wondering if it would be decorous to begin setting the table, and wishing she might be sent to summon the younger children home from school, to help her bear the misery of this awful waiting, until both were called into the bedroom by an imperative gesture of Mrs. Purington.

There was crowded standing-room for the solemn company between the bedstead, the oilcloth-covered light-stand, and the cherry-wood chest of drawers, whereon lay the worn and ancient family Bible, open at one of the stormiest chapters of the Old Testament. It might have seemed to some that a recently developed turn for Biblical research was one of the most alarming symptoms of Gran'ther Hill's illness. In an unstable position on the edge of the chest there was an unfinished axe-helve awaiting the last touches of the veteran's hands. Last night's candle stood on the stand, the extinguisher half revealing a portentous winding-sheet which had formed during the last burning; and even while Mrs. Purington silently called attention to this ominous sign still another was given. A phœbe-bird hovered a moment at the open window, then flew in and caught a fly in an airy loop of flight that ended in a misjudged dash against the raised sash. In attempting to wallow her way around from the foot of the bed to expel the fluttering intruder, Mrs. Purington struck an end of the axe-helve, and it fell to the floor with a sharp, resonant clatter that aroused the old man.

With wide-opened eyes he cast a glance of stern inquiry around upon the sad-faced group. "What in time be ye all a-gawpin' at?" he sternly demanded in a strong voice. "Be ye all dumb, or why don't ye answer?"

Mrs. Purington ventured to take upon

herself the office of spokeswoman, and said, with awful solemnity, "Captin' Hill, we thought you was a-dyin', an' I hed Marier call the men folks."

"Ye did, hey? An' what if I was? Did n't you s'pose I c'd 'tend tu it? Called in the men folks from hayin'? If I'd ha' got killed tu Hubbar't'n or Bennin't'n, du you s'pose they'd ha' quit fightin' an' stood 'raound tu gawp at me a-dyin'? An' 't would ha' ben a 'tarnal sight more consequence then 'an 't is naow."

"Your feet was jes' as cold as stuns," Mrs. Purington added, as she ran a groping hand beneath the bedclothes, "an' so they be naow."

"You hain't got a holt o' no foot," Gran'ther Hill chuckled hoarsely. "It's a freestun Marier put in tu warm 'em las' night." And, drawing up his knee, he gave a vigorous kick that tumbled the stone out with a dull thud upon Mrs. Purington's fat foot, and drew from her an agonized shriek. "I'm glad on 't, I swear I be, ye ol' carri'n crow!" the old man roared in savage rejoicing. "Clear aouten here, the hull b'ilin' on ye! No, you don't wanten go," he added in a softer tone to Josiah, who was crying now for joy at the sudden and promising change in his grandfather's symptoms.

"It's awful, dretful! A man at your time o' life, wi' one foot in the grave!" Mrs. Purington whimpered, as she limped out of the bedroom in the rear of the departing company.

"I hain't a man o' my time o' life, an' I hain't nary foot in nothin'," he growled after her, and, suiting action to his last words, he sat upright, and threw his sturdy old legs out of bed.

"Gi' me my breeches, bub. Why, the 'tarnal fools scairt ye, did n't they?" He put an unwontedly gentle hand on the tousled, sun-faded tow head. "There, don't ye cry, sonny. They won't git no fun'al aouten yer ol' gran'ther till he's larnt ye tu shoot an' tu ketch a traout, an' hev lots o' fun wi' ye."

Through tears and smiles, as in a shower and sunshine, the boy had a bright vision of his reënthroned idol.

"I ruther guess me an' Pelatiah hed better hev us a cold bite," Joseph said in a subdued voice, as he took a longing sniff of the fragrance of the boiling greens. "We can't sca'cely 'ford tu wait for dinner, an' it won' ezactly pay tu come up a puppus for 't quite so soon, it don't seem 's 'ough. An' we'll take suthin' 'long for Antwine. The pork an' greens 'll be fust chop for supper."

"Men folks hed ortu hev a su'stantial warm dinner, an' so hed anybody 'at 's ben ex'cisin' a-walkin'," said the visitor.

But the two men began eating their lunch standing at the pantry shelf where it was set by Maria, and, quickly finishing it, went afie'd. No move was made toward getting dinner, and an angry growl was heard issuing from the bedroom. Casting a regretful look upon the boiling pots, Mrs. Purington hastily departed, with the umbrella under her arm, tying her sunbonnet as she walked down the path.

With but little help from his grandson, Gran'ther Hill donned his suit of homespun, and, with convincing thumps of his staff, stamped forth into the kitchen. His face wore a genial expression, nevertheless triumphant and defiant; and Josiah, following close at his heels, was radiant with joy, in spite of the fear that he might now be sent to the hayfield.

Maria and her daughter had set the untasted dishes of pork, greens, and potatoes to cool on the draughtiest shelf of the pantry, and were sitting in a bewilderment of unexpected rest when the old man entered.

"Wal, naow you hain't never ben tu dinner, Marier?" he demanded, looking sharply at the clock, the cleared stove, and empty table. "So I skeered them back int' the lot, did I?" he chuckled, when his daughter-in-law had explained the situation. "An' that 'ere Pur'n't'n womern, hes she cleared aout tew? Wal,

I done almighty well. By the Lord Harry, I won't furnish no fun'als for that ol' carri'n crow 's long 's I c'n help it! An' mind ye, Marier, if ever I du die, don't ye let her know it for a week. I want tu cheat her aouten that fun. Lord, it always makes me swearin' mad tu see her a-lookin' at corpses as if she owned 'em! 'Viewin' the re-mains,' she calls it. Hunh! Or'n'ry, every-day dead folks hain't remains. All 'at ever you could see is there just 's it allers was. If she 'd ha' ben tu Hubbar't'n er Bennin't'n er where Injins hed ben hellin' raound, she 'd ha' seen remains. Folks blowed all tu flinders, an' women wi' the' skelps tore off. Them 's remains. Remains! The cussed ol' fat fool!" He shook out the words in a bass tremolo of anger, and then in a milder voice declared, "I smelt greens a-b'ilin', an' I want some on 'em. In the butt'ry, be they? No, you jes' keep yer settin', Marier, an' me an' bub 'll help aourselves. Come on, bub."

"Seems 's 'ough it 's most tew hearty victuals for anybody 'at 's feeble," Maria suggested timidly.

"Sho, Marier! Gardin sass 's the healthiest victuals the' is. Don't woo'-chucks eat it? An' did you ever hear tell o' a woo'-chuck's dyin' erless he was killed? Who 's feeble? If bub is, he need n't eat none 'thout he 's a min' ter."

The pantry door closed behind the grandsire and grandson, who at once gave themselves up so entirely to the business in hand that no sound was heard from that quarter but the clatter of knives and forks, the clink of the vinegar cruet, and an occasional clearing of Gran'ther Hill's throat when it was too liberally irrigated with an overdose of vinegar. When at last they came forth, with satisfied faces and wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands, Josiah the younger at once went to roost on the edge of a chair, with his feet on the top round, and began to settle into torpid contentment. He was not long permitted to enjoy it, for his grand-

father, after taking his own hat from its peg and putting it on, drew the boy's tattered straw hat toward him from its latest place of deposit, with the point of his staff, and thrust it upon the owner's head with such force that the surprised youngster barely saved himself from pitching headlong upon the floor. When half-way across the room he halted a stumbling run, and turned to stare with dazed eyes between parted crown and brim on the grimly amused face of his grandfather.

"I s'pect your father wants ye daown 'n the medder," his mother suggested.

"He hain't a-goin' daown intu no medder erless I tell him tu. He's a-goin' along wi' me," the aged autocrat announced, as he stamped and thumped his way to the door; and Josiah hoped that they might be going fishing, though the blazing heat promised no success.

"Why, father, you hain't never goin' aout in the heat o' the day, be ye? Where be you goin'? You hed n't ortu, old as you be an' sick as you've ben."

"Old as I be?" he growled scornfully. "I'm younger 'n any on ye. Sick? I hain't ben sick. Hot? Don't ye s'pose a man 'at's lived in V'mont ever sence white folks come tu stay knows a leetle suthin' 'bout what sort o' weather he c'n gwaout in? 'T ain't hot. It's jest comf't'ble, an' I hain't grease ner pitch. I guess I sha'n't melt. Where be I a-goin'? Mebby I'm a-goin' tu bary myself, an' mebby I'm a-goin' tu look up a good place tu. Come on, bub."

With his grandson at his heels, he marched down the dooryard path, supremely indifferent to the attack of the Dominique Amazon who charged at his lean shanks only to be poked contemptuously aside by a two-handed thrust of his staff; and his daughter-in-law, ready to cry with worry, watched him to the corner from which the road ran past the hayfield, where he was hidden by a group of cherry-trees, in which a throng of jealous robins and a pair of red-headed

woodpeckers were bickering for the first reddening fruit.

"He'll git het or sunstruck, an' everybody'll blame it ontu me," she sighed, turning wearily away, and taking her apron from a chair-back with one hand, while with the other she groped for a pin on the bosom of her gown.

"I tell ye, bub," Gran'ther Hill confided to his grandson, as he slackened his pace for his escort to come beside him, "I'm a-goin' daown int' the medder tu show 'em haow tu hay it. Folks naowerdays do' know haow, erless they won't, but I'll show 'em, or I'll make 'em, bub." He stopped, and bent an impressive glance upon the boy's upturned face. "It'll be suthin' for ye tu tell on, when ye git growed up, haow 't your gran'ther was a-dyin' in the fo'noon, an' went an' pitched hay in the art'noon." He chuckled hoarsely, and, after giving the idea time for digestion, continued, as he began an abstracted search in his pockets, "They hain't no kind of a team, your father an' that 'ere Gove boy an' that 'ere Frenchman. I don't see what Jozeff was a-thinkin' on tu hire him. They hain't goo' for nothin'. I know 'em. Blast 'em! When we went tu Canerdy an' fit for 'em, they jest humped up tu hum, ov' their pea soup an' inions, an' let us freeze an' starve an' du the fight-in'. Ye could n't stir 'em up tu no patri'tism no more 'n ye could stir up a chunk o' ice wi' a puddin'-stick, blast 'em! Oh, if a man won't fight for his natyve land for the love on 't, he won' du much a-hayin' for wages, you may depend on 't! Say, bub, I come off an' lef' my pipe on the manteltree shelf, an' I'd ortu smuk. You clipper back an' git it, an' fill it wi' terbacker; an' ye can't light it, — it 'ould make ye sick; so you fetch me three four o' them hell-fire matches. The' hain't half so good as flint an' steel, but the' hain't no punk in the hull dumb, shif'less haouse. Naow clipper like a whitehead, an' I'll just wait. An' don't ye let your ma'am

know where we're a-goin'; she 'll jes' tew," he called after Josiah, while he watched his agile steps with critical admiration, and commented to himself, "He's a chip o' the ol' block! Jozeff took arter his mother in bein' slow an' easy. But she hed judgment, and Jozeff — wal — She hed 'straor'nary judgment when she was a gal. Why, she wa'n't on'y seibenteen when she took me. Twenty year she's ben gone! Twenty year, an' me a-hengin' on yit, julluk an' oak-leaf in winter, o' no use for nothin'." His slow thoughts followed his slow, half-wistful gaze to the sumac-tented burying-ground, and far beyond to the pale, sunlit sky above the mountain tops, and then wandered wearily back. "But I'm wuth a dozen naowerdays young folks yit," he declared, straightening himself energetically, and walking toward the corner of the road. Turning it, he came suddenly in view of Antoine, who was coming up the road, a few rods away.

It was not yet noon when Joseph and Pelatiah reached the hayfield, where Antoine had exchanged a scythe for a fork, and was tossing the swaths as if they were caught in the eddies of a sweetly odorous whirlwind. He took his luncheon in silence, with his employer's laconic remark that "the women folks wa'n't a-goin' tu git no reg'lar dinner tu-day," imagining in Joseph's sober face he read an answer to the question he would ask. If he wondered that the bereaved son should return to labor, when he had so good an excuse for a respite from it, he accounted for this by the fact that toil blunts the edge of grief. The far-resounding dinner-calls of conchs and horns at distant farmsteads faded out in the hot air to the silence which had held languorous sway since the bobolinks' riot of melody had ceased. The song of the oriole was hushed, with the monotonous plaint of his offspring; the sharp, brief note of the meadow lark, like an arrow of sound, was no longer shot athwart

the noontide heat, and there was no noisier stir of life than the drowsy boom of the bumblebee swelling above, and lapsing again to the voiceless level as the liveried gold-and-black forager blundered homeward or afield.

Antoine retired to the shade to rest and refresh himself. While he munched the generous but dry ration of bread and cold meat, he also slowly chewed the cud of meditation concerning the long life which he supposed had just come to a close, and his thoughts, addressed to himself, shaped themselves in his accustomed French-English speech:—

"De gran'pere was gat great many hol'. More as mos' honded prob'ly, Ah guess. Wen Ah 'll gat so much hol' prob'ly, Ah 'll been dead great many year. Ah 'll hope so if Ah 'll goin' be so hugly like he was! He so hugly Ah 'll was 'fraid of it, me! An' Ah 'll guess, seh, dis worl' was be more peaceably, for gat de hol' man aout of it! What dey goin' do where he gone prob'ly, hein? Wal, Ah 'll be glad dey gat it, an' Ah 'll hope dey an't send it back."

An overlarge mouthful of bread stuck in his throat, and he was seized with a sudden fear that a judgment had overtaken him. He struggled against it manfully, and, after several gasping elongations of his neck, got the better of the choking morsel, and cried out in bravado, "Yas, sah, Ah 'll glad dat hol' hugly was go, me, an' Ah 'll hope dey an't let it come back!" He could not help casting a scared glance behind him, but he saw only the serene landscape: the shorn meadow dotted with cocks and rumpled with spread hay; the standing grass waving in the fitful gusts of the wind, and tossing the dandelion heads like foam bells on the waterless gray-green billows; the open-doored, gray barn with a row of silent swallows bickering on the ridge; the tasseled cornfield; the rough pasture, and its idle groups of sheep and kine nooning in the shade of scattered trees; and beyond all, the green boundary of

the mountain wall shimmering in the glare of sunlight. If the scene revealed naught to him of its serene beauty but the excellence of an ideal hay-day, there was nothing in it to alarm him, and, after a tepid draught of switchel, he gave himself the crowning consolation of a pipe. The last spark was quenching itself in the moist dregs when he was aroused by Joseph's moderate call.

"Wal, Antwine, I guess like 'nough, if you 're a min' ter, you may gwup an' git the hosses an' the hay-riggin', an' ye can hitch the ol' mare on behind an' tow her 'long daown for tu hitch on the rake, if you 're a min' ter; guess the cult 'll foller all right!" The call came to him in a deliberate, monotonous tone whose high pitch was maintained with effort.

Antoine knocked the ashes out from his pipe on the toe of his moccasin, and, arising, set forth toward the house, not without some unwillingness to go alone into the dread precincts which, as he approached, seemed the more pervaded by an awed silence. As he turned the corner, he saw the subject of his thoughts materialize before him, and doubted not for an instant that the gaunt, tall figure and stern, pallid face were those of a being now belonging to another world. The recollection of his recent defiance of such a visitation surged back upon him in an overwhelming wave that seemed to drown his heart's life out of him. For an instant he felt his legs weakening and bending beneath him like thawing props of ice. He thought himself dying without time for prayer, and powerless to make the sign of the cross.

Then, with a sudden accession of strength, without force of will, but by mere instinct, he turned and ran as he never ran before. He marveled how and why he could go so swiftly with such terror withering him, even wondered if he were not standing still, while trees, fences, and breeze were streaming past him, with the dread form motionless behind him, or drawing nearer, nearer, with

noiseless steps, and already reaching out to clutch him with cold fingers. But he was assured by the dull pain that the pebbles inflicted on his moccasined feet, and he thanked the Virgin and every saint he could remember for the unasked aid that was invisibly bearing him onward.

The meadow fence was no barrier to his flight; his hand touched the top rail and his feet flew over like two bounding balls, and on he went, never slackening his pace, till he came to where Joseph and Pelatiah stood agape with wonder at his speed, and apprehensive of woeful tidings. Then he dropped upon his knees and began a prayer, whose fervor was not interrupted by the indrawing and outgoing of his labored breath, and rapidly made the sign of the cross.

"Du for land o' massy's sake, Antwine, stop your dumb foolin', an' tell a feller what's the matter. Can't ye, or can't ye?" Joseph demanded in a flutter of anxiety. But he could get no answer till he shook Antoine roughly by the shoulder, and said sharply, "Come, naow, quit your prayin' long 'nough tu tell what ye want, so 't someb'dy nuther c'n understand. What is 't? Is father wuss?"

"Oh, oui, oui, oui, wus as loup garou. Hees ghos' come at me on de road. Oh, he scare me dead. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Oh, what for you fader an' let me 'lone wen he 'll dead! He chase me on de road! Oh, he was awf'ly hugly hol' ghos'!"

A smile of enlightenment dawned upon Joseph's bewildered face after a survey of Antoine's recent course.

"Oh, Sam Hill, Antwine!" his words shaken with laughter. "Father hain't half so dead as you be; don't look's 'ough he was. 'Tain't no aperregotion. He's comin' daown the road naow along wi' bub, smokin' his pipe as carm as a clock. Come, naow. This grass is all a-burnin' up," and he picked up a rustling wisp of hay, twisting it with both hands, while the parched clover leaves drifted out of it in a shower of fragments.

Rowland E. Robinson.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

A CONVERSATION.

Alumna. Fifty of your easily earned dollars, if you please.

Alumnus. To buy one of the new levers with, now that you women have found the theatre of action where there is standing-room only?

Alumna. You are a little florid, but you are not far from the kingdom, I see. We must have a new gymnasium and athletic field at our college, and I am on the committee to raise the money. I have no objection to disclosing the principle of natural selection I have adopted. Here is a list of all the men of my acquaintance who have been on the crew, or the nine, or the eleven, or have thrown the bar, or sprinted, or beaten the record, or done any of those things that make a man distinguished in college, and I am applying to them. I don't need to argue with them. Now, let me see — I have them all alphabetically arranged — Yes, A. Alumnus, you were a short-stop. I've made ever so many memoranda, you see.

Alumnus. Yes, I was short-stop. Is n't that rather a dangerous sort of person to apply to with a subscription paper? And, by the bye, are you aware that the largest givers to colleges are usually those who have missed a college education?

Alumna. Well, you have missed Wellesley, you know; you have n't even had the advantages of Cornell or Michigan. You belonged to one of the mediæval institutions. Come, now, be generous. Remember the days of thy youth. Fifty? I am a sibyl. I will not let you off now for less than a hundred.

Alumnus. But tell me, Alumna, you really think, then, your women's colleges have demonstrated their right to perpetual existence? The gymnasium and athletic field are the crowning excellence of ours, you know. We have not

reached this point except after centuries of growth. Are n't you in the experimental stage still? (*Aside.*) That will fetch her.

Alumna. Experimental! Have n't we proved in less than fifty years, with centuries of neglect behind us, that women are the equals of men in college work? If I had my other memorandum book with me, I could give you crowds of instances where sisters, with the same preparation as their brothers, have fairly beaten them in college. I have names, sir, and dates.

Alumnus. I know. That is what patent medicine has taught you, Alumna. "Mrs. K., living at 65 East Jefferson St., Chelsea, after taking one bottle of the *elixir vitæ* was able to cook a dinner for fifteen adults. She was before not even able to raise a loaf of bread." No more references to Lady Jane Grey, or even Mrs. Somerville. These records of contemporaneous women are your deadliest weapons. And statistics! Well, as old Dr. Walker used to say, "Statistics? What are statistics good for except to fight other statistics with?" But come: grant that you have demonstrated the mental equality of boys and girls of college age, and that you can make a college for women the duplicate of a college for men, what is the next step in your triumph of ideas?

Alumna. Ah, my mocking friend, you go too fast; and besides, we must not stray from the question before us, the subscription you are to make of — let me see — a hundred and fifty dollars. It is just because we have not fully duplicated the college that I am listening to you so patiently. We have repeated the intellectual side of college life, and in our more independent colleges we have

matched you in *camaraderie* and social life. But we confess with shame that we are as yet far behind on the athletic side. We have not caught up to you yet there, and that is why I was just saying that I wanted you to subscribe two hundred dollars to our new gymnasium and athletic field.

Alumnus. And until you complete the equipment of your college in this direction, you will be at a disadvantage as compared with us?

Alumna. Most certainly. You will not find me backward in admitting our deficiency. The great wonder to me is that, with our desultory attention to athletics, we should have kept pace so with the men's colleges in intellectual training.

Alumnus. Oh, but consider how much more time you have for study when you have not to practice on the eleven.

Alumna. Nonsense!

Alumnus. And don't your statistics show that women who take a college course enjoy far better health than those who are debarred? Has n't nervous prostration been excluded from women's colleges?

Alumna. Oh, it pleases you to be sarcastic. Let us come back to plain sense. Don't you know that athletics has revolutionized the ideal of the scholar, and that the anæmic, thin man with the scholarly stoop belongs to a past generation? If the gymnasium and athletic field have done this for you, why should not we perfect our college appointments equally? If colleges for women were to be started now for the first time, don't you believe that the gymnasium would be considered as indispensable as the library? You must remember that all this physical development in your colleges has been going on since we began to build and equip our most thorough colleges.

Alumnus. Yes, Alumna, you are right. If the movement for women's colleges were to begin now, it is most probable that one of the first steps would be in the direction of athletics; for there

is no reason to suppose that we should be any wiser than we were a generation ago.

Alumna. What do you mean? Which movement are you condemning, — that for the higher education of women, or that for the physical development of men?

Alumnus. Neither. I am simply saying that if we were to begin now to found colleges for women, we should do just what our forbears did a generation ago, make them as nearly like men's colleges as we could; and of course, that, to-day, would include athletics. We too should feel the need, as our fathers and mothers did, of making good the claim that girls in college could and should do the same things that boys did.

Alumna. Well, and why not?

Alumnus. You think, then, this has been demonstrated?

Alumna. Certainly, except, as I said, so far as physical education is concerned. We are now to demonstrate that also. I should like your subscription for two hundred and fifty dollars.

Alumnus. Perhaps it may be in the books that we must make this demonstration, also, before we have reached our final *q. e. d.* But do you seriously maintain that you must duplicate our apparatus and our sports? Would you, if we could give it to you, accept our gymnasium exactly as it stands, and make the same use of it, trapeze and all?

Alumna. Yes, certainly we should accept it. We need n't use all your ropes and things.

Alumnus. And football? You will have football on your athletic field?

Alumna. Our director has invented a splendid game, which includes all the principles of football-play, but leaves out the brutality.

Alumnus. That you leave to us, I suppose.

Alumna. There will be none left when we women show you what can be done in your own field of athletics.

Alumnus. You admit, then, that your

athletic activity will be a modified form of ours?

Alumna. Oh, you need not be so wary. Of course I am not so foolish as to say that girls can repeat in every particular the feats of boys. Some of them would not be nice, either.

Alumnus. So, when your college is fully equipped on all sides with library, laboratories, debating-clubs, Indian clubs, gymnasium, tennis court, bowling alley, and athletic field, you will be matched with the men's colleges, do just as much and go just as far, except that in physical training you will, to state the matter briefly, use a soft ball where we use a hard one?

Alumna. That is a mean way of putting it.

Alumnus. I know; but that is the trouble with us when we discuss matters with you. We say mean things because they are so conclusive.

Alumna. I won't be kept on the defensive. Sir, will you please explain to me, in a mean way if you choose, why you should not subscribe three hundred dollars toward our gymnasium and athletic field?

Alumnus. I am not sure that would be a too high price to pay, if it would hasten the demonstration.

Alumna. What demonstration?

Alumnus. The one you have been approaching in your mind, — that, after all, girls are not boys.

Alumna. Most sapient conclusion! When did I retreat from that fundamental position?

Alumnus. A generation ago, when you set about demonstrating the essential likeness of the two. Wait! don't interrupt just yet. I am by no means sure that in the field of higher education, as in the general field of affairs, of industry, and of politics, it was not necessary that the world you and I live in should bend its energies toward showing just this, that men and women are alike. The subjection of women has

been taken for granted long enough. It was time to prove equality.

Alumna. Well, and now shall we not go on to perfection?

Alumnus. Yes, but not by the same road. Have we not come to a new parting of the ways? Having demonstrated the likeness, is not the next great step to discover the difference? May it not be that whereas, in the old days, woman was supposed to be an inferior animal, it remains for us to recognize that she is a different animal, and to order our education accordingly?

Alumna. You are out of line, Alumnus. You do not seem to observe how the drift is steadily toward the common education of men and women. Radcliffe, for example, and Barnard College are not incipient independent institutions. They are grafts on a stouter trunk, and it will not be long before the ordinary observer will see merely the one tree with its variety of fruit.

Alumnus. Haughty culturist! I should take issue with you as to the tendency. The experiments of these two colleges and of Yale in its graduate department are most interesting, because they point to the real diversity that may exist in the higher education. Now we have colleges like the state institutions of the West, where no other conditions than that of coeducation ever have existed, and we have Vassar and Smith and Wellesley and Bryn Mawr of the exclusive type, and Radcliffe and Barnard of the coöperative sort. Surely, all these vigorous colleges will work out their own salvation, and we shall not see them immediately resolved into one composite order; perhaps we never shall see them greatly modified as to their several forms of administration. But one and all of them have reached the point where they will have to differentiate themselves from the established order of men's colleges.

Alumna. What heresy! I have raised your subscription to three hundred and fifty dollars.

Alumnus. You have an excellent way of bringing us back to our sheep. This proposal of yours interests me immensely. I shall not be surprised if a movement for athletics in colleges for girls is the beginning of the coming great differentiation of colleges on the sex line.

Alumna. Prove your faith by your work. Subscribe! subscribe!

Alumnus. First, let me give my subscription to a creed, and it shall have less than thirty-nine articles. I believe, then, that as soon as men and women throw themselves earnestly into the athletic problem for girls they will run against the immutable distinctions of sex, and that, instead of trying to minimize these distinctions, they will heed them, and that, as they follow the lines of sex in physical education, they will discover that they are building the whole doctrine of education upon far more permanent lines of difference than they at first suspected.

Alumna. Pray be so good as to show me how there is more than a syllable difference between Alumnus and Alumna.

Alumnus. Ah, a syllable sometimes has separated, sometimes has joined, the two sexes! But I will leave the rudiments, and go on toward perfection. For what is the exercise of the man but to increase his muscular power, to harden his sinews, to brace the whole frame, that he may be sturdy, strong to fight, able to endure, ready to meet antagonists and to give force full play? But a sinewy, muscular woman is an anomaly, pretty sure to offend the nearer she reaches the likeness of man. Why then plan her exercises with reference to acquiring the art of man, only in a lesser degree? Why copy, with modifications only, a system of gymnasium and athletics which has for its final effect the induration of the body? No. Get as far away from all that as you can. Begin with the unlikeness of woman to man, and you will finally come nearer to him,

even in the use of common apparatus, than if you start with the likeness.

Alumna. You are a theorist, sir, nothing but a theorist.

Alumnus. Yes, being a man, I have to be, where women are concerned. One of these days, when you look at us from the vantage-ground of your own independent and securely fit scheme of education, you will theorize about us. But let me at least air my theory on its woman side. What is it I admire in you, my dear Alumna? You like, I believe, to sit on a hard wooden seat, for hours at a time, under a blue or crimson or orange parasol, and watch highly trained men place a pigskin where just as many equally highly trained men do not want that pigskin placed. You admire the nerve, the brute force, the skill, the alertness, which go into that play. Can you imagine the scene reversed? Not for a moment. But that football-play is simply the manifestation of an intensely developed and highly refined physical nature. The Greeks took the same delight in watching a wrestling-match. Now, men don't go through life playing football or wrestling unless they are professionals; but the qualities which go to make up a good football-player find plenty of expression through character in all sorts of affairs.

Alumna. Well, what do you men like to look at in our exercises?

Alumnus. I detect the irony in your question, but I am not deterred. I admit it. We gather in large numbers in the comfortable orchestra chairs to watch the ballet. We are not, I frankly confess, altogether nice in our discrimination, and we are supposed to countenance what we should be slow to show to our wives and daughters. But let our football-play and our wrestling-match help us to a true view. These are debased at times, and professionalism is very apt to vulgarize them. Look at them, however, at their best, when you yourself are at your best. That is what, theoretically, I

should like to believe as the possibility in public dancing. Given a purity of movement and gesture, a grace, a harmony, an equipoise; let it be ordered to lovely music, with moments of delicious pause: is not all this feminine? Are not the male dancers the merest foils to the female?

Alumna. Have we to begin all over again with you men? Yes, no doubt; you wish to see us dance. We are to be your playthings.

Alumnus. Do not think scorn of me at once. I see I have begun at the wrong end. In the man we admire force, and to that we direct his physical exercise. In the woman we admire grace, and to that we should direct her exercise. The whole scheme of woman's physical exercise should have for its end grace, harmony, repose. Surely, this is not a flagrant statement. And this equipoise, this nice balance which is sometimes, as in the hovering of a humming-bird, the result of movement too swift to be analyzed, is not to be acquired by the use of man's clumsy tools of exercise.

Alumna. You will perhaps allow us the use of the tennis racket?

Alumnus. By all means, — a most feminine substitute for the bat; and the man's use of it is a foray into the woman's world. This illustrates what I said awhile ago, that, let the girl and the boy start at opposite ends, they will, in some plays, come together; and on the tennis field they come together most naturally.

Yet even there the grace of the woman is hers, the strength and endurance of the man are his.

Alumna. And you think that on this physical basis of dancing we are to rear our women's colleges?

Alumnus. Just as much as our men's colleges are to be planted in the football field. No, my dear Alumna, do not let us confuse the issue. What I insist upon is that a well-devised scheme of physical exercise for college women, having its foundation in their essential difference physically from men, ought to suggest, and will, radical distinctions, eventually, in the college life of men and women, whether in the field of physical, intellectual, social, or moral culture.

Alumna. Four hundred dollars, if you please.

Alumnus. And why, pray, this last valuation?

Alumna. I did not count on more than fifty dollars from you as your share toward our new gymnasium and athletic field, but we shall need from you at least three hundred and fifty more for the support of the philosophers who are to reorganize our higher education for women on a physical basis.

Alumnus. You shall have five hundred dollars, my dear Alumna, when you can show me a plan for such a gymnasium and field, founded on the ineradicable distinction of sex, and looking for its end toward repose and serenity, not action.

TWO GERMAN BOOKS OF CRITICISM.

THE war of sex that began in English letters three generations ago, with the crusade which Godwin and his fellows instituted against the conservative majority of poets, has advanced, with the progress of time, into the heart of

Scandinavian drama and up to the periphery of German letters, so that, at the close of our century, it is discernible as a distinctively new trait in literature. The spectacle of such as Ovid and Rabelais imparting their *insouciant* counsel and

anecdotes *de mulieribus* from man to man, so frequent in the classic age and the renaissance of the Church and of letters, has vanished, apparently, not soon to return.

Libidinousness and misogyny sigh in vain for a receptive audience. Their whole-hearted sympathizers are discreetly but half-hearted applauders. The gayest quips, of Pantagruel-like flavor, and most delicious cynical perorations are welcomed, as it were, surreptitiously, like darling dark brothers, through postern gates, the public portals of honor being closed against them. Besides, are they not exposed, as was never the fate of their ancient kind, to the cudgels of severe Marcellas and Heavenly Twins?

The books, it is true, that disapprove distinctly of the old-time double-sided moral are isolated as yet. But they are obstreperous, and in America and Great Britain they win the popular acquiescence more and more. The warfare in Scandinavia, meanwhile, between the adherents of the common and those of the new ideas on matters of sex, though less heard of among us, is most general and vehement. Native writers of those countries, at least, somehow manage to infect us with a notion that pretty nearly all men of the pen there have confessed themselves partisans of one or the other of two parties; are members of the ponderous column of loud and virile fighters at whose head marches Björnson, or are in the throng behind August Strindberg, who faces Björnson, metaphorically speaking, with hating defiance in his mien, and *The Confessions of a Fool* and the dramas *Fathers and Miss Julia* in either fist. A supporter of Strindberg, as we learn from the same quarter, is Ola Hanson; and Ola Hanson enjoys the distinction of being the husband of Laura Marholm; while Laura Marholm, as will presently appear, enjoys the distinction, if it is one, of being the German-Scandinavian Mrs. Lynn Linton, and the author of a

book the nature of which inspires this brief historical survey.

The strife of sex in German literature, as has been said already, is insignificant. There are signs, however, that it is growing, and there is more than a likelihood that it will become obnoxiously coarse and noisy. For the nonce, it is restricted to the comparatively small field of philosophy and criticism; it has barely encroached upon the circumference of the broad expanse of fiction. In philosophy the hubbub is greatest. There the vociferous element consists exclusively of misogynists. In this aspect the spectacle is a little amusing, in fact, for, although not so much as an apparition of petticoatism is discernible on the horizon of practical life, the domineering warning and command, "Down with it!" is kept up unbrokenly by the cordon of philosophers, the outpost of which Schopenhauer established, and which Edward Hartmann and Friedrich Nietzsche, two artillerists by training, have reinforced and held.

Woman's contributions towards the revelation of herself are rare and scanty; that is to say, of course, the openly professed contributions. For this reason a small volume of essays on European authors, by Laura Marholm,¹ awakens a singular interest. The writer is known in more senses than one by a *Buch der Frauen*, published a twelvemonth ago, containing a review of celebrated women, which fairly established her reputation as a vigorous, autodidactic student of modern biography and fiction, or, as Max Nordau would write, "of contemporary hysteria."

In *Wir Frauen und Unsere Dichter*, Mrs. Marholm means by "we women" sometimes the women of Germanic origin, sometimes womankind in general; by "our poets," as I take it, she is to be understood as meaning the authors who

¹ *Wir Frauen und Unsere Dichter*. Von LAURA MARHOLM. Wien und Leipzig: Verlag der Wiener Mode. 1895.

have portrayed women with particular fullness or with especial persistence or insight. Her list includes: the Swiss novelist, Gottfried Keller; the German short-story writer, Paul Heyse; the Scandinavian dramatists, Ibsen, Björnson, and Strindberg; the Russian author, Tolstóy; and the Parisians, Maupassant, Hervieux, and Cazes. These writers were all needed, with their various graphic conceptions of woman, in order to arouse the German *weib* to think of herself. For the Germanic woman is used to regarding herself merely as an adjunct to men. Her all and all in life has consisted in understanding them, existing for them, submitting to them. The father, brother, or lover to whom she belonged was the content and pride of her being. But within the present generation a change has been wrought in her conceptions, and this change has been induced largely by the writings of the great poets of the age. The classic literature of Goethe's time sustained a patronizing tone of gallantry towards woman. She was a "beautiful soul" throughout the literary reign of Schiller and the Epigonen. Along with the Romanticists, for the first time gallantry vanished from fiction. The writers of "Young Germany" had no leisure to do homage to the ideal woman; they were too much engaged in urging the real woman to revolt and emancipate herself. The first original poet of eminent gifts who gave a genuine picture of genuine womanhood to the German public, at once unvarnished by dalliance and undeformed by exaggeration, was Gottfried Keller. No books afford a completer, fuller, and finer embodiment of the Germanic woman than do his. The archetypes of his female personages are to be met with everywhere in German towns and farmsteads. They are good *comme le bon pain*, simple, honest, hearty, cheery, matronly; surrendering themselves to the objects of their affection as unreservedly as does the fertile earth to the beams of the sun, under-

standing everything by sheer reason of their unspoiled sensibility, becoming the humbler the deeper they love.

The environment of Keller's heroines, however, is still that of a past time. It is primitive and friendly, like their own souls. There is no misery therein, nor overwork, nor industrial slavery. In a similar way, Paul Heyse's stories fail to afford any portrayal of workaday sordidness. Yet, despite this absence of verisimilitude in their surroundings, his female personages present the subtlest and profoundest study of woman's nature in the literature of our century. He recognizes the essence and core of womanhood intuitively, through all its manifold diversities, and he esteems women highly. Up to the time when Heyse began to write, it was quite usual, in poetry, to see women consigned, in a coarser or finer fashion, to one fate or another. Heyse makes them disposers of themselves, active agents. He frees his heroines from narrow limitations; gives to them inner refinement and imperiousness of manner, a cultivated soul, and a quietly grand self-dependence in every emergency of life. Woman in German literature was a provincial who charmed by her *naïveté*. In Heyse's writings she does not hold to any illusions; sometimes she towers above man. She possesses knowledge of life, and is a cosmopolitan.

After Heyse comes Ibsen, who is to be distinguished as the first writer the femininity of whose heroines raised a discussion equal to that which Paul Heyse's had aroused in the previous decade. Almost all of Ibsen's women are the daughters of poor families, who suffer amidst cares and miseries without a prospect of relief. Heyse's impecunious heroines are insensible to their poverty, or spiritually above it. Ibsen's young girls look out for their own livelihood. Love is a luxury to them. They have no time for indulging in it. They are undergrown in figure and plainly clad. In the strug-

gle for life they work beyond their strength. Their hard lot makes them reflect, and they evolve a philosophy which teaches them to make a demand from life. This demand is ever the same, and is the very one which Heyse's heroines hold to, — a demand to possess a right to themselves.

But while Heyse depicts women as sustaining this right in favorable moments and the holiday circumstances of life, Ibsen delineates them as grasping fast hold of it in the meanness and paucity of every-day existence. His pen draws the mothers, brothers, husbands, and guardians of his heroines as we know them by experience to be commonly, all too commonly, and day after day; shows them in their habitual practice of appropriating for themselves the light and air of knowledge and acquaintance with the world, then asking why their womankind are dwarfed in judgment and comprehension.

The men in Ibsen's dramas place their women folk in unlovely or shabby homes, and expect subordination and thankfulness in return. The women all live lonely lives inwardly. And so, too, do Heyse's. But the inward solitude of Heyse's heroines comes of spiritual and physical exclusiveness. Ibsen's female personages are lonely because of deprivation and want of sympathy. Björnson's women are self-detached, not suffering amidst society and because of it, but apart from it; an elbowing throng thrusting their aggressive way into the ranks of the opposite sex, and preaching the perverted doctrine that the exuberance of virility should be cramped within the smaller measure of feminine morality. Heyse's heroines, in a word, are natural aristocrats; Ibsen's are, by compulsion, emancipated; and Björnson's are sexless plebeians.

The chapter on Björnson is full of this word "plebeian." It rings with every possible accent of scorn, and the "Priest of Purity" himself comes off,

as it seems to the present writer, with epithets infused with hateful animus. For this reason, it is herein, if anywhere, that the reader is apt to fancy he detects, past doubt, the individual personal views of the authoress, the other chapters being almost free of such animus, while throughout the book the style of writing makes the task of getting at the tendency of *Wir Frauen* und *Unsere Dichter* in any other wise, if not exactly hard, at least indeterminate. A certain pathetic eloquence, taken together with new and uncommon words, compounded in imitation of the phraseology of pseudo-metaphysicians, renders the trend of writing uncommonly elusive.

The essay on Björnson is followed by one on Björnson's opponent, Herr August Strindberg. German critics consider this misogynist "pervertedly erotomaniacal." Madame Blanc calls him, with unscientific and vigorous directness, brutal. Mrs. Marholm refers to the author's descent. She finds therein a cause of his peculiarities, and comes to the plausible conclusion that they are hereditary. The Mongolian blood in his veins accounts for the extraordinary furtiveness of his literary manner, as well as for the strange aberrations of his private life and civil career. It explains the sudden advances made by his soul out of its secret of secrets, in the *Confessions*, and its equally abrupt retreat, which is ever carried out cunningly and warily, as is the nomad's wont after a foray. Each genuine item of confidence is covered by a fictitious one, each positive assertion by a contradiction. And as in detail, so in general. His every profession is, or has been, succeeded by its opposite. At first a Radical, he is now a Tory; once a philanthropist, he is now a hater and despiser of men. From the philosophy of altruism he has withdrawn into that of egoism, and from a sally forth into literature as a defender of the weak he has returned at the head of a rabble of writers who accomplish, as much as in their

power lies, the suppression of all that is gentle and spiritual.

Mrs. Marholm suspects his fierce denunciation of women to be but a savage cry of fear and self-defense against a power he must succumb to; and as she herself is a worshiper at the shrine of sex, she understands and consequently forgives him amiably, as she can by no means forgive Björnson, to whom her temple of mystery is no awful temple at all, to be either shunned or visited, but a mere house of common order which men can do better than tarry at for long. She quits it in order to launch upon the quest for the reason why a great bowline should have to be made over Germany, if I may so express it, into Russia, before anything like Strindberg's books is met with. Why has he his spiritual relationships beyond the Caucasus, and not close by in Germany? The dramatists and novelists of the Fatherland are none of them conspicuous because of their doctrines of sex and portrayals of scenes of cruelty and unnatural sins, whereas the Slavonian Dostoieffsky and Tolstóy are. Is the coincidence, in truth, a matter of race? Is Strindberg, by reason of the tincture of Lappish-Finnish blood in his veins, affiliated spiritually to the Mongolian Slavs? And are the writers of this semi-barbaric race destined to appear in literary history in future as the impulsive, passionate confessors, in contradistinction to the Rousseaus and Lamartines of Gallic tradition, with their theatrical pose before the confessional, and sentimental embellishment in the substance of their confessions? And will they continue from their début in our century to be in literature as unlike the insincere or more decorous mass of Romanic and Teutonic authors as the earnest Shemitic Biblical writers appear in contrast with Greek and Roman *littérateurs*? For a certainty, as poets, these misogynists are not so much writers for women as of women: wherefore it is, perhaps, that Mrs.

Marholm pronounces them "bad men in youth, with good consciences; in age, good men, with bad consciences," then passes them by.

The final object of her remarks is the *coquette fin de siècle*. She takes this creature most seriously, and, as is natural with her temperament, abhors her but little less than "Björnson's woman." Most of us, in the innocence of inexperience, have fancied the flirt could love if she only would. Mrs. Marholm says decidedly no; she cannot love. And while Addison's dissection of her heart laid bare, at any rate, a quantity of furbelows, pretty ornaments, and, in a remote corner, a picture of the beau, this later investigator discovers nothing save "a cold curiosity." But then Addison's flirt was younger than Mrs. Marholm's, Hervieux's, Jules Cazes's, and Maupassant's by a couple of centuries!

Upon closing the book, a number of clever observations and felicitous expressions linger in the mind, making the enterprise of reading it seem quite worth the while. The philosophy which the authoress upholds is essentially the same that Luther held on the same subject, so far as the indolent reader can make out. What strikes him is the discovery that he lays down one book on the subject of sex in literature only to take up another that has likewise many references to, and one especial essay on, the selfsame topic. In Herr Georg Brandes's *Men and Works*,¹ however, the subject is removed from the main point of view to a place aside, and is there treated with plain sense. Thus, for instance, Herr Strindberg's misogynetic fury is not referred to race or origin, but is pronounced due to the disgust which the extravagant heroine-worship of other writers called forth. Without explaining why the same worship in other lands has failed to produce a second Strindberg, Brandes passes under a rapid

¹ *Menschen und Werke*. Literarische Anstalt. Von GEORG BRANDES. Frankfurt. 1895.

review the Scandinavian novelists who are guilty of representing their Gretchens not only as better than Dr. Faustus, — for that is an old habit, — but as *getting* the better of him. As usual, he shows himself herein altogether on the side of the attacked party. But although this and every part of his book appears monumental in substance when compared with the light cleverness of Mrs. Marholm's work, still, when compared with Brandes's own former writings, it betrays a falling-off; there are frequent lapses in the old, even vigor of his style, and quite an uncommon number of examples of a want of acuteness and intensity of insight and thought. An air of weariness and nonchalance pervades many of the pages. One feels a sentiment of sympathy with him as a man whom one has been ever wont to resort to for instruction; failing to remember that he is a reader of books, an overworked reader of over-many books, who himself has need of relaxation. One thinks of it, strangely enough, now for the first time, and the remembrance puts one into a mood of indulgence. One forgives him everything, especially his contradictions. Contradictions are the defiant cries of men bored sorely and desperately; and how is not a professional critic badgered by the public who will not listen well, and bothered by his brethren of the sacred pen who do not write well! For to him the pen is sacred, and a man who has held it is always the superior, to his mind, of the mass whose idols are not the idols of imagination. Hence, wearied and irritated as he himself is over Nietzsche's disjointed ravings, he still cannot bear the thought of having the philosopher abused by any one but himself. And the anticipation of the objections which his review of Nietzsche's life and writings will meet with at the hands of the moralists and professors of the schools is sufficient to stir his heavy gall. With hardened front, therefore, he resumes his quill, and writes: "There are

men whose first thought, on reading anything, is, Now, is this true, or is n't it? There are others to whom this consideration comes in the second place, and who ask themselves first of all, Is the man who has written this interesting, eminent, worth my knowing, or not? If he be so, then the correctness of his views remains a secondary matter, even although the views themselves concern important things. Such men feel the satisfaction of having come across an original, mighty personality.

"Thus of Nietzsche. Is he reactionary? What is the difference? Joseph de Maistre was far more reactionary, and nevertheless is a precious author. Is he cynical? What harm if he is? Cynicism can be of use; and besides, we do not mean to strike in with him. Well, is he not a *dilettante* in exact science? It is possible. But there are *dilettanti* who start up more fresh ideas among us than the most grubbing of our trained specialists. Yes; but he is infinitely more an artist than a thinker! We do not deny it, but we cannot separate the artist from the philosopher, and we enjoy both, the thinker none the less when he dreams than the artist when he speculates. In truth, we are not children who seek instruction, but skeptics on the outlook for men and who have great joy when a man is discovered, for he is the rarest product on earth."

But even in what is second-rate for him, Brandes remains the great critic. Without being possessed of Sainte-Beuve's facility of expression, he has all his forerunner's wonderful versatility of impression. And has he not perhaps more than Sainte-Beuve's stock of knowledge? If one is astonished at the acquaintance of the author of the *Causeries de Lundi* with the least and minutest of the "trifles light as air" of literature, one is taken back with wonder over Brandes's selection. To have cast out the bric-a-brac of letters as he has done, he needed first to assure himself of its true na-

ture. He has examined everything, and chosen the original thing. He has neither the Gallic appreciation nor the Gallic eye for the merely deft, the merely fantastic, the merely chaste, nor for any of the mere minor virtues that inhere in artful refinements of style and workmanship. His is the philosopher's turn of mind; the democratic philosopher's, not the artistic. He is a searcher of the origin of ideals, not a holder of them. No writer is his equal in this particular. He has made it his forte. From a familiarity with the writings of all authors of all European countries, of the past two centuries, he is able to trace back the types of characters presented in modern novels and the archetypes of ideas in modern philosophies to their fountain and originator. He is the sleuth-hound among critics. He follows the intentions of authors and their pretensions. He goes backwards and forwards over the whole

ground not alone of their books, but of their intellectual development.

In the present collection of essays, Oehlenschläger is thus tried and judged. Friedrich Nietzsche's savage paradoxes are tracked back, not to the chambers of his own diseased brain, where Germans have hitherto fancied, in their ignorance, they had their sole hiding-places, but to the known essays of Renan, and the unknown and unsold works of Eugen Dühring and Dr. Paul Rée. In a similar fashion, the assumption of M. Emile Zola's originality is taken to task, and with a truly edifying result. Two sketches of the writings of the German dramatists, Herr Hermann Sudermann and Herr Gerhard Hauptmann, are of inferior worth, while a long paper on Goethe in Denmark is characteristic at once of both the author's best and most eminent traits, which are simplicity of exposition and completeness of development.

MR. HOWELLS UNDER TUTORS AND GOVERNORS.

IF, as Bacon says, every man is a debtor to his profession, Mr. Howells is discharging his obligation in a most generous fashion. In two previous publications, *A Boy's Town* and *My Year in a Log Cabin*, he gave some hints incidentally of the early intellectual process of his life; and now, in his latest autobiographical work,¹ he makes a frank disclosure of the part which literature has played in his education, with the result of giving to his sympathetic reader some insight into his character as well as his tastes. No one can write long about himself without betraying something more than what lies on the surface of his talk, and especially when one recounts in succession the books he has chosen to read and the ex-

periments he has made in writing will he manage to give some notion of his aims and his way of looking at life.

The frankness of this delightful book is in its manner as well as in its matter. In his recent writing, Mr. Howells has used increasingly the direct speech, the first person, the unmodified assertion. It is as if his passion for the bottom fact in life, which pervades so much of his later fiction, led him to strip himself of all that was in any way fictitious, when he came to write of himself. He has been accustomed to deal so honestly with his characters of imagination, realizing them in his mind, that there is a certain solid satisfaction when it is the memory, and not the imagination, which is the spring of his writing; here surely he cannot be at fault. Consequently, he writes

¹ *My Literary Passions*. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

with a brave air, and is not one whit disconcerted by any appearance of inconsistency. The rapidity with which one idol is set up on the pedestal left empty by the smashing or neglect of its former occupant is humorously contemplated, and the occasional return to earlier forms of worship leaves on the reader's mind a confused notion that Mr. Howells, after all, requires a Pantheon for his images, though the final elevation of the one true Tolstóy seems to imply that the previous objects of worship represented a merely temporary phase of development. Seems, we say, for who shall dare to assert that Tolstóy is the last, and not the latest passion?

"I do not know what has become of him," — Mr. Howells is speaking of a priest who read Dante with him, — "but if he is like the rest of the strange group of my guides, philosophers, and friends in literature, — the printer, the organ-builder, the machinist, the drug clerk, and the bookbinder, — I am afraid he is dead. In fact, I who was then I might be said to be dead, too, so little is my past self like my present self in anything but the 'increasing purpose' which has kept me one in my love of literature." This alienation of the man from the boy is a common enough experience, and sometimes, as in this case, is a somewhat exaggerated consciousness of self; but Mr. Howells certainly does succeed in conveying the impression that his attitude toward literature and life underwent a considerable change at one period in his career. He would seem to intimate that his first glimpse of the real world to be disclosed through literature was in the modern Italian drama, and that his literary life then, almost without his willing it, took "the course of critical observance of books and men in their actuality." But the time was that of the expansion of his world from little Ohio neighborhoods to Italy, with Venice as the watch-tower, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that this great change in surround-

ings stimulated that natural development from boyhood to manhood which in most men is more gradual, because unaided by sudden or impressive circumstance. He seems to think that because he imitated Pope laboriously, and walked successively in the steps of Heine and Tennyson, he was blind in his youth, and opened his eyes only when he cast away this artificial method, and was face to face with the real world of men and women. But the interesting truth remains by Mr. Howells's own showing, though he seems a little oblivious of its force, that he has continued ever since to follow literary guides, and that the chief difference lies in the fact of these guides being contemporary rather than historical. He was under tutors and governors in his youth; they were the recognized masters in literature, — Goldsmith, Cervantes, Irving, Scott, Pope, Shakespeare, Thackeray, De Quincey, Goethe, Heine; and from each and all he drew aid, mostly in a spirit of unquestioning discipleship. When he had passed out of this period of schooling, and was himself slowly taking rank among the masters, he had not lost the noble capacity of learning, and, like a true artist, he examined closely the work of brother artists, with the result that, by a natural affinity, he chose Henry James, Björnson, Tourgeneff, the modern Italians, Hardy, and finally Tolstóy, gladly learning from each.

There is no doubt that he has of late years scrutinized very closely the life about him, and that a maturing seriousness of view has led him to see this life more constantly in its ethical relations; not only his earlier fiction, but the reminiscences also which he has indulged in, to the delight of his readers, show conclusively that this habit of scrutiny was native to him in boyhood, and was scarcely obscured by the ardent pursuit of literature in its accepted forms, only with this difference: that formerly he was most interested in the phenomena of life; now he is after the realities, if he can find

them. What he gained by the study he gave to the early masters was, unquestionably, a facility of expression, a delicate sense of literary form, a flexibility of movement, which remained to him when he had thrown away his copy-books. As a wit said of him in his earlier period, when he picked up a word he picked up its shadow with it.

The criticisms which Mr. Howells makes, as he passes, on the several writers who engaged his affections are always interesting, and for the most part sane; but the reader will enjoy the book more for the narrative of his own life which Mr. Howells necessarily makes when recounting the books he read. In the passage we quoted above, Mr. Howells names two or three persons who at different times had been his confidants in the matter of reading. There are few touches in *My Literary Passions* more delightful and more unconscious than those which reveal the shy youth sharing his literary joy with others. Once he took this or that person into his confidence; now he freely opens his mind to all. The light references, again, to the family life are most charming in the warm, sunny temper of the household which they disclose, and we are mis-

taken if passages in this book do not take their place with the precious autobiographic passages in literature to which one turns when he would get close to a writer for whom he has a personal liking.

The book, as we have intimated, is a generous one, and in nothing is this more evident than in the tone of the closing pages, when the author stands alone with the master whom he so loyally adopts, Count Lyof Tolstóy. One does not need to be a fellow-disciple to honor the large, joyful reverence which Mr. Howells accords the Russian. It is so rare to find disciples nowadays, so rarer still to find a frank avowal of discipleship. We may suffer ourselves to question the authority of a temper which can in turn be under the fascination of so many and diverse masters in literature, but we cannot withhold admiration from one who reserves the highest expression of loyalty for a master who enthralls him, not so much by the witchery of art as by the lofty idealism which makes nothing of petty inconsistencies because absorbed in the solution of the great mystery of living. Mr. Howells has not unfitly called his book *My Literary Passions*, yet the latest and most controlling passion is far less literary than ethical.

THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BURROUGHS.

WITHIN the last twenty years, there has sprung up, both here and in England, a class of books treating nature in a half-scientific and half-poetical way, which have been a source of the purest pleasure and inspiration to thousands of persons. These books are of the greatest value not only in fostering a desire to know more about the world we live in, but in counteracting a modern tendency towards a too absorbing study of the technically scientific aspect of nature, which

could but have a deadening effect on many minds.

As the pioneer of this class of literature in America, Mr. John Burroughs deserves the sincerest gratitude of all lovers of nature; and the reissue, at this season, of his entire writings¹ gives an opportunity, which we gladly seize, for a fresh survey of his work. In giving him the credit

¹ *The Writings of John Burroughs.* In nine volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

of opening this field, we do no injustice to the memory of Thoreau, in whose writings philosophy comes before nature, or to such authors as Colonel Higginson, who have made only desultory and incidental excursions into this province. But it is not only as a pioneer that Mr. Burroughs is noteworthy. He is unique among his fellow-craftsmen. A farm-boy, a descendant of farmers, he more than all the others is filled with the spirit of country life. He is no sentimental admirer of Nature's beauties; in fact, he has very little to say in direct praise of her. "My aim has been, not to tell that love to my reader, but to tell it to the trees and the birds, and to let them tell him. I think we all like this indirect way the best." He loves her as a man loves his own family, and the reader feels that an introduction from him is of more than ordinary value. He shows a fine contempt for the thoughtless people who go about to gaze at scenery in cold blood and "make a dead set" at it. So far is he from being a mere admirer of Nature that he actually tries to persuade us that she does not exist as a living and quickening spirit, but is only a system of phenomena into which the poet breathes the breath of life. But, however thoroughly he is convinced of this in his understanding, we, his readers, know that his heart tells another story, and that the gentle and mighty All-mother has no more loving child than John Burroughs.

As we have hinted, Mr. Burroughs is above all the high priest of the farm. Country life, scenes, sounds, tastes, and smells are his great interest, and in writing of these he strikes a chord which no other prose writer, on this side of the Atlantic at least, has yet touched. Cows, apples, trout-streams, springs, footpaths, — how he loves them, and how he reveals to us their meaning and their beauties! Just before the strawberry season, the writer always makes a point of reading Mr. Burroughs's delightful essay on strawberries. What better appetizer

could one have! How one's soul longs for the taste of a luscious "native," or, better still, a handful of wild berries! Visions of trout and trout-streams arise, of the free life of woods and meadows, — and then, with a sigh, we stop dreaming. But the pleasures of anticipation and of recollection are always the sweetest, and if we can add to them anything which will make them sweeter still, by all means let us do so.

It is in these essays that Mr. Burroughs is at his happiest. As a purely descriptive writer he is less successful. His lack of appreciation of the beauty of scenery has something to do with this, doubtless. Color, in which Jefferies reveled and which adds so much to Mr. Bolles's delightful sketches, seems to mean but little to him. The landscape-artist, whether he paints with a brush or with a pen, must have an eye for color; but Mr. Burroughs is no artist. Yet perhaps we do him wrong in speaking of a lack of appreciation of scenery. We do not mean to say that he is indifferent to its charms, although he somewhere denies the existence of beauty in the landscape except under certain unusual conditions. But his descriptions are rather infrequent, and his attitude is subjective. His interest is in the qualities that touch the heart rather than in those that please the eye. Rarely, however, we find such passages as this, which shows something of the painter's sense of natural beauty: —

"The sun was gilding the mountains, and its yellow light seemed to be reflected through all the woods. At one point we looked through and along a valley of deep shadow upon a broad sweep of mountain quite near and densely clothed with woods, flooded from base to summit by the setting sun. It was a wild, memorable scene. What power and effectiveness in Nature, I thought, and how rarely an artist catches her touch! Looking down upon or squarely into a mountain covered with a heavy growth

of birch and maple, and shone upon by the sun, is a sight peculiarly agreeable to me. How closely the swelling umbrageous heads of the trees fit together, and how the eye revels in the flowing and easy uniformity, while the mind feels the ruggedness and terrible power beneath!"

And yet, even here, the last line shows that it is not his eye alone which is charmed. Of course this human view is the more suggestive and inspiring, but there is not enough of it, and we miss the vivid outlines, the *chiaroscuro*, and the coloring which a painter would have given us.

Mr. Burroughs's attitude towards birds, on the other hand, is objective, and is happily free from that excessive "anthropomorphism" which pervades the writings of some recent observers, mostly of the motherly sex. His birds are birds, not feathered people; and though he finds human traits in them at times, one seldom feels that these traits exist only in the author's imagination, as is apt to be the case when the search for analogies is carried too far. Such phrases as "bird babies" and "feathered darlings" are, of course, not to be found in his vocabulary.

Mr. Burroughs has made many original observations on the habits of our more common birds, and has added much to the literature of science in this respect. It was he who first called attention to the ecstatic song-flight of the oven-bird, and his description of the discovery of the black-throated blue warbler's nest is both interesting and valuable. Sometimes he makes a rather sweeping statement without giving his grounds; so that we find ourselves wondering whether his observations were sufficiently wide and long continued to warrant it. But, on the whole, the reader will find in this new edition little to question from a scientific point of view.

Not the least entertaining of the outdoor papers are those on British birds,

flowers, and landscapes. Mr. Burroughs, we think, is the only competent American observer who has published a record of his experiences on the other side, and we believe no Englishman has ever given us a similar record of his impressions of nature in America. Our author's notes on the characters and customs of the English, Scotch, and French, also, and on the general aspects of city and country on both sides of the Channel, deserve more than this passing mention.

Besides the outdoor sketches, by which Mr. Burroughs is best known, these volumes contain an amount of fresh, fair, and wholesome criticism which will be a surprise to many readers. As a critic the author has decided opinions, and is enthusiastic in praise or in defense of his favorites. Walt Whitman, Emerson, and Carlyle receive a large share of his attention, and the free and unconventional views of these and other men which this untrammelled literary observer gives us are refreshing indeed. In the critical articles, as in the nature-sketches, we sometimes find a rather polemical and controversial tone, but the warfare is always open and honorable. Mr. Burroughs's unconventionality, it will be understood, does not lead him away from a very sane and natural view of life. He seizes every opportunity to insist on a complete manliness and virility, and a healthy coarseness is by no means unwelcome to him. We are not surprised, therefore, to find him a warm supporter of Walt Whitman, and one of the chief faults he finds in his "master-enchanter," Emerson, is a tendency to refinement at the expense of breadth and heartiness. He will make no attempt to remove the "cakes and ale" from the world's bill of fare.

We have said that Mr. Burroughs lacks the artist's eye. We think he himself would confess to lacking a perfect appreciation of literary art. The matter, not the manner, interests him, and still more the man behind the book. His

favorite authors are those whose style is faulty, — Whitman, Emerson, Carlyle. He commends Matthew Arnold's style, but his praise is for its lucidity and continuity, not for any beauties he finds in it. In *An Egotistical Chapter* — which, by the way, is more modest than its title promises — the author says: "I must write from sympathy and love, or not at all. I have in no sort of measure the gift of the ready writer, who can turn his pen to all sorts of themes, or the dramatic, creative gift of the great poets, which enables them to get out of themselves, and present vividly and powerfully things entirely beyond the circle of their own lives and experiences. I go to the woods to enjoy myself, and not to report them; and if I succeed, the expedition may by and by bear fruit at my pen." This explains the fact that he writes most charmingly when under the exhilarating spell of his recollections of country sights and sounds; when he enjoys again those autumn walks near Washington; when he calls to mind just how the apples tasted which, as a boy, he drew out of the apple hole in the garden; when he lives over again that first day in England; when, in imagination, he woos the coy trout in a Catskill mountain stream, or follows the cows to pasture, or listens to the wild bark of a fox in the wintry woods. He cannot produce

an artistically beautiful effect in cold blood.

But it would be ungracious to complain that the hermit thrush is not as faultless a singer as the mocking-bird, that his plumage lacks the gorgeousness of the tanager's. He has honest and unassuming virtues of his own, and his song is an inspiring hymn to Nature's praise. Last summer, visitors to our northern forests missed his glorious music. Only here and there a single songster could be heard, where in previous summers the woods had resounded to the answering strains of dozens. The rest had, like the bluebirds, fallen victims to the terrible cold of last February in the South. But we can never lose John Burroughs! His call into the woods and fields we can always hear when we will.

A word should be said in praise of this edition, for the fair proportion of the page, the durability and beauty of the paper, and the good taste of the binding. The decoration, confined to etched frontispieces and title-pages, is to the point; portraits of the author and sketches of his haunts form the subjects of the designs; and the total effect is to dignify the art of book-making. The careful indexes in the several volumes add to the value, and confirm one's confidence in the thoroughness with which the whole series has been edited.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. Billy Bellew, by W. E. Norris. (Harpers.) To those condemned to read much of the fiction of the day, a new novel by Mr. Norris must always be heartily welcome, such assurance is there beforehand regarding certain desirable qualities which it will possess. His latest story, though by no means to be reckoned among his best, is no exception to the rule, having the usual agreeable style, easy but sure touch in characterization, and that perfect

good breeding which we prize the more because of its present rarity, and which in no way detracts from the realistic truth of poor Billy's history. The sketch of this simple-minded, unselfish, kind-hearted, and absurdly loyal young gentleman, whose weaknesses spring from his very virtues, is excellently well done, and many readers will probably be inclined to quarrel with the author for so ordering the destiny of his foolish, lovable hero that the final ca-

tastrophe becomes the only escape possible from his troubles. The illustrations, so called, which are scattered somewhat at haphazard through the book, had been better omitted. — *The Martyred Fool*, by David Christie Murray. (Harpers.) This is the best novel Mr. Murray has given us for a long time, and will rank with those early successes between which and his later work readers have been compelled to draw regretful comparisons. It is the history of the making, the brief career, the disillusion and death of an Anarchist, one who is at least sincere in his mad folly. It is almost of necessity sensational, but is full of vitality, and, especially in the Australian portion of the tale, of genuine and poignant human interest. The story is well constructed, vigorously and graphically told, and at no time loses its hold on the reader. — *The Curse of Intellect*. (Blackwood, Edinburgh; Roberts, Boston.) A story told partly by a cynical worldling, and partly by a monkey, in whom the strong-willed, misanthropic hero of the tale has, after years of labor, developed an intellect. *Power's Beast*, though perhaps suggested by Peacock's *Sir Oran Haut-ton*, is as unlike as possible the amiable, flute-playing M. P. for Onevote, a gentle animal to whom pessimism and our latter-day fiction were perforce unknown. The Beast views humanity very much after the manner of Swift, hating the intelligence that has been given him and the man to whom he owes it. As a social satire his story is unequal, being sometimes distinctly clever, and sometimes rather ordinary in quality. — *The Judgment Books*, by E. F. Benson. (Harpers.) One of those tales which owe their inspiration to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Frank Trevor, a successful artist, who has been leading for ten years a decorous life with a well-beloved wife, by finding an old programme of a concert at a *café chantant* has recalled to him certain Parisian experiences. He proceeds to paint his own portrait, a presentment which embodies all these evil memories, and rapidly obtains such a mastery over his later self that if his wife had not persuaded him to adopt the simple remedy of cutting the picture in pieces, we tremble to think what consequences might have ensued; that is, we should tremble, but do not, for Mr. Benson, though he succeeds in being readable, neither thrills nor convinces. — *Heart of the*

World, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.) Mr. Haggard is an indefatigable discoverer of strange cities, unknown, lost, or forgotten, and the City of the Heart, which the heroes of this story reach after a painful pilgrimage, is as marvelous as any yet revealed to us. In truth, this pre-Aztec capital, somewhere in the wilds of Mexico, with its grass-grown streets, dwindling, spiritless people, and well-filled but useless treasure chambers, is an excellent invention. It shows praiseworthy moderation, we might almost say a touch of realism, on the author's part, that his bold adventurers gain little but disappointment and suffering from their hardly won entrance into Heart of the World. — *Love in Idleness, a Tale of Bar Harbor*, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) The lightest and least of the stories of Mr. Crawford, whose genuine successes have never been won in dealing with American subjects. He could hardly write an unreadable tale, and certainly has not done so here, but, notwithstanding this, the book is in most respects unworthy of him. Apparently, he needs a more serious and complex subject, while the character-drawing is neither refined nor subtle, and in some instances more than verges on caricature. The volume is issued in attractive style and is generously illustrated. — *A Little Sister to the Wilderness*, by Lilian Bell (Stone & Kimball), is a wholesome little bit of realism: the portrait of a wild, beautiful creature, born and reared in the roughest and poorest part of the Tennessee bottom-lands, with the birds for her only companions until she is discovered and loved by a young preacher. If this sounds romantic, perhaps it is a mistake to call it realism. At least the picture has sweetness and charm, and (one guesses) a faithful local color. — *Celibates*, by George Moore (Macmillan), is another of the books which had much better have remained unwritten. Mr. George Moore is one of those persons who imagine that ugliness is tragedy, who never shrink from the revolting, who confound manliness with brutality, and, because they have forgotten delicacy themselves, fancy that sweetness and wonder have departed from the earth. And their ghastly inventions are condoned in the sacred name of art. — *Colonel Norton*, by Florence Montgomery. (Longmans.) We fear that this novel will prove a poor rival to its author's children's sto-

ries in popular esteem, partly, perhaps, because she uses similar methods with older and younger readers, treating the former as persons needing much instruction and admonition regarding the conduct of life. The story (of which there is little, considering the length of the book) is loosely and not very artistically put together, the characterization is conventional, and, in brief, the tale is generally commonplace, and sometimes wearisome. That it is neither morbid nor unwholesome in tone we gladly admit. — *A Sawdust Doll*, by Mrs. Reginald de Koven (Stone & Kimball), a story of New York society, is not original in plot, though the handling of the material is careful, and the style even and not overstrained. The girl is well drawn, but the man's lack of faith makes the *dénouement* of the tale rather sinister than tragic. It is too ugly to be pathetic. — *Forward House*, a Romance, by William Seville Case. (Scribners.) The scene of this melodramatic tale is supposed to be somewhere upon our coasts, but it might be the coast of Bohemia as well, so far as its characters and action are related to any life with which we are acquainted, even life viewed with the eye of a romancer. — *In Deacon's Orders*, and *Other Stories*, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) The title story, which fills nearly a third of this volume, is a study in religiosity, a quality which, as the writer explains, has no connection with any genuine belief in or practice of religion, but is simply a sensuous and very real delight in religious services and emotionalism allied therewith, and to this extent not necessarily hypocritical, though usually so designated. The history of Paul Leighan, who has an abundance of religiosity, and no morality whatever, is exceedingly interesting, and the improbable in it never quite becomes the impossible, though it must be owned that the boundary is approached very nearly. The ten brief sketches which complete the book show very plainly that the author's gifts are only to a moderate extent those which go to the making of a successful short-story writer. — *A Scarlet Poppy*, and *Other Stories*, by Harriet Prescott Spofford (Harpers), is a collection of some half dozen good-natured little social satires, neither too light nor too heavy for an hour's entertainment. — *A Truce*, and *Other Stories*, by Mary Tappan Wright. (Scribners.) There

is an intensity and a dramatic sense about these seaboard New England tales that gives them a good deal of power. In some of them, as in *A Tone* and *From Macedonia*, this intensity, this stress of passion, is too strong for perfect art. The tragedy is too harsh. In the second story, however, this vehemence of feeling is mitigated by the ghostly setting, and the result is a very successful piece of work. — *A Man Without a Memory*, and *Other Stories*, by William Henry Shelton. (Scribners.) The tale which gives its name to this volume is a modification of the *Rip Van Winkle* legend. A man, wounded in the head during the war, is restored to his memory after a lapse of thirty years. — *Thistledown* and *Mustard Seed*, by Andreas Burger (Elliot Stock), is a collection of pastels in prose, of a hundred words or so each. Some are wise, many are striking, and most of them have a terse quality that makes them easy to read. — *The Crucifixion* of Philip Strong, by Charles M. Sheldon. (McClurg.) — *The Preacher's Son*, by Wightman Fletcher Melton, A. M. (Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn.) — Crawford's Mr. Isaacs has been brought out in Macmillan's *Novelists' Library*; and *God Forsaken*, by Frederic Breton, and *Elizabeth's Pretenders*, by Hamilton Aidé, have been added to the *Hudson Library* (Putnam's). — *The Lost Paradise*, based on Henry C. De Mille's drama of that name, by Marie Walsh. (The Mascot Publishing Co.)

Literature. Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble, edited by William Aldis Wright. (Macmillan.) The two volumes of Fitzgerald's Letters already published included a few out of this series, but there is a fresh opportunity of knowing a man when we have a continuous collection of letters to one person, and Fitzgerald's lovable and whimsical nature looks out from these pages. A mere nothing the book may be to a casual reader, but to one who attends, a delightful disclosure. By the bye, it is interesting to find the editor explaining, in a footnote, Fitzgerald's east England phrase "out of kilter." The phrase is common enough in New England, though we should spell it "kilter." — *Essays on Questions of the Day*, by Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.) Mr. Goldwin Smith has long been known as a close observer of current events, and a caustic commentator on events of the day. A brilliant and not over-scrupulous advocate, he

is carried away by a prophet's vanity, until truth, in his eyes, wears the color of his own prognostications. But if one does not demand trustworthy information nor impartial criticism, one may enjoy some gracefully turned sentences in these essays on Utopian Visions, The Empire, Woman Suffrage, The Irish Question, and like themes. — A Companion to Plato's Republic, by Bernard Bosanquet (Macmillan), is a running commentary adapted to the translation of Davies and Vaughan. The paragraphs of the book are numbered throughout with the page and line of the translation to which they refer, so that they form a series of extensive notes rather than a continuous essay. Though intended only for English readers, it will be extremely valuable even to students of the original. — Essays on Scandinavian Literature, by H. H. Boyesen (Scribners), is a collection of papers on Björnsterne Björnson, Kielland, Jonas Lie, Hans Christian Andersen, Contemporary Danish Literature, Georg Brandes, and Isaias Tegnér. Mr. Boyesen's training and education make him thoroughly at home in these subjects, and his acquirement of an admirable English style makes him always entertaining. Apart from some danger of becoming the advocate of a theory in literature, he has the good gift of words, and the better gift of enthusiasm. None but a Norseman, touched with the delight and wholesomeness of life, could do justice to Björnson, that leonine figure, so romantic, so real, whom Professor Boyesen portrays for us with much sympathy and acumen. — An Introduction to the Study of English Fiction, by W. E. Simonds. (Heath.) It is sufficient criticism of this indifferent little volume to mention that its author's list of "one hundred works of fiction which, for one reason or another, are quite worth reading," contains five novels by Bulwer-Lytton, three by W. D. Howells, five by Marion Crawford, and three by Mrs. Humphry Ward, while Mr. George Meredith's name does not even occur in the index. — An Introduction to English Literature, by Henry S. Pancoast. (Holt.) Mr. Pancoast has a just and temperate critical faculty and a sense of perspective, which make this survey of English letters from Chaucer to Browning of much more than ordinary value. It should fill a useful place between Mr. Stopford Brooke's invaluable little primer and more extended critical works. There are

careful appendices, study-lists, and references. — The Student's Chaucer, edited by W. W. Skeat. (Macmillan.) This single, convenient volume of eight or nine hundred pages must supersede all other one-volume editions of the poet. The print is small but clear, the paper thin but opaque, and there is a thorough glossary. For students' purposes, this edition is surpassed only by Professor Skeat's own six-volume edition, the text of which is here followed, while the casual reader who wishes to escape the old spelling as far as possible may be referred to Mr. A. W. Pollard's excellent two-volume edition of the Tales. In an introduction of twenty pages, Professor Skeat has managed to present all the extant information on his subject clearly and concisely, under the headings, Life, Writings, Editions of Chaucer, Grammatical Hints, Pronunciation, Metre, etc. The hints on pronunciation and grammar are useful, but the remarks on versification are inadequate and misleading. However, even an editor is not infallible, and we must be grateful for the untiring effort and diligent research which have given us this definitive scholarly text of the great master. — The Temple Shakespeare (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York) is enriched with two more volumes: King Henry V., which has an etching of an old London street, and Richard III., which has one of the gateway of the Bloody Tower. A glossary in each volume makes a condensed substitute for many notes, and the plan of the edition provides for serviceable and succinct introduction and notes. — The ninth volume of De Foe's Romances and Narratives (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York) is occupied with the famous Journal of the Plague Year. It does not relieve the reader much to know that the narrative is fictitious. But what an example to the ordinary reporter of city life the book is! — Messrs. Roberts have added to their edition of Balzac in English two volumes: one, Lucien de Rubempré, the not ill-chosen title given by the translator to the first three parts of Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes, the fourth and concluding division of which, The Last Incarnation of Vautrin, appears in the other volume, together with Ferragus, Chief of the Dévorants. The whole work is a sequel to Lost Illusions, which, in its different parts, has already been brought out in this edition, and both are, in a sort, a con-

tinuation of *Le Père Goriot*. In tales which present a rather severe test, Miss Wormeley's work is, as usual, admirable; and as her translation of Balzac cannot fail to be a standard one, it is a matter of regret that an introductory note, not except incidentally of a critical nature, giving the more important facts, bibliographical and otherwise, regarding the book, should not have been prefixed to each novel. Perhaps this may be done when the edition is complete and the volumes are arranged in their proper sequence.—*Maid Marian and Crotchet Castle*, by Thomas Love Peacock. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (Macmillan's Standard Novels.) The true Peacockians, if clever and enthusiastic, are hardly a large band, but their number will probably be appreciably increased by the reissue of these two tales: one, the delightful refashioning of the Robin Hood legend; the other, perhaps the best work in the writer's usual vein, that of a satirist of his contemporary world. By right, Mr. Saintsbury introduces the author to his new readers, and, in his interesting biographical and critical essay, claims that he has at last discovered the model which, consciously or unconsciously to himself, suggested to Peacock the method and manner of his "fantastic-sarcastic" stories.—Another reprint of *The Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees* has appeared, forming the first two volumes of a new illustrated edition of Galt's works, the text of which has been revised and edited by D. Storrar Meldrum, who has also, we suppose, contributed the interesting memoir contained in the first volume, and furnished some welcome annotations. This edition, which, wisely, is to include only the six tales of the author which have bravely stood the test of time, is well printed and attractive in its make-up. Of Mr. John Wallace's illustrations, we note that, of the two devoted to *The Annals*, the first, of the year 1775, really represents persons of at least half a century later, while its companion of 1806 gives correct eighteenth-century costumes. The latter can be excused, as old fashions doubtless lingered at Dalmailing, but the former hardly aids the pleasant realism of the story. (Roberts.)—*Tales from Scott*, by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., with an Introduction by Edward Dowden. (Roberts.) *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare* evidently served as the model of this vol-

ume, which gives in outline the plots of nine of the immortal romances. Though this is, on the whole, not ill done, Scott's lovers will find the book melancholy reading, as the stories here told bear the same relation to the novels that a skeleton does to a living man. Of Scott's wonderful power of characterization, his large humanity and all-pervasive humor, these dry bones, of course, give no hint. Imagine *The Bride of Lammermoor* with Caleb Balderstone reduced to a mere name, or *The Antiquary* with Jonathan Oldbuck and Lovel as personages of equal significance. The best portion of the volume is the Introduction of Mr. Dowden, who carefully confines his commendations to the usefulness of these abstracts in recalling details of the plots to faithful readers. But the book is presumably intended for the young, to whom a single novel as it came from the author's hand would be of infinitely greater value.—The reissue of Thomas Hardy's novels now includes *Two on a Tower*, published first in *The Atlantic*. The author's prefatory note is an amusing little apologia, and at the same time an incisive word on the moral of the story as it lay in his mind while he was writing it. So entertaining was the narrative that we suspect many readers at the time missed the moral. (Harpers.)—*Great Expectations* and *Hard Times*, by Charles Dickens. A new issue in the series appearing under the editorship of Charles Dickens the younger, who furnishes interesting introductions. (Macmillan.)—*Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller*, with an introduction by Brander Matthews and notes by George R. Carpenter. (Longmans.) A well-considered school edition. The introductory matter is fresh and to the point, and the notes are brief and precise. We are not sure that it is well to explain any unusual words contained in a good dictionary, but the editor certainly has not erred greatly in this particular. The annotation is conveniently at the foot of the page instead of at the end of the book, as in Putnam's edition, edited by W. L. Phelps, though Mr. Phelps's notes are in some instances fuller and more helpful. In general style the book accords with the well-known *Riverside Literature Series*.—*Selections from Browning*, edited by Charles W. French (A. Lovell), contains one or two of Browning's masterpieces, amid a somewhat hete-

rogeneous collection of his poems. A few of the more important poems have analytical introductions. — Late additions to Macmillan's Miniature Series in paper are, *From a New England Hillside*, by William Potts, and *The Pleasures of Life*, by Sir John Lubbock.

Religion and Ecclesiasticism. *Thoughts on Religion*, by the late George John Romanes (Open Court Publishing Co.), is edited by Canon Gore, and is made up of fragments and one completed essay left by Mr. Romanes. The author's work as an evolutionist, and as the writer of *Darwin and After Darwin*, lends interest to these philosophic speculations; and his conclusions as here presented show, as his editor thinks, "the tendency of a mind from a position of unbelief in the Christian revelation towards one of belief in it." — *The Gospel of Buddha*, by Paul Carus (Open Court Publishing Co.), is a compilation from the best sources of the life and teachings of Gautama. Many parables and stories are also included, illustrating his doctrines. A glossary and an index add to the usefulness of the book; and there is a table of reference showing parallel passages in the New Testament. — *The Parables by the Lake*, by W. H. Thomson, M. D., LL. D. (Harpers.) — *Matter, Force, and Spirit, or, Scientific Evidence of a Supreme Intelligence*. (Putnams.) — *The Structure and Authorship of the New Testament*, by I. Panin. — *The Use of Ecclesiastical Vestments in the Reformed Episcopal Church*, by Bishop James A. Latané, D. D., in three parts: 1. A Letter on Vestments. 2. The Reply to an Open Letter of Bishop Charles E. Cheney, D. D. 3. A Review of the Arguments for and against the Surplice and the Bishop's Robes.

Art. *The Madonna of St. Luke, the Story of a Portrait*, by Henrietta Irving Bolton. (Putnams.) In this attractive little volume, Mrs. Bolton gives the history of the portrait in the Borghese Chapel, together with notices of other works attributed to St. Luke, and also considers the influence of this much-venerated ancient picture of the Madonna upon religious art. The authentic story of the painting does not begin until the thirteenth century, the legendary not earlier than the sixth, and the author concludes that nothing is known of its real origin or its early history. One fact alone, that the Divine Child is de-

picted holding a bound book with clasps and giving the papal benediction, places the portrait centuries later than the beginning of our era. — *Technique of Sculpture*, by William Ordway Partridge. (Ginn.)

History and Politics. *The Life of Samuel J. Tilden*, by John Bigelow, LL. D. (Harpers.) It may fairly be claimed for Mr. Bigelow's volumes that they will take a place among the important political biographies of our time, in spite of the fact that, following the current fashion in biographies, they are far too large. The books are full of important information, but they are not an artistic biography, because the narrative runs too far afield into the general political history of the period. But the material is authentic, and it is so used as, in spite of diffuseness, to give a very clear understanding of a very remarkable personality, — a clearer understanding, indeed, than most of his contemporaries or even his companions had. — *The Meaning of History, and Other Historical Pieces*, by Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan.) This collection of lectures, addresses, and reviews, so grouped as to give a certain logical continuity of topics, throws side-lights on a wide range of historical subjects. Mr. Harrison is a man always of positive, and sometimes of radical convictions, and of a very independent mind; and no essayist of our time writes in a more animated style. — *Canadian Independence*, by James Douglas. (Putnams.) This is a series of essays on Imperial Federation, Annexation, and Independence, considered as possible solutions of the problem of Canada's future, and was primarily "written for Canadian readers by a Canadian long resident in the United States." Mr. Douglas has the ingratiating temper and the freedom from prejudice so commendable in political criticism. — *The Armenian Crisis in Turkey*, by Frederic Davis Greene. (Putnams.) A group of letters from residents in Armenia, most of them apparently missionaries, concerning the massacre last year at Sassoun, followed by descriptive, historical, and documentary chapters about this unhappy land. The author, himself formerly a missionary, has written in a somewhat hortatory style, and has done his work too much after the newspaper fashion to give the book permanent value. — *Common Sense applied to Woman Suffrage*, by Dr. Mary Putnam Ja-

cobi. (Putnam's Questions of the Day Series.) A vigorous brief for woman suffrage, and the best literary result of the recent agitation of the subject in New York. — *Short Studies in Party Politics*, by Noah Brooks. (Scribners.) — *How the Republic is Governed*, by Noah Brooks. (Scribners.) — *Municipal Reform Movements in the United States*, by William Howe Tolman, Ph. D., with an Introductory Chapter by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Travel. *My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia*, by Henry M. Stanley. (Scribners.) These two volumes of letters to newspapers, descriptive of military campaigns among the Indians in the West (1867), and of the Suez Canal, of a journey up the Nile, of a visit to Jerusalem, and of a trip to the Caspian Sea and through Persia (1869-1870), contain some well-told adventures and vivid descriptions scattered through narratives of long journeys, now become stale. The sporadic stories of adventure are yet interesting, but the mass of these letters, whose substance was at best perishable, has little permanent value beside the more systematic writings of later travelers. These volumes, however, make Mr. Stanley's "works" of adventure and exploration complete, and thereby serve the purpose to cover the spirited period of apprenticeship of a very remarkable career. — *Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem*, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.)

Science. *A Primer of Evolution*, by Edward Clodd (Longmans), not only deals with the evolution of organic forms of life upon the earth; but gives us also a luminous sketch of the origin of the universe, so far as knowledge has gone, and shows the necessary connection between physical science and sociology. Mr. Clodd's statements are clear and succinct; and this valuable little book will be a distinct help to the spread of scientific truth.

Economics and Sociology. *Trusts or Industrial Combinations and Coalitions in the United States*, by Ernst von Halle. (Macmillan.) This volume is the outgrowth of a report made by the author on industrial combinations in the United States for the Verein für Social-Politik, as a part of such investigations in all countries; and it has the merit of an independent study of the facts by a trained student from a point of

view outside the current controversies in our own country. The book (with its appendices) contains more definite information than can elsewhere be so conveniently found; and the author has no theory to propound, to say nothing of a remedy to prescribe. He shows great confidence in publicity as a preventive of many evils, and the only definite recommendation that he offers is that corporation laws be made uniform throughout the United States. — *Outlines of English Industrial History*, by W. Cunningham and Ellen A. McArthur. (Macmillan.) There could be no better corrective of dangerous or vague economic theories than such a book as this, which sets contemporaneous industrial forces in proper relation to one another by tracing their gradual development. It is a history, beginning at the dawn of industrial activity in England, and explaining its changes and developments into the present complex social and political problems. — *The Rights of Labor, an Inquiry as to the Relation between Employer and Employed*, by W. J. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) — *Wheelbarrow on the Labor Question*. (Open Court Publishing Co.) — *The Free Trade Struggle in England*, by M. M. Trumbull. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

Finance. *Joint-Metallism*, by Anson Phelps Stokes. (Putnams.) A book that grew out of a newspaper discussion, in which Mr. Stokes made a plea for a plan of coining silver and gold in quantities determined by their relative market value at the time of coinage, — a plan that he thinks would permit the safe use of both metals as money, and would automatically regulate the quantity of each. It is an ingenious and whimsical theory, upon which a man of unselfish purpose and public spirit has spent industry and some research, and for which he pleads with great earnestness, but it is one of the oddest of many odd theories cast up by the recent tide of financial discussion. — *The Money we Need*, by Henry Loomis Nelson. (Harpers.)

Humor. *Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica*, by John Kendrick Bangs (Harpers), is hardly equal to the *Comic History of England* or the *Comic History of Rome*, which delighted our childhood; and one has opportunity, while perusing it, to think many sad thoughts on humor as a profession.

Books of Reference. *Harper's Book of*

Facts, compiled by Joseph H. Willsey, edited by Charlton T. Lewis. (Harpers.) Suggested by Haydn's Book of Dates, this much larger volume covers an encyclopædic range, with emphasis on American subjects. History, to a less degree biography, literature, the practical arts and sciences, and even "curious information" come within its scope. Under every State of the Union, for instance, are a brief geographical explanation, a chronological table of the principal events in the State's history, a list of Governors, and a list of United States Senators. Every American city of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants is similarly treated. Similarly treated, also, but briefly, is the history of other countries.

The very practical purpose is kept in view to enable the reader to find quickly the single fact that he is looking for, whether it be a record of sports or the date of a battle. It is a book that will be used oftener, perhaps, by persons who have it than any other single-volume book of general reference. — The American Congress, a History of National Legislation and Political Events, 1774-1895, by Joseph West Moore. (Harpers.) A useful book of reference, which would be more useful if it were more a simple chronicle, and less a running narrative. Mr. Moore has done for Congress a service similar to the service done for presidential elections by Mr. Stanwood in his History of Presidential Elections.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Napoleon
learning Eng-
lish.

A RECENT exhibition of Napoleonic relics in Paris comprised, among numerous specimens of handwriting, — one of them the draft abdication of Fontainebleau, another the draft "Themistocles" letter to the Prince Regent, — a lesson in translating French into English. Pitying Napoleon as we must, though conscious that captivity alone secured France and Europe against another Hundred Days, his attempt to learn English is irresistibly pathetic. We are reminded of Ovid learning to speak, and even to versify, in Dacian, but Napoleon does not seem to have mastered English sufficiently to be able to write in prose without numerous mistakes. He had been acquainted from his youth, by translations, with several English authors. He was fond of Ossian, and a collection of thirty-four books, given him by his sister Pauline to take with him to Egypt, included Bacon's Essays, in which he marked in pencil two passages: one in the chapter Of Great Place, from the third sentence, "It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty," to the sentence preceding the lines from Seneca; the other in the chapter Of Kingdoms and Estates, from "triumph amongst the Romans" to the end. Patronized by the younger Robespierre and by Barras, he had already exemplified the saying, "By indignities men come to dignities;"

and he was destined, also, like Bacon himself, to find that "the standing is slipping, and the regression is either a downfall or at least an eclipse." He never, apparently, saw acted even an adaptation of Shakespeare, yet on the eve of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens he surprised his Council of State by diverging from a coinage question into a tirade against both Shakespeare and Milton. Too busy, even if inclined, to study English, he would, had he invaded England in 1803 and commissioned Sir Francis Burdett to organize a republic, have taken with him one hundred and seventeen interpreter guides, in red coats and white trousers, — a corps which he expected to recruit from Irish and other refugees. One of these refugees, the notorious Lewis Goldsmith, whose daughter, Lady Lyndhurst, is still living, read the London newspapers for him. But Napoleon was not fated to get nearer to English soil than William III.'s landing-place, Torbay.

Captivity afforded him the requisite leisure and also a strong inducement, for he was anxious, not to acquaint himself with English literature, but to see what was said of himself in the English press. Accordingly, on the six weeks' voyage to St. Helena, he took two lessons from Las Cases, who, when himself an exile, had taught French and learned English in London. It seems

likely that he had acquired just a smattering before Waterloo, if not before Elba ; for while waiting at Balcombe House till Longwood was ready for him, he occasionally spoke English (desiring her to correct his mistakes) to the lively Betsy Balcombe, that *enfant terrible* who coolly questioned him not only as to his supposed atheism, but as to the "happy dispatch" of the wounded French at Jaffa and as to the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. He sent, moreover, for some English books, one of them an edition of *Æsop*, and, pointing to the picture of the ass kicking the sick lion, he remarked in English, "It is me [*sic*] and your governor" (Sir Hudson Lowe). His accent then, and probably to the last, was very peculiar, and he usually talked and joked with Betsy in French, though her French was not of the best. He got her to translate to him Dr. Warden's account of the voyage of the Northumberland. Though addicted to teasing, he had so won her affection that she shed many tears on quitting the island, where, according to a recent French visitor, the recollections of Napoleon have been effaced by a wild-beast show, a visitor quite as rare as an imperial captive. When settled at Longwood, Napoleon resolved on seriously renewing the study. Las Cases gave him a daily lesson; sometimes finding him a diligent scholar, at other times so inattentive that Napoleon would himself laughingly ask his teacher whether he did not deserve the rod, regarded by him as an essential adjunct to education. He even wrote several letters in English to Las Cases, but the irregular verbs overtaxed his patience. He managed, however, to read after a fashion, and, according to Las Cases, might at a push have made himself understood in writing ; but it does not appear that the lessons went on more than a few weeks. They had probably ceased long before December, 1816, when Las Cases had to quit the island. A scrap of paper, presented by him to a friend, and also included in the exhibition, is the only trace of these lessons. We read on it, in his pupil's handwriting : "Gone out, *aller dehors, sortir*. Opened, *ouvert*. To see, *voir* [*sic*], *regarder*."

Napoleon's next professor, after how long an interval we cannot tell, was Countess Bertrand, daughter of General Arthur Dillon by Anne Laure Girardin, cousin to the

Empress Josephine. She had never even visited England, but her father, guillotined when she was eight years of age, had probably taught her his native tongue. Napoleon, disposing of rich heiresses with Oriental despotism, had required her to marry Bertrand, one of his generals ; and though the poor girl was at first in despair and refused to see her suitor, she speedily became attached to him, and they lived happily ever after. One of their children, named Arthur, — not, as one of the St. Helena narratives states, after the Duke of Wellington, but after the grandfather, — was born on the island in January, 1817, and archly introduced by the mother to Napoleon as "the first Frenchman who had entered Longwood without a pass from Sir Hudson Lowe." She was extremely fond of society, and though, with her husband, she had accompanied the Emperor to Elba, she was so averse to St. Helena that she stormed at Napoleon for involving Bertrand and his family in his banishment, and even tried to throw herself overboard. This, unlike some of her other antipathies, she never overcame, and at the time of Napoleon's death she was arranging for a return to France, on the plea of getting her children educated. One of those children, whose ears were bored in Napoleon's presence that he might present her with earrings, survived, as Madame Thayer, widow of one of Napoleon III.'s senators, till 1890. Madame Bertrand, apparently, gave a specimen of Napoleon's lessons to Madame Junot, whose granddaughter, Madame de la Ferrière, lent it to the recent exhibition. A sheet of letter paper, yellow with age, contains alternate lines of French and English ; but it will be more convenient to give first the theme, and then the translation, which has never yet been published. The italics in brackets indicate the erasures.

"Quand serez-vous sage ?

"Quand je ne serai plus dans cette île. Mais je le deviendrai après avoir passé la ligne.

"Lorsque je débarquerai en France, je serai très content. Ma femme viendra près de moi, mon fils sera grand et fort, il pourra boire sa bouteille de vin à dîner, je trinquerai avec lui. Ma mère sera vive, mes sœurs seront laides, ce qui ne leur sera pas agréable, elles seront toujours ^{begin} ^{it.} car les femmes se croient toujours ^{begin} ^{it.}

"When will you be wise?"

"Never [*then that*] as long as I [*should*] could be in this isle, but I shall become wise after [*have*] having passed the line. When I shall [*landed*] land in France I shall be very content. Mi [*wife*] wife shall come [*after, bef-*] near me. Mi son shall be great and [*fort*] strong. He [*shall get*] will be able to take his bottle of wine at dinner. I shall drink with him. Mi mother shall be old, mi sisters shall . . . for the women believe they" . . .

The pronoun *I* is uniformly written *j*. The corrections are mostly inserted above the line, but some are a continuation of the line, showing that the translation was written in Madame Bertrand's presence. The first sentence, it is evident, had been playfully uttered by her on account of Napoleon's teasing her for being boisterously gay; for it is the question addressed to obstreperous or fretful children, and Napoleon himself used to say to Betsy Balcombe, "Quand seras-tu sage?" *Sage* does not here mean wise, but good or well behaved. Madame Bertrand passed over this and some other obvious blunders, either because her own English was defective, or because she would not discourage her pupil by too many corrections. At one corner of the sheet is a rude drawing of a ship, the imaginary ship in which Napoleon was to return to France, and in another corner is a sketch apparently meant for a line of muskets extended for firing. There are also the words, "Qui vous a apporté cette lettre?" (Who has brought you this letter?) The writing is small and cramped, but fairly legible; much more so than other specimens at the exhibition, such as the audit of Napoleon's accounts. The allegation that he wrote a scrawl to conceal his bad spelling seems far-fetched. Like many people, he had a hasty scrawl for drafts, which he was sometimes himself unable to decipher, and a plainer hand for his correspondents. Louis XVI.'s very plain, round-hand signature to the admission of "Napoleon Buonaparte" (observe the *u* and the accented *e*) to Brienne college and to his appointment to a lieutenancy shows good penmanship to be no proof of mental vigor.

A "Novel" — Glancing, let us say, over suggestion. perhaps a dozen or a score of of both older and more modern would seem to be a natural conclusion. history does indeed repeat it-

self; that all the mines of human interests, ambitions, and passions have been so well worked as to be almost exhausted, all possible combinations of character and plot worn so threadbare that scarcely any new design in the great tapestry of life can now be discovered or invented. But it seems to me there is one kind of character, and the unhappy entanglements almost sure to be brought about by its full manifestation, that has never yet received its due share of attention from writers of fiction: I mean the masculine counterpart of the very often depicted woman coquette, — that still more contemptible creature, the male flirt. Understand that I do not here have in mind the coarser types, such as the regular Lovelaces and Don Juans, whose doings have been abundantly chronicled for us in a dozen fashions, but refer to that species which I believe is exceedingly common in what is called "society," — the man who finds his satisfaction in more subtle ways, and, flitting literally like a butterfly from flower to flower, makes it the chief business and interest of his life to win — and disappoint — the hearts of the women who cross his path, provided they are attractive enough to capture my lord's attention at all. Little by little — a bit of delicate flattery here, an impulsive show of something that seems like marked preference there — he wins his stealthy way into those hearts, and induces them to reveal more and more of their own emotions. Yet the spiritual Don Juan — he may as well have that name — is always most carefully on his guard never to convey anything save subtle, if sometimes very strong impressions, often by look or tone or manner alone; never to say anything positive enough to commit him to anything; never to use language save such as is vague and ambiguous enough to be twisted afterwards into anything and everything that may suit him, if the woman should happen to mistake his meaning. The arts, indeed, that he may practice are countless, and the mischief he may do is incalculable, and of the kind against which there seems no protection and for which there is no redress.

Often, of course, in most cases, perhaps, he fortunately meets his match, succeeds in deceiving no one, and gets as good as he gives. And yet now and then it does happen that a really noble woman's life is made miserable in that way, especially if the

charmer is a man of brains, — which, strange to say, does happen, — and endowed besides with that most mysterious of all qualities, which no one seems able to define satisfactorily, “personal magnetism,” as he needs to be, to prove successful in his career. Indeed, it is of the “victims” rather than of the “slayers” that I wish to speak. It has occurred to me that it would be very fine, as well as anything but hackneyed, to depict a woman (and necessarily she would have to be very deep-hearted and whole-souled, as well as of very strong character) who really loved a man of this kind, though fully knowing what he was, and conscious also that he could hardly be unaware (the Don Juans are not apt to be) of the true nature of her feeling for him, — loved him still, though he had made plain to her beyond the possibility of doubt that while, in a measure, her devotion was accepted (idols but rarely refuse the incense offered at their shrines), she too had at times only served for his amusement, had not been held too good to be toyed and played with, as he had played with dozens of other women; and who yet, through the unutterable pain of it all, not only found it in her heart not to turn from him, but truly forgave him, and determined cheerfully to stand by him, his devoted, loyal friend to the end of their days, if it should appear that he had any need of her in his life!

This is a very different matter from the constancy of lovers to each other through all trials and separations; from the devotion of a wife, faithful still through all coldness and perhaps ill treatment. Here is a woman who, perhaps half unconsciously, has been won not only to give of her deepest and richest and sweetest and best, without any adequate return, but even at times to have that best made sport of, and who yet forgives not only, but never falters in loyal devotion. Truly, I think that human magnanimity — and it takes a large nature, and one devoid of shallow and petty vanities, to be magnanimous — and womanly heroism could go no further. The pride and fortitude of the Spartan boy bitten by a wolf, who laughed, covered up his wound, and dropped dead, sinks into insignificance beside it. We have all heard of examples, in both ancient and modern history, where women who had revealed their love, and found it rejected, turned into furies of de-

spairing hatred and vengeance, and either themselves wreaked it upon their ought-to-be lovers, or hired assassins to do the work for them, but never, I think, of just this effect upon the “eternal feminine.”

Perhaps there may be those to whom it would seem that true womanly pride and dignity would imperatively demand withdrawal from any such unequal relation as that, but I do not agree with them; so far from it, indeed, that it rather appears to me true pride and dignity would counsel the very course this woman pursued, and I could easily show the reason why. For I have in mind some facts from real life that suggested this whole train of thought to me. True, the drawing of such a woman — of two such characters, and of the scenes and situations that would necessarily grow out of the circumstances — would be a difficult task, which would require a very delicate as well as very firm hand; one touch of the pencil a little too black, one cut of the engraver's tool a little too deep, might easily spoil the whole picture. Yet on that very account, it seems to me all the more worth attempting. I offer the suggestion gratis, — and will not some one take it up?

Concerning
Mr. Euphues. — TO ANY CONTRIBUTOR OF THE CLUB: Dear Sir or Madam, —

A word in complaint against our good friend Mr. Euphues, Junior. And first, it does seem captious to find fault with so excellent a person for no better reason than that his manner of speech, his vocabulary, his idioms, are not to one's liking. But it is useless to attempt to reason away antipathies of this sort. There must be an *odium grammaticale* as well as an *odium theologicum*; and if so, the one is as stubborn as the other.

When you meet Mr. Euphues, you have a sure prevision that each one is to suffer a series of shocks at the hands (or rather at the tongue) of the other. At least, that is my experience of the encounter. My hodden-gray Saxon must settle like a wet blanket upon his sensibilities; while his “genteel” — somewhat shabby “genteel” — Latinity and his *fin de siècle* (inevitably *fin de siècle*) Gallie borrowings will come no better to my ear than tinkling cymbals. We have each, virtually, a different vernacular. Are we speaking of a book in hand to read, Mr. Euphues “commences it,” whereas I “

I have my "neighborhood" and "conditions;" Mr. Euphues lives and has his being amidst what he terms his "environments" and his "atmosphere" (which latter he sometimes "creates" himself). I should have said, at first, that he rarely "talks" with anybody, but frequently "converses." He is never "hopeful," yet you will often find him "confident" about projects in which he is interested, although he has intervals in which he is not a little "apprehensive." Do not expect him to "take a risk;" he will, however, "assume a responsibility," if he is "desired" so to do. A "shiftless" man is discharged at his tribunal as "irresponsible" merely, and a "penniless" one afflicts him less in contemplation by being characterized as "impecunious." A "drunkard" may take comfort to learn that he is only a "confirmed inebriate" in Mr. Euphues's lexicon, in which well-expurgated volume the word "crazy" is not found, "insane" is obsolescent, while "deranged" is always in good usage.

I suppose you are also well aware that he is greatly interested in the "amelioration of the race," and of the "colored" race particularly; for neither Mr. Euphues nor any member of his family could ever be induced to speak of the "blacks" or the "negroes," though what humane distinction is to his mind implied in the adjective "colored" I was never able to guess. (*He*, however, never "guesses.")

Speaking of the excellent family to which Mr. Euphues belongs: if I go to drive with any member of the household, he invariably refers to the driver as "our Jehu." On the same principle, he would describe a sportsman as "a Nimrod;" a rich man is characterized as "Cresus" or "Dives," while a wise counselor is invariably "Mentor," and so on.

Now, my dear Contributor, lest you should think me a shade malicious in these discriminations, I will disclose the real animus of the same. I grant, what you may very justly remind me, that Mr. Euphues has as good a right to exercise his own taste in his selection of the Queen's English (or the President's American) as you or I have to exercise ours. But Mr. Euphues employs certain little tests of language, which might be called character-gauges or caste-metres. What remark so

frequently in his mouth as, "No gentleman or lady will ever say" — then follow sundry verbal specifications to the use of which he is himself not well disposed. These gauges and metres, I must add, are not by any means static. I have known Mr. Euphues many, many years. I knew him first in the days when any person of absolute trust was by him pronounced "reliable." There was a later period of our acquaintance when, according to Mr. Euphues's strictures, a person of culture might be discriminated from one not possessing that indefinable advantage by the former's wholesome abhorrence of the word "reliable." And it was only the other day that I heard our friend making an eloquent and chaste plea for the restoration of certain words that had fallen from their first estate. Among these long-suffering parts of speech was the word "reliable"!

I have sometimes thought Mr. Euphues's chief failing to be a lack of the sense of humor. But I await, dear Contributor, your opinion on this matter, and subscribe myself,

Yours obediently,

DORIC.

"English as She is Spoke." — I have been pleased to observe that, as a general thing, Americans are as indulgent and courteous as Frenchmen have the reputation of being towards foreigners helplessly floundering amid the difficulties of English as she is spoke. But then, truly, by every law of politeness as well as Christian charity, we ought to be! For we who have been brought up in it and with it, who have had it in daily use from infancy, until we have grown familiar with its every twist of feature, wrinkle, and mark, hardly ever stop to think what a very singular language it really is, — that it wears a face quite as grotesque as that of the most fantastic gargoyle ever fashioned. An acquaintance of mine calls it the "maddest yet the greatest language in the world," and I am not indisposed to agree with him. For even a very superficial glance will reveal that, composed of many heterogeneous elements and borrowing from many other languages, apparently altogether arbitrary, acknowledging no rhyme or reason, subject to no rules or regulations, it seems to have grown up and unfolded with much of the rich variety, the rank luxuriance, and the wild lawlessness of Nature herself, who forms no

two things in all her wide domain exactly alike. And the words of our language might indeed be compared to the countless leaves on the millions of trees in the world, each one of which is to a certain extent a law unto itself and develops individual peculiarities. I believe it never happens with any other tongue spoken on this globe that people of culture, and even learning, are in doubt as to the proper pronunciation of any word, and go to the dictionary to settle the matter, finding often enough that doctors disagree! I have given some time in my life to the study of foreign languages, and know that in all of them certain inflexible rules govern certain combinations of consonants and vowels, so rarely, if ever, departed from that it is possible at least to approach, from books alone, a correct pronunciation. But in English who ever knows from its spelling how a word will "get itself" pronounced? And woe to the misguided foreigner who should attempt to learn to speak our idiom from the printed page only! I know of one such case, attended, as might be supposed, with most disastrous consequences. It was that of a German, who came here during the war, and, having no means, enlisted in a German regiment; in the leisure of camp life he undertook to learn English by himself by reading Dickens. But, ye gods and little fishes! to this day, this man, who, it must be admitted, has exceptionally little ear, and equally little ambition, speaks of the "*wonly* thing" he can do, and of the "*pewblic* good," and uses a jargon in general which it is simply wonderful any American mind should grasp the meaning of! But then, for the matter of that, why really should it not be "*wonly*" and "*pewblic*"? Can we give the slightest reason why vowels sometimes have one sound and sometimes another; why, for instance, we have a faded father, and a mother who is the first among women; why the vowel sounds are sometimes long and sometimes short, with the very same consonants; we take a pill, but enter a hall, poll a vote, but pull a bell? Can we offer the poor struggling foreigner even the smallest spar that might serve as a guide and stay amid these whirlpools and quicksands? Alas, no! We can only tell him, You must learn, help yourself, and Heaven will help you — perhaps! Only consider for a moment the vast task before him! Even after he has come to know all the strange mute conso-

nants in such words as debt, indiet, sign, honor, know, would, hymn, demesne, mortgage, clothes, etc., and has mastered — if he ever does — the peculiar sound of our *w*, and (here Heaven help him, indeed!) the *th*'s, both soft and hard, as in "This thin gruel," and "Those thundering waves," there are still left for him to apprehend a great variety of subtle *shadings* of sound, as I should like to call them, which have always seemed to me like delicate neutral tints amid other colors, such as are shown in the difference between dog and dug, awe and own, rag and peg, etc. Our language is specially rich in such, and indeed I have found that the foreign ear or tongue, perhaps both, often seem particularly incapable of grasping them. Even were these difficulties surmounted, there is still a simply countless multitude of words, each one of which the foreigner must learn to pronounce separately by itself, because each one appears to have an independent life of its own, without the slightest regard to its nearest blood relation. At this juncture a friend brings me a nonsensical little sketch, which is far from complete, and yet so well illustrates some of the wild freaks and vagaries and wonderful changes and magical transformations of both consonants and vowels in the language that I will insert it here:—

"That day, having some chores to do, and no choice about it, I went into the garden, but stopped to listen to the chorus or choir of birds, although I had an ache in my stomach from eating too much spinach, and a pain in my head from the heat. My ear was not affected, however, and, it being still early, I cut down a pear, and found in it a pearl. Otherwise it proved a disappointment, which I loved not. It was somewhat tough and gave me a cough, and, as I had not bought the fruit, I let the bough slip back. There was no use, though, in having a sour soul, so I set off on a little journey, making a tour of the garden. My wife had not been able to sew, yet I had intended to sow some corn, but a sow with her litter had eaten it, while the owl came forth to drink from her bowl. It being near noon, I took out my book to read, and, having read some time, marked with a bit of lead such passages as had the lead. Some were about a daughter who always sought to be neat, and had a bonnet so beautiful that she knew it had impressed the hand-

somest beau in town, though he would not own it. And she wore a bow that was worse, yet had once brought her from a friend a bow, as good as anything from Cupid himself, with his bow and arrows, only the bow of his boat demanded attention. Just then I glanced through the door, and across my book and a row of cabbages saw a boor pass, and was attracted by a row in the broad road beyond. I saw men and women there, many people, and a leopard. I thought, There is jealousy between them; they are foes; and all had poor shoes that looked worn, while a worm crawled in the dust. Surely he is a surly fellow, whom even sugar could not surfeit. It might all end badly, only how easily slaughter might be turned into laughter by the simple dropping of the first letter! But although it was an old tome that might have been consigned to the tomb, I was still busy with my book, and proceeded to bury myself in it again,—it was a primer about prime beef. Yet I put it away when I discovered there was a hut near, and I heard the sound of a bugle. Having leisure now, I looked down from a height on some freight cars. There were but a few, yet I had a good view, but true I had nothing else to do. The sun had shone hot, something to shun, and I had done nothing, save won the approval of one heart. But the gist of the matter was, that I had nothing to give, and, though germs were in the ground, there was no harvest to get. So I went in search of a birch-tree, which gave a lurch forward as I came. After that, I said not a word, but heard a bird that stirred in the branches, and a cat that purred, and then I preferred to go home. On the way there, I thought, how strange it is that we rhyme such words as eyes, sighs, skies, size, guise, buys! And I wondered why we consider the devil as the father of all evil, but doubted whether we shall ever make it even with him!"

This sort of thing might be almost indefinitely extended, but I think that the foreigner who could pass safely through even all these snares, without once stumbling or coming to fall, might be considered in a fair way to become a naturalized citizen—of the language! But truly, my friend is not wholly wrong in calling it the maddest language in the world. And yet the greatest, too, because it lends itself so easily to the expression of every thought

and every emotion, and from the shout of command on the battlefield to the lovers' whisper, from the grandest oration in the forum or outburst of passion on the stage to the prattle of the child in the nursery, is adequate to every human need. With all its lawless vagaries, possibly because of them, it is wonderful how easily children acquire its correct use; and, for my own part, I am persuaded that we already possess the only "Volapük," world-language, there will ever be in English as she is spoke.

—It is a curious fact that the heroes of Homeric song are apparently themselves conscious of inferiority to the generation preceding their own. Thus Nestor recalls with longing the mightier men he had known in his youth: Heracles, almost single-handed, had taken the very city which baffled the younger chieftains for ten weary years; Theseus the slayer of the Minotaur, Jason the Argonaut, Castor and Pollux among his companions,—these certainly seem a statelier race of demigods, dwarfing even Achilles and Odysseus. Of that tall elder race Ædipus the Theban is no ignoble member.

Before the two great triumphs of the Homeric school appeared, to efface all previous efforts, there must have been many cruder epic attempts. Had these earlier singers glorified an elder generation of heroes, and did Homer in filial modesty sing of the later and lesser men as a graceful confession of his own inferiority to his artistic masters?

There is, however, at least one passage in the *Iliad* which has a more self-assertive tone. Agamemnon, reproaching Diomed and Sthenelos for slothfulness in arming after Pandaros' treacherous breaking of the truce, compares them unfavorably with their fathers, who had fought, in vain, to aid Ædipus' banished son in reconquering Thebes. Diomed is courteously silent, but the obscure chieftain bursts forth indignantly:—

"Verily we make claim to be mightier far than our fathers:

We who captured the hold of Thebes with its seven-fold portals,

Leading a lesser array beneath that bulwark of Ares,
Putting our trust in the aid of Zeus and the heaven-sent portents;

—Whereas they, our sires, by their own impiety perished!"

We said there must have been cruder epics before Homer. Yet from

"The dark backward and abysm of time"

there is little hope that even a fragment will ever drift to our feet. The passage just quoted at least indicates that Homer, perhaps his hearers as well, had a perfect familiarity with the tragic story of Thebes.

Among the poems of the lost Epic Cycle, we hear of three connected works upon this Theban theme. The titles show that they told respectively the tale of Œdipus, of his ill-fated sons and their allies, and lastly of these very chieftains, Diomed, Sthenelos, and the rest, who avenged their fathers' fall. To this last poem of the trio Herodotus makes respectful allusion, merely raising the question in passing whether it is from Homer's own hand. Of the Œdipodea hardly anything survives. From the next epic, the Thebaid, we can quote the opening line : —

Sing, O Goddess, of waterless Argos, whence the commanders.

Moreover, Athenæus, in the course of one of his discussions over trifles, has quoted, and thus preserved for us, quite a sustained passage from the same poem. This glimpse of a classic Luck of Edenhall is in itself striking. The three poems together attained, we are told, a length of twenty thousand verses, or nearly twice the contents of our Odyssey. Probably nobody contends that any one among the epics of that stately cycle, still extant for Athenæus, but forever lost to us, was actually pre-Homeric ; but the lines which by his courtesy or caprice we are enabled to cite will at least deepen the impression that we have lost a goodly body of poetry, not all unworthy to stand beside the Iliad and Odyssey. It is a pity that we can offer only this tantalizing glimpse into so stately a volume of Theban song, from which five great tragedies drew in some degree, at least, their inspiration : Æschylos' martial Seven against Thebes, the three noble Sophoclean dramas in which Antigone appears, and lastly Euripides' more melodramatic and over-ingenious Phœnissæ.

The passage which we here render has

still another bearing on the Homeric question. No one now supposes "Homer" wrote these Œdipus epics. Yet here is another easy master of his dialect and of the hexameter movement. And so falls at once the argument that none save the one indivisible magician could lift the heavy wand, and therefore that one man must bear the credit for all the contradictions and incongruities of the Iliad, perhaps even of both poems. But we are in danger of forgetting the passage, which must serve to "excuse," in the architect's sense, our title and our utterance : —

Yet the divinely descended hero, the fair Polynices,
First at Œdipus' side made ready the beautiful table,
Silvern, of Cadmus wise as the gods, and straightway
upon it
Poured for his sire sweet wine in a golden beautiful gob-
let.
Then when Œdipus saw at his side that cup of his fa-
ther, —
Precious, in reverence held, — great woe came over his
spirit.
Instantly then upon both his sons did he utter his
curses, —
Never to be escaped, for the wrath of the gods was
awakened, —
Wishing that they might never in amity share their
possessions ;
Ever between them twain might strife and battle con-
tinue.

The strife did indeed continue, but the slender connection with this far-away voice breaks off here ! Of course we instinctively make the inquiry, Why did the sight of this heirloom so rouse Œdipus' wrath ? What was the mystic connection between it and the fate of his house ? But there is no one to answer this or any question. No other tradition throws any light upon this picturesque detail in the great Theban legend.

Such glimpses into vanished literatures almost tempt us to apply to books, lost and extant, the words which our first great American poet uttered of mankind : —

"All that tread
The earth are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom."